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GEORGE WASHINGTON REYNOLDS

827-Florida Street,

Amarillo, Texas.

December 1, 1927.

The best history of Father's and

Mother's people and their Homes. I

am able to record.

M Y P R E F A C E.

My Parents were both born before the Civil War which had begun with the Firing on Fort Sumter. They were children of those awful days of the fratricidal strife during their early youth, and the even more tragic period of the Reconstruction.

Both of my Grandfathers had served in the Confederate Army. There certainly were no luxuries, for they did well to obtain the bare necessities of life. Both Families labored in the fields to produce the frugal livelihood.

I plan to tell my homelife in the simple language of a country boy of my first dozen years. I remember almost every detail. The names the dogs, cats, cows and horses. The people who came to our home as visitors. Our school teachers and the Pastors of all the Churches. Our home was a good Christian Home and I believe most every one felt welcome, even the salesmen who drove teams they said they planned to reach our home for night's stop and we were happy to talk or visit with any traveler. Some of them were good singers and their voices charmed us. It was a place of fellowship with our neighbors.

Since my visit to Birmingham, Alabama three years ago, I have felt an urge to write a History of my People for my good wife Ethel who was reared in the State of Iowa, and our Children.

The Parents of both my Father and my Mother were all about the same age. Most of their children were born before and during the Civil War, 1861-1865. My people were not slave owners, but brave, gentle Southerners. Both Families were progressive and lived in the same Community, some two miles apart, where their children grew up, married and stayed in their Homes.

The name of the Community is Mc Elwain. So named for the name of the Company who operated the first Blast Furnace to smelter Iron in the Southland, and it was located in this Community or Neighborhood. Mc Elwain was there before the City of Birmingham, known always as the "Pittsburgh" of the South, was established January 1, 1871. It was named for the Great Industrial City of England.

The Community of Mc Elwain is located some six miles North East of the Jefferson County Court House in the City of Birmingham.

THE MC ELWAIN COMMUNITY.

The Mc Elwain Community is some four miles square, located in Shades Valley. The Map drawn on Page 7, shows the Mountains, the streams, the Highways, the Homes and the Public places.

On the west side is Red Mountain, so named for the Red soil on the surface and the rich iron ore underneath. To the East is Shades Mountain. The narrow valley is watered by, Shades Creek; a fresh watered stream which curves from side to side in a snake-like manner, for several miles.

The main highway is the "Montevallo Road" and is one it is one of the main Streets in the Greater City of Birmingham today.

The Cemetery is located about the Center and near Hyatt Spring. The Mc Elwain Branch is a mile North of Hyatt Spring. The Reynolds' Home was located near the Mc Elwain Branch and my Mother's people was located one mile south of the Mc Elwain Cemetery on the "Montevallo Road". The Mc Elwain Furnace was located one mile East of the Eastis Home, where the Creek circles near the foot of Shades Mountain.

North of the Reynolds Homes is the region of Springdale where many, many fresh water springs feed Shades Creek to water the Valley.

THE MC ELWAIN CEMETERY.

Since the Cemetery is about in the center of the Community, we will take it first. This Burial Ground was started before the Civil War. Some of the first to be interred there were of the Eastis relation, it was first known as the "Eastis Graveyard". On page 5 the map shows the location. Some of my first recollections, are going there with my sweet Mother for Burial Services.

A neat white fence. The only road was the Drive-in from the "Montevallo Road". No one lived near. It was in the midst of a young Pine Forest. The quiet loneliness of the place is very vivid in my memory. Just a far away lonesome whistle of a locomotive, or mournful bird call with the swish of the pine needles. There was no grass but the graves were kept neat and clear. There were no plans at the beginning and the lots are not straight and parallel. The Reynolds Lot has seven graves, at first my Grandfather Reynolds and Grandmother Reynolds, then Aunt Cathrine Roberts, Grandmother's sister, the only relation to follow our Grandparents from North Carolina. South of these graves is Velma, Brother Isham's first Wife and their baby, then my our Father and Mother and are on the north end of the Lot. We will show pictures later.

I never knew the Name, but it was a favorite watering place for man and beast. It is located on the "Montevallo Road" north of the Drive-in to the Cemetery. The water rolled out of a bed of white sand and gravel bottom quietly, spreading over the sand and the water cross and flowed across the "Montevallo Road" and onward to Shades Creek. Of course no one lived near, but almost always some one was there, some camping or resting. There were some small trees with gads or tin cups handy for drinking. The Spring ~~was~~ was on the west side of the road, the sparkling was so enticing to thirsty stock, they would make a run for it.

THE MC ELWAIN BRANCH.

Some three quarters of a mile north on the "Montevallo Road" is a larger stream "The Mc Elwain Branch". It was supplied by a number of Fresh Water Springs and Artician Wells of the Springdale Region. Just two hundred yards east near this branch, under some large Oak Trees, my Grandfather Reynolds and his wife Francis, lovingly called (Frankie) and their four children, built their home after traveling in a covered from North Carolina, following the close of the Great War between the States.

Some 3 miles north of the Mc Elwain Cemetery on the "Montevallo Road" we pass "The Reynolds' Home Place" to the right on The Mc Elwain Branch. Then, Another Cemetery, known as the Bush Cemetery. Irondale was established before there was a Birmingham, Ala. It is the Terminus of the "Montevallo Road". The Southern Rail Road was the first R.R. to come into this section of the Southland and crossed from West to East. One line extended to Atlanta, Ga., and on to the Eastern Coast. Another line runs almost due North, known as The Alabama Great Southern. West of Irondale it ran through the Red Mountain Gap, along the west side of Red Mountain into City, where it was crossed by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad where the Magic City of Birmingham was Established in 1871.

The Mc Elwain Furnace is known by many as the "Old Irondale Funance".

Springdale, in the region just south of Irondale, where many, many fresh water Springs feed Shades Creek which waters the Valley.

Our knowledge of our Reynolds forefathers is limited. First My oldest Brother Isham Emmanuel, met a Reynolds family in one of the Northwestern States some fifty years ago, while singing for an Evangelist. My brother described him as having some of our Father's features inspite of different complexion. Our Father very dark this man he met very fair. This Mr. Reynolds, possessed a record and a family tree of five Mc Reynolds brothers who came from Scotland and dropt the prefix "Mc" on reaching this country. They said one of the five was last heard from on the Eastern Coast of the United States. Ofcourse, he could be our ancestor. There are no pictures or photographs of our Reynolds before my own Father and Mother.

I have been able to copy a family record of My Father's Father's Family. It was written pefectly in a beautiful pen-hand writing. We are typing their family on the next page.

My Great Grandfather and Great Grandmother were parents of twelve children, two daughters and ten sons. We have the birth dates of all but only death date of my Father's parents. No doubts they were great-Americans and Christians, and any number could have given their lives in service for America and the Southland.

MY GREAT GRANDFATHER AND GREAT
GRAND MOTHER REYNOLDS AND
THEIR LARGE FAMILY.

John Lanly Reynolds Senior was born March 2,
1782.

Died Decem, 3, 1847.

Elizabeth Reynolds was born December 22, 1789.

Died April 29, 1872.

Their children.

Lewis B. Reynolds, was born May 4, 1809.

William Reynolds was born March 17, 1811.

Jacob F. Reynolds was born December 15, 1812.

Mary Reynolds was born September 4, 1814.

Joseph A. Reynolds was born July 21, 1816.

Enoch A. Reynolds was born April 4, 1818.

Twins-John Lanly Reynolds Junior
and Nancy E. Reynolds were born Feb. 10, 1820.

H. J. Reynolds was born March 20, 1822.

E. S. Reynolds was born February 17, 1824.

S. S. Reynolds was born June 20, 1825.

A. J. Reynolds was born October 20, 1826.

Great Grand Mother Reynolds' brothers and Sisters.

Her Brother John Holt died September 23, 1853.

Her Brother Michel Holt Died October 24, 1829.

Her sister Kathern Roberts Died September 27, 1895.

MY GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER
REYNOLDS' HOME.

I do not know the place nor the year, but soon after the close of the Civil War, they left their home in North Carolina with their four children traveling west in a covered wagon with Ox teams. I have heard, one sister and one brother of his, traveled as far west as Columbus, Georgia. Then, Grandfather and his family continued on westward. We do not know why nor what lead them unless they had heard of the industrial region.

We have often wondered how long they were traveling the last 150 miles with that slow Oxen team over the high hills, the wide, deep rivers, and the rough roads.

They must have reach Irondale and traveled south on the "Montevallo Road" to the Mc Elwain branch and after the Oxen had a fill of that cool water, the oxen were told to "Whoa-come" in oxen Language, mean a left turn. They walked east and down the stream to a beautiful shady spot to live. As I said before there were no pictures. My Father was eight years of age and he did not talk much about that first home. They built a roomy log room with stick and dirt chimney under large Oak trees. Later, another log room was built in the back yard for kitchen and dinning and store rooms.

The land was rich and reached from the Highway to Shades Creek. My grand Father was tall and fair complexion. I can only imagine how he looked. He was . . . Every one knew him as a good Christian man. He lead the community singing. He possessed a beautiful golden Baritone Voice. They were of the Hardshell Baptist Faith. He preached some, as they met to worshop in their homes and under the trees. There were no buildings for worship nor for School.

There was plenty of work for all in that region, as industry started by the time they came. By the time they could make the land ready to plant and build their home.

Aunt Elizabeth the older daught^{er} married a Neighboy boy, Uncle Baker Bush. They were the parents of 5 children, one son five daughters.

Aunt Emma married another neighbor boy uncle Mark Crocker. They were the parents of six children three daughter and three sons.

My Father Windfield Pinkney, and Uncle Leeland Dawson. These sons were younger and did not marry till much later.

I remember visiting Uncle Baker and Aunt Lizzie as a small boy when they lived in that home ^{Reynolds}

THE FARM AND HOME OF THE EASTLES.

This Farm was located some two miles south of the Reynolds Home on the same "Montevallo Road" and one mile from the Mc Elwain Cemetery. The 220 acre Farm was secured at least ten years before the outbreak of the War between the States. It was well located and as the Reynolds Farm very fertile soil both bottom and hillside fields. Two wet-weather ~~small~~ branches one on the northwest and one on the southwest, they enriched the soil each year. The hills are east of these branches and provided the family fruit orchid. Father est, a field on Shades Creek, with a family of Beavers. Beautiful and industrial little animals. They felled trees with their teeth and floated the trees to the dams. They used their broad flat tail to mix the earth with the brush and settle a firm bank and dam the water where fish multiplied and the beavers traveled under the water surface to their secret abiding places. A part of the Farm lay west of the "Montevallo Road" and North. Where the Northwest branch came in to the Farm from Red Mountain, some two three hundred yards, another road lead a more westwardly course into what became later, Birmingham. This highway was known as the 27th Street Road where it crossed into the City.

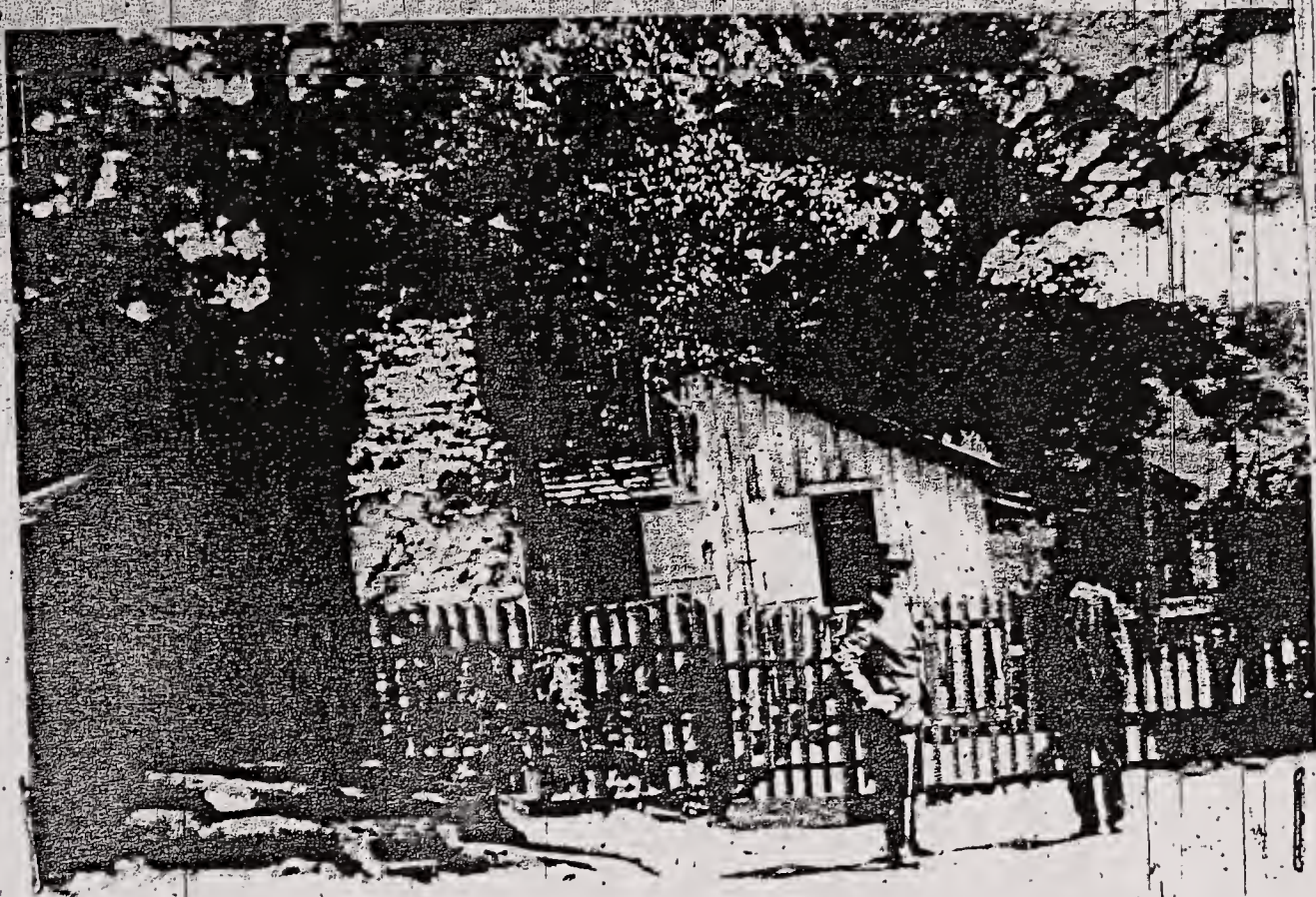
THE MC ELWAIN FURNACE.

We do not know the year the Furnace was built nor how long operated.

It smeltered iron for the Confederate Armies and was destroyed by War, and was never rebuilt. This was the first Furnace to smelter Iron in the South-Land. All the properties used in fluxing iron was located close together.

You can locate the Furnace on the map drawn on page 6. The Iron Ore was hauled on Tram Cars over steel rails on a road-bed and crossed the Eastis Farm where the Northwest branch came into the Farm, the Tram Cars were drawn by mule teams, some two miles from Red Mountain to the Furnace where the Ore was melted with Charcoal Heat, in the Furnace. The smeltered Pig-iron was hauled over the same tram road back west of the Eastis Farm and then 8 miles south to Oxmoor, Alabama where it was made into Instruments of War, used by the Confederate Armies.

So far as I know, the furnace-site is grown up in large trees and the old rock walls covered in wild vines. No one has built their home near. The stillness in only broken a trifle of running water, the barking of squirrels and the call of wild birds. No roads. Some paths used by footmen and horsemen travelers. I traveled both on foot and Horseback in my teen-age.



This picture was made in the Autumn of 1919 by my good wife Ethel her first trip to see my people. I am using it to show the beginning of this home. My Mother's Parents were married January 6, 1848. We do not know just where, but they secured this 220 acre Farm. The Home-Stead is not square with the world or roads but where they found water, rich soil, and near the highway, where it was easy to live.

This room with the rock chimney and window with wooden shutter was built by my Grand Father, before the outbreak of the Civil War. It was a large room constructed of white oak logs. He was a master builder. He hewed the logs with a broadax. The sides of the logs are as smooth as a tool job.

There are three doors. One to the left, the front door. One to the right going out to the well. The 3rd in the rear leading into the Vegetable Garden.

So far as I know, this was the birth place of all their 9 children. They cooked on the open fire place and slept in the one room. Later, four more rooms were added as we see in the next picture. Grandfather had the good help of his four sons in all the last construction.

Please notice the well house and the trees are much larger being 22 years after the next picture. Our Grandfather and 3 of their children been gone 16 years, some longer. We knew the home, as Grandmother's.

Page. 14.

This photograph, was made in 1897. My Father and Mother with all their family, were farming on Canoe Creek in Saint-Clair Co., 30 miles north of the Eastis Home, when Uncle Isham wrote that Grandmother concerned for all her children to visit her this Summer and he desired to have pictures made as gifts to all the families, which he did. It was a happy gathering of her 6 living children and the families.

This is a good likeness of the home. The bright sunshine and the white paint.

It is a wonderful view of the home and farm at that time. Looking over the house East in the distance we see the hill covered with pine trees, on beyond is Shades Creek and some mile on, is the Mc Elwain or Irondale Furnace site, as I have described on page 6. We see the extra rooms and porches added. A large kitchen and dinning room behind and two bed rooms with a stack chimney to the left. The people we see with the dogs and the many on the porch, are all Grandmother children and grandchildren.

The log cabins we see to the right were not in the first picture. One ~~is the~~ is the Smoke House, with some hens nests in front. The second cabin with the square door frame is the Old Loom House where cloth was woven in the beginning. Then, nearer we see a rock chimney, after its house was moved. That "Wilborn Wagon" with the standing tongue is ours. The Picture-Maker, must have been standing up near the Highway. Looking down we see the Drive-in, between the road and the fence, the yard is lower. This Drive-in is where Vehicles were unhitched and usually some wood was piled for fuel, and where the goats and children played.

On the map, we see the road south from the Cemetery at the Red line indicating the Eastis Farm. Inter section of the roads, the tram road and the little streams coming from Red Mountain, The "Montevallo Road" is a black line extending on Southward. The fields are out of view because of the house and the trees. I regret there is not a picture of the large barn to the right, where we spent much time and work.

The Furnace Tram Road circled to the left of that hill we see over the house. The Furnace property join this Farm on the east and some of the Machine shops and Foundryys were on this ~~and~~ and I cultivated and with Bricksbats from those buildings. Most of the Farm lay to the south and east over the in the distance.

Page 15.

This picture has been a familiar scene all my life, looking out from the front of Grandmother Home. The picture maker has his back to the front yard fence. We are looking over the DRIVE-IN and above the surface of the "Montevallo Road" and we see the bank we slid down so many times and the trees and vines we climbed on the top of the hill. That hill is very narrow and slopes over to the road on the west. You see it slopes to the right to the branch. The "Montevallo Road" rises to the left and to a summit to the south. Some five acres are on the hill in a triangle. Those large trees behind Uncle Isam are blackgums, the smaller trees are young oak.

These are Uncle Isam's Bird Dogs. You can see how they worship him. The one farthest to his right is "Lou" his mother dog. She was a nice gentle and beautiful but too timid. The one half lying in from of him, is "Old Ned" he had been the family pet. The one his left, sitting, is his prize winner "Jack". He made several trips to distant States. So many prominent men ask for him to quail hunt. He was so good point quail and to retrieved dead or wounded birds even deliver the game to his master on horseback. One mistake was made, Jack did not return from a big hunt. One good dog, I missed is the one to Uncle's right with the spot behind his right shoulder. He was John, a great Bird Dog.

That Shot-Gun was his favorite gun for many years. He was almost a perfect shot. I never heard him say a word, when firing, unless he missed his bird. He was one of many who fired from his left shoulder or an "off shot". You notice he addresses his gun that way in this picture.

The surface of the "Montevallo Road" is not seen in this picture, as it was one foot too low, but people walking or riding could see the front yard and porch, and travelers would most always speak.

The road west of the hill known as the 27th Street Road, now Euclid Avenue.

This picture is Granmother Eastis and her six living children. They are on the front porch to the left of the front door to the original log room. It is a good likeness of all seven of them.

The oldest brother, Uncle Jim is standing to the right. He was not as timid as some and some what of a public business man. He was elected two terms to the State Legislature. He was in his 48th year.

Uncle David is standing to the left the youngest Son. Was a machanic and work in the Railroad shops for years. He was my favorite Uncle. He was so kind and thoughtful to me. I remember he cut my hair the first time on that porch, while I was crying: ha! He passed on at the age of 66 and he told me he was trusting the Lord and ready to go.

My sweet Mother is the one sitting to the right by the post. The photographer had ask that spectrs had been removed for the good of the picture. Our Mother was very near sighted from her earliest youth. She was in her 45th year at this time.

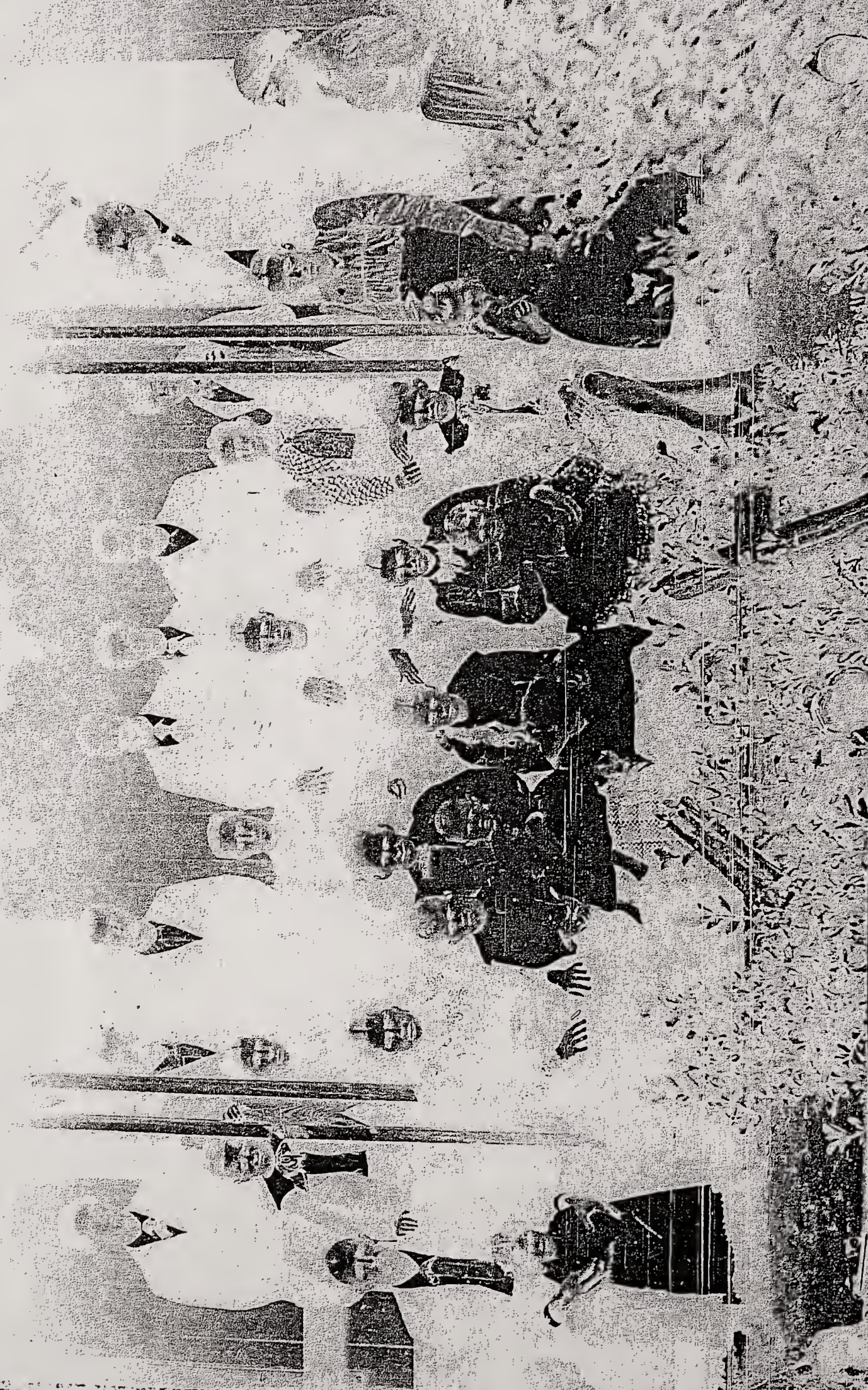
To her right is Elizabeth Ellard Eastis, our wonderful Grandmother, she was in her 65 year, lovingly known as "Aunt Betty". She was a Great Christian and charter of the Mc Elwain Baptist Church.

To her right is Sarrah Eastis Sims, she was my Mother's chum sister, we all loved her. our Aunt Salley. She was a good Christian. She was in her 42nd year.

To her right by the post is Rutha Eastis Ernest, the youngest daughter, in her 28th year. She lived just north of the Tram Road, near Grandmother, all the years, ready to help.

The Son, sitting on the floor in the middle is Uncle Isham Eastis. He was in his 40th year and to the right on this sheet is a snapshot of him 30 years later.

He was a very unusual man in many ways. He did not marry, but lived with is Mother till she passed away. All his life he took the place of his Father who passed away when Uncle Isham was 24 years of age. His brother Marian three years his junior, we very close. I saw a picture of them made before uncle Marian died at age 27 they l like twins. They were good carpenters and must have had a good part in building the home.



2014 1/3 Third Ave

2014 1/3 Third Ave

This picture, we see all who could be present, including Grand Mother Eastis, her six living children, the in-laws a part of the Grand Children. We will only mention names we havenamed in previous pictures.

The top row to the left: William Sims, the oldest Son of Sarah Eastis Sims we mentioned in the previous picture. He is the oldest Grand Son of Grand Mothers.

He was a good man, a Baptist Preacher and Pastor of the Mc Elwain Baptist Church. Next to the right is Uncle David Eastis, we mentioned and next to him Uncle Isham Eastis, we mentioned.

Next to his right is Uncle Thom Sims, with the chim whiskers, The Husband of Sarah Sims, the Father of William and Charles the 15th year old youth standing to the right of Uncle Tom. Two daughters from this family not present,

Ida Sims Latham and Alice Sims Watkins. Next to the right, is my good Father, Wind-fiend Pinkney Reynolds, the husband of Mary Eastis Reynolds. Their oldest Son, Isham Emmanuel, not present, and John Daniel the 14 year youth stand in to the right of my Father, I am the last of their three sons. To the right of Brother Daniel is Uncle

James Andrew Eastis the Oldest of Grand Mothers Children, we mentioned before. The first in the second row to the right is Aunt "Dump" Moses Eastis, the beautiful wife of Uncle Jim. They two sons not present two daughters sitting in the front row, whom I will introduce later. Next to the right of Aunt "Dump" is Grand Mother. Next to

to the right of Grand Mother is Aunt Sarah Sims, we mentioned before, is my own sweet Mother, Mary Eastis Reynolds. Next to Mother and on the outside the post a fine boy, Norman Ernest. Sitting on the porch floor in front of Norman is his good Father, Raulley Ernest, the Husband of Rutha Eastis Ernest, a good Christian, also the father

the little girl between his knees, Bessie Ernest. Next to the right is Aunt Rutha Eastis Ernest, mentioned before. To her right in the front row, is the oldest Grand Daughter of Grand Mother Eastis and the oldest child of Uncle Jim and Aunt Dump Eastis, Alice Eastis Helm. Her husband Charles Helm not present. The two boys of

their Mother, Robt and Clarence Helm the only Great Grand Children of Grand Mother Eastis. Then to her right, Bessie Eastis the 9 year old daughter of Uncle Tim and Aunt Dump. To her right, Aunt Nora Mc Daniel Eastis, the sweet wife of Uncle David. On her lap, Willie, their only child. To her right, Your belived, 10 years of age.

Page 18. MY MOTHER'S PEOPLE THE EASTIS.

Her Father, Daniel Eastis, was born August 1, 1826.
died June 4, 1881.

Her Mother, Elizabeth Ellard was born April 22, 1822.
Died June 7, 1913.

First Son,
James Andrew Eastis was born September 30, 1848.
died September 23, 1915.

First Daughter,
Mary Eastis Reynolds was born May 28, 1852.
Died July 13, 1929.

Second Daughter,
Sarah Eastis Sims, was born January 16, 1855.
Died May 2, 1917.

Second Son,
Isham Eastis, was born October 5, 1857,
Died July 11, 1926.

Third Son,
William Marian, was born February 29, 1860,
Died September 12, 1887.

Fourth Son,
Jonathian R. Eastis was born February 21, 1863,
Died July 13, 1863.

Fifth Son,
David T. Eastis, was born May 5, 1865.
Died June 1931.

Third Daughter,
Rutha Eastis Ernest was born June 11, 1869.
Died August 28, 1939.

Fourth Daughter,
Clara B. Eastis was still born April 25, 1881.

THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD AND THE
BEGINNING OF BIRMINGHAM.

After telling of my Mother's people, and with pictures of the Eastis Home, we want to mention something of the Reconstruction Period, the Industry of Jones Valley, and the establishing of the Magic City of Birmingham, Alabama.

The first months and years after the close of the War between the States, the Southerners was left with so little to live on. As always, the victors had appropriated the livestock and what they were able to find. At first no source of income. We heard our Mother tell how they were left only a team of calves to make the crops and they skaked timber on the ground for fuel with small oxens. They gathered wild leaves for Greens to eat and all of their clothing made by hand. The spun thread from unginned cotton and wool by carding into rolls and spinning it into thread and weaving the cloth on a hand loom. They knitted their socks and underwear. Our Mother at the age of 8 years took her place with Uncle Jim a lad of 12 years to supply the food and fuel for the family while Grand Father served in the Army.

But soon Industry sprung up everywhere in this region and there was work for all and our people

My Father Windfield Pinkney Reynolds and My Mother Mary Eastis were married at the bride's home December 19, 1878. As I have stayed before the two families had so little in common, I have often wondered what brought them together. We know they were congenial and lived happily together 51 years. They happened to be near the same height, the same weight and both unusually strong, physically. Mother was four and one half years my Father's senior but I never heard it discussed. They first made their home in a rent cottage on a low hill 1/4 of a mile south of the Eastis Home on the "Montevallo Road". It was known as "The House on the Hill". My wonderful brother Isham Emmanuel was born there September 27, 1879.

Their next home was 8 miles south at Oxmoor, where Father found employment. Grand Father Eastis sickened with measles and died June the 4th 1881, while they lived in Oxmoor.

I have heard them tell of walking the eight miles and carrying Isham in their arms. The only mode of travel was walking and riding horseback.

"The House on the Hill" was our home twice more during my boyhood.

BROTHER DANIEL'S BIRTH PLACE.

The next year after Grandfather Eastis' death, Father and Mother moved to Trustville 14 miles north of Mc Elwain to work at public works, may be the blast Furnace. Brother John Daniel was born June 5, 1883. Three years three months and twenty-one days younger than our oldest brother Isham Emmanuel. Daniel was a husky baby boy with brown eyes and black hair. He was named in memory of both our Grandfathers. I do not know the year my parents moved from Trussville, but they soon moved to Birmingham where they operated a Bakery. They were successful in that business. I have heard Father describe the good horses and teams he owned and used delivering their bread and pasteries. Mother was a wonderful cook and learned from the special cooks she had opportunity to learn from and they all appreciated our Mothers help.

I was born March 14, 1887, Three years, seven months and eleven days younger than Daniel, nick named "Boone". They called me George Washington. I have always appreciated my name and have never had a nick name.

Soon after I came on the scene the Bakery was sold. Father and Mother purchast a 160 acre farm on the some 30 miles north of Birmingham. It was some 8 years before we could move to farm.

MY FIRST THREE YEARS.

My first memory, we abode in a Companyhouse on the Glassfactory Road near Red Mountain Gap. My Father was working nights, firing the furnace melting sand to be moulded into glass products. It was very heavy labor but Father was a brawny man and welcomed the opportunity to earn income. Working nights he had more time with his family. We were happy in our home. We sang both hymns and secular songs both Isham and Daniel were in School.

Our Father like to squirrel hunt. Mother inherited her father's muzzel-loading rifle, after Grandfather Eastis passed on. This rifle was a excellent squirrel gun. He could kill the little animals by putting a bullit into the limb below his body or through his head. That method saved the best meat to eat and we all nurshed the wild meat.

Father moulded the bullets and loaded by first measuring the black powder and placing it in the end of the barrel and followed with the bullet over a cloth patching. The little firing cap under the hammer which stood clear of the cap till cocked.

A little leather pouch went with the gun. A flap of dear skin withhairr. We all watched every move Father made. I was the family baby and pet.

On weekends we would all walk to see Grandma Eastis. She was always happy to see us and had cookies for her grand children when they came to see her. Uncle Isham Eastis lived with his Mother. He never married but was very kind to us boys but sure knew to obey him. He would speak to me in my full name "George Washington".

He loved dogs and there were three or four in yard all ways. One was a black long haired dog. I liked him and would grip his collar in my hand and walk with him through the house. He seem to enjoy it a long time, and when he had enough he would tell me with a growl. All the family told me several times to let go his collar, but I did not do it till he showed his big sharp teeth and snapped me in or over the mouth. The blood streamed and I screamed. The dog was scolded and I was spanked. It about ruined our visit that day.

On our next visit, Uncle Isham urged Pa to take the dog along and kill him because he did not want me to suffer, as they believed if a dog bit some one and later the dog had rabies, that person he had bitten, would have rabies also, and the poor dog was killed. Uncle Isham loved us boys and felt the favorite Setter, must pay for his bite.

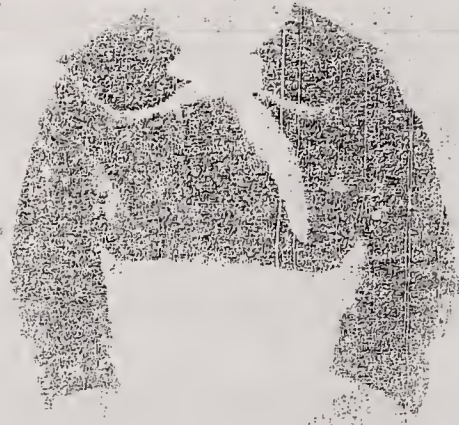
My brothers were going to School. Pa took me with him to Birmingham on the street car and it was my first ride that I remember. It was on steel rails and drawn by mules with little bells on their harness. I well remember seeing the little mules trot and gallop in front of the car. Pa took me to the photo shop for my first picture. Ma surely dressed me for the occasion, but my good wife and our children laugh at my nice hat and my bare feet.

I can remember the picture maker saying, "look at the birdie,"

I had lots to tell Ma and Isham

and Daniel that night

I had been to Birmingham.



THE LAST DAYS IN THE MOUNTAIN GAP.

Our family went all out for me. Isham took me for his bed fellow and Daniel was my play partner. One day while we were running outside the yard I fell in some broken glass and cut ugly gash on my ankle. How the rich red blood did stream down and I cried but Ma was the healer and soon fixed it up. This house was near the Railroad, where the trains shucked the whole earth as they thundered through the Mountain Gap. Our precious milk cow was caught by a train and her legs were amputated. I saw her on the ground, where she was soon killed. Every one around sympathized with us and tried to make me feel better.

I was walking a lot by this time. I made some trip with Ma to the Mc Elwain Cemetery to attend funeral services. I remember the preacher, Ma said, was Brother Bryan. He was so kind, and singing or speaking softly. He was well dressed in a longtail coat with brown whiskers.

At times we would make the trip to carry our flowers. Some of our kin or friends were there and I remember Ma telling of the ones gone on before. And pointed to the first graves in the grave yard. I can remember how well the Cemetery was kept free from wild bryers and weeds.

THE IRONDALE HOME AND PA'S CRAMPS.

I have no memory of how or when we moved to Irondale a mile east of the Glass Factory Road. We were happy in Irondale. I can remember well the beautiful flowers in our yard and the kind neighbors. Our second milk cow was purchased. She had long horn, but she was kind to us all. Her color was red and white. Her name "White Back." Her first calf was a husky male Brindle. We named him "Pompy". He was soon strong enough to pull our wagon made of wheelbarrow-wheels. Daniel was the driver. We made several trips to Grandma East's home some three miles.

Father was working at the Rolling Mill in Gate City at nights. All went well till one night he was brought home crying with pain from the cramps and muscular spasms. Several of our neighbors were there all night with the two doctors of Irondale. I remember how frightened I was and the other members of our family. God was so good to us to save his life.

He was not allowed to return to the Mill. He seemed to recover but his black hair was soon white. We were so happy to have him with us, and for our neighbors who were so thoughtful to us. Our kin folks came to do all they could.

By this time, Grandmother Eastis lived alone with her bachelor Son, our uncle Isham. He owned all of the Eastis Farm. He was forman of the Coke ovens at the Sloss Furnace in Birmingham. To be with his Mother nights, he was going over the Mountain each morning and back in the late afternoon he owned a nice bay horse to ride.

When Father had recovered from his serious illness in Irondle, Uncle Isham ask Father and Mother to move into the "House on the Hill." To work for him in cultivating the Farm and in the meantime to build fences and clear land.

We boys were growing up. Brother Isham Emanuel was 12 years of age and a very helpful lad. John Daniel was 9 years of age and made a good helper about the place. I was only 5 but could run errands.

Father bought a little horse we all loved. His name was Charley. He was a good saddle horse and worked well everywhere. He was a beautiful animal. A rich sorrel color with flaxen mane and tail with white face. Uncle Isham rode him to work a lot so his larger horse could work. Some days he walked to work so both horses could plow.

We were all happy to be there with our Grandmother and Uncle Isham. Father was a great worker and to be leading us all on that Farm.

MY FIRST SNOW.

One morning, a deep snow had fallen during the night there was snow on our beds and deep out side. After a bit, it was swept out of the house and while we were all looking outside, Uncle Isham rode up on Charley as he often did on his way to work and he suggested, that we cut down the pine tree outside the gate for firewood. We soon had plenty of wood.

I remember Father and the older boys tracking rabbits in the snow. They wrapped their shoes in sacks to keep them dry. Lots of birds, all sizes came in the yard for food. Father taught Isham and Daniel to make traps and put grain under the trap and as the birds came they were caught. We soon learned that many birds large and small would resist human hands by biting faces and hands and some of the most fierce were the Red Birds. About that time, Uncle David, Mother youngest brother gave us a nice Screwtail Bull dog. They had had him from a pup, but for some reason they could keep him long and they first thought of us. He was very alert at nights and would fight any size dog and when told to catch a cow or hore he would do it. One night, a large hound came into his pen and house, and Father had to rescue that Hound. We felt we had protection. He was a real watch dog for years. His name "Tom".

One day, just before Christmas, we were surprised to see Father coming home from Birmingham driving a large yoke of oxen. They were the most beautiful cattle I have ever seen. Their color was white with little black specks all over. They were so fat. They ~~was~~ was a new "Wilborn" farm wagon painted green and red. They had wide shiney horns with brass tips. They moved so gracefully and obey Father perfectly. They moved forward when told to "Get-up" and told to "Whoa" they stopped. To turn left "Whoa Come" to turn right "Gee-Back." Father talk to them as he did to us boys. They looked very much alike. The one on the right side of the tongue, was "Tom" the one on the left side was "Jerry". They were trained to work that way and were not much use when changed. Father put them side by side to put the yoke on their necks. No harness just that smooth yoke. It was kept so clean so no rough places and no sores from it.

Many times since I have thought of those oxen and wished my own boys could have known that team as I did. Father surely care for those oxen and the horses. In a way, we about worship our teams.

The painted tongue had been removed and a tongue made of a tree put in for the oxen.

Early Father was plowing, what we learned was flat breaking. With the turn plow, turning the soil almost completely over and so deep. Tom and Jerry did not mind the work and so strong. Tom walked in the furrow. When the fields were plowed that way, the seed was planted and the horses helped plant and cultivate. Father worked one ox at a time, Jerry seem to move faster by himself. Soon the oats and corn were growing and then potatoes and other crops.

I remember we made two visits with that team of oxen. First to Brighton, so 12 miles to visit Uncle Jim and his wife Aunt "Dump" and their younger daughter Jessie. It required a day each way to make the 12 miles the gait the oxen walked. Grandmother seem to enjoy the ride. She must have had an horrible experience by a runaway team and never enjoyed riding with a fast team.

Later, may be after the cultivation was done, we visited Uncle Dawson and family in Canaba valley 10 miles east. About the time we were ready to start home, the rains started and the streams we up. Finally we had to walk the foot log and the oxen swim. I can never forget them wading till only their heads up.

I remember my Parents saying, we were so much helped by this first harvest. Feed for the next year, grain for the chickens, ducks, geese and guinies. The goats, sheep and hogs, and a good crop for ~~almost~~ almost no expense to us except the labor. Uncle Isham was so helpful, in every way. Uncle Raulley Ernest and Aunt Rutha were blessed by his wise guidance. Their Farm was part of the Eastis Estate just north of the home. They owned a good team of mules. A nice black mule name Jack and Ellen, every one knew as "Ole El". The wonderful Team of Oxen, were sold for profit.

Uncle Isham had furnished the wonderful Ox team for us that first year. Now he sold them for profit. Father sold his little horse "Charley" and was able purchase a very good black mule from a neighbor that had hoped he could buy from a Colored man. Then, Uncle Raulley planned to sell his team and let us have "El". She a black "Pat", mated perfectly and we thought looked so nice.

This mule team helped us ride places we had not known. We rode to Church and visited more of our kin. Mother was pleased to have "Ellen, as she had been her Father saddle mule before he went away, 12 years before. She was an excellent traveller under the saddle. Grandfather had ridden her with his rifle in the saddle. This good mule team were useful to haul load to build fences for Uncle Isham.

This second Crop was started in good time. Plenty of moisture. The fields were larger and produced much better and more harvest.

THE IRONDALE REVIVAL.

It was in the Summer of 1894, we attended a union Revival in Irondale. We all five with Grand-Mother and sometimes others, went to the Services Morning and night. I was 7 years of age but can remember many things about it. Both my parents and Brother Isham were saved. The Cumberland Presby-terian, the Baptist and the Methodist Pastor rotated preaching and we met in the Methodist Church it being the largest. Most of the citizens were saved who had not been saved before.

It was three miles from home to Irondale and the wagon was full each time. Father and Mother and any other adults rode in the large spring seat, while we boys sat in chairs or on the floor of the wagon on quilts. Sometimes at night coming home I would fall asleep. One time, I fell over the side, did not hurt me. I can remember hearing Grandmother shout. That Fall, Mr. D.L. Moody and Dr. D.B. Towner came to Birmingham for a Tabernacle Meeting. I was not able to go but the older boys attended and told about the great crowds, the preaching and singing. They walked the 5 miles both ways.

OUR THIRD CROP WITH UNCLE ISHAM. 1895.
 OUR VISIT TO UNCLE BAKER BUSH HOME.
 THE DEATH OF AUNT CATHRINE.

Our parents had great hopes of moving to the Farm on Canoe Creek, after waiting 8 years. As much as we regreted to leave our loved ones at Mc Elwain, the good Church at Irondale. We all loved Uncle Isham and Our Grand Mother. This crop was planned and planted and it was harvested a good harvest.

By July the cultivation was complete and we planned to visit Father's oldest sister and her family who were making their home in Cahaba Valley some 20 miles east of Mc Elwain. We were happy to make the trip in that Green and Red "Milburn Wagon" with good looking mule team in the new shiny harness.

We were happy to take our Old Auntie, Cathrine Roberts. Aunt "Cathe" was Grand Mother Reynolds' sister. She was the only relation to follow from North Carolina. She lived among us after the death of Grand Mother and Grand Father Reynolds. Jesse Crocker the oldest son of Aunt Emma Crocker, made this trip in their top buggy and invited Aunt Cathe to ride with him.

We certainly enjoyed this visit with Aunt Lizzie and her giant husband, Uncle Baker Bush. He was formen on County Roads. We were there a week and enjoyed many evening visiting in the yard after the evening meal we all new as supper. One of these evening, while listening to the congregational singing in a nearby Church, I heard for the first time "Are You Washed in the Blood?". I have never forgot that song.

Aunt Cathe decided not to return with us and stayed to have a good visit with the "BUSHES". We hurried home to get into the Harvest and making ready to Move to Canoe Creek.

One afternoon Uncle Baker walked to the House On the Hill, to tell us, Our Aunt Cathe, had died the night before. She seemed well as usual and fell suddenly on the floor. He told us the body was being brought later that evening. He and Father drove in to the City for a Coffin. She was brought from the Valley in a home made box that was used in the burial.

We all love our Auntie. As many old women of her day smoke a clay pipe. We boys enjoyed lighting it by live coals from the fire place as she would tell us ghost stories. She was buried in Mc Elwain Cemetery by her Sister.

It required several trips to get all the tools, the live stock and the feed hauled up. But good team made good time, one day each way 32 miles. Isham and Daniel did not return for the last load but stay to feed and care for the stock.

It was easy for us leave our Wonderful Grand Mother and Uncle Isham. We visited our Pastor of Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He told us of the Church in Springville where we could worship.

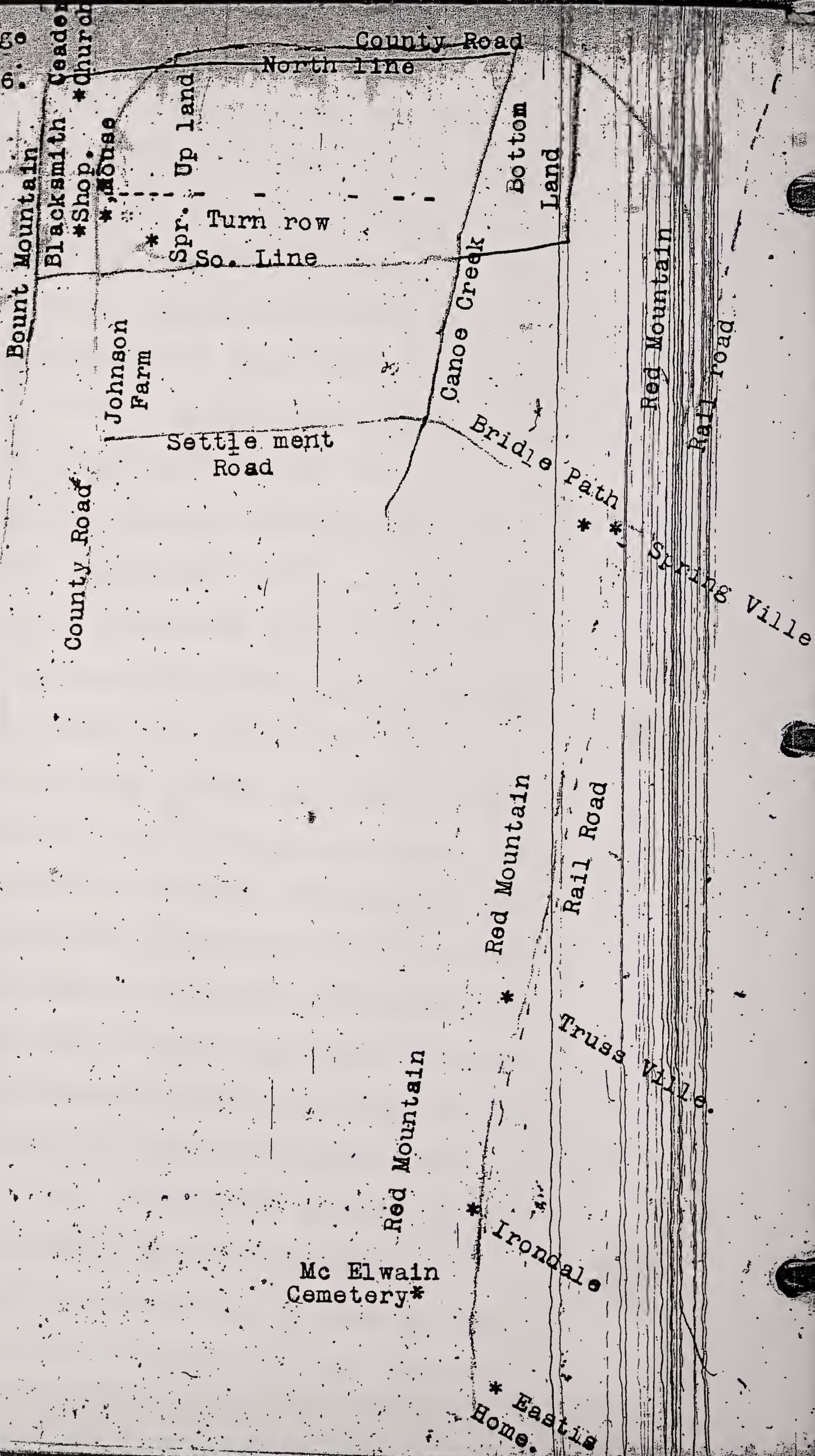
Grand Mother Eastis was the only Grand Mother I ever knew as Grand Mother went away before I could remember. We knew we would be seeing her several times each year as we hauled our produce to the Birmingham Market. Uncle Isham secured some his friends and a first Cousin, to run the Farm after moved away.

Grand Mother's favorite milk cow, Sunday so named because she was born on a Sunday. She had twin male calves and our Grand Mother presented them to us boys for an ox team later. We will have more to say about them later. They were strawberry roan in color. We named them Tom and Jerry, in memory of the large white speckle oxens we first worked and loved, supplied by Uncle Isham.

Isham and Daniel did not return for the last load which was furniture and clothes. Ma had things so well packed. We loaded the night before and slept at Grandma's. We were up and going before day light after enjoying one of Grandma's good breakfast a real meal of steak, biscuits and molasses and black coffee.

Pa and Ma rode on the Spring seat. I was up on the furniture and enjoyed watching the team and other people on the highway. Also the R.R. Trains were coming and going. I well remember passing Irondale and then Trussville and then we stopped for dinner. The mules were sweating freely. They were making good time with the load. We reached Springville before Sundown and right on. We soon left the State Highway, turning west. On top of the ridge, called Red Mountain, we could see across the Valley to see the top of Blount Mountain with high cliffs of rock at the top. It was some three miles across the Valley several small homes, that were old and old, odd looking people looking us, over.

We crossed the creek below our watergape, and was soon at our New Home. The boys and Tom, the Bull Dog, were happy to see us and we were glad to stop after the long day's ride.



On the opposite page or number 36, I have drawn a map. The red line shows the road we traveled, the the rail-road is shown by the dotted line. Red Moutain to the left and all three ran parlell. The distance from Grandma's place was about 32 miles, a good day's journey for our mule team.

Starting at Grandma's home, next the Cemetery. Then, Irondale, where we had lived and attended church. Next Trussville, Brother Daniel's Birth place. The last town, was Springville, so named for the large fresh water, ^{Springs} small lake full of fish. It was ^{our} Cumberland Church Home, and our trading Post. We traveled by team a road 6 miles to the farm, by foot and on horse back, the wide path half that distance. The wagon road went north two miles, and then turn to the left, westward, on top of Red Mt., we could see across Canoe Creek Valley, to Bount Mountain, which looked high from that point. There were a half dozen little farms with old back-woods people who looked us over as we passed by.

We forded the creek, just below the water-gap, it was dark that night, as we traveled 1/4 of a mile on to our New Home where ^{The} Brothers Isham and Daniel were waiting eagerly, and Tom the Bull-dog.

It was very dark that night, the boys had the kerosene lantern burning, Ma was happy to see us all together and well. Tom, the dog was gleeful to see her. We certainly were a happy family, and to have a home. As we were doing the chores, Mr. Will Johnson one of the neighbors came with his lantern to see if he could help and to get acquainted.

He told us, he was not married and lived with his Mother and a sister and two nieces. He told me there no boys and I would have to play with the girls and I said "I did not like girl", they all laught, then, I was rebuked by my Pa.

As we listened, we heard many birds new to us and may be, some animals. We were familar with the Whippoorwill's voice.

Ma soon, fixed a good meal and after our family devotions, made down our beds on the floor and all asleep. After awhile we were waken by Tom barking. Pa was out to see about the live stock. The Mules had to stand together, and Pa said two girl mules did not like to be in the same stall. Next day we put a partition between them.

We could hear, our sow and some goats under the floor of our room. Our only barn was three small pens where we housed the milk cows and young calves. But, we were happy till we could build more room.

THIS SHEET OF EXPLANATION.

In the Summer of 1925, while visiting our loved ones in Shades Valley. We ask Brother Daniel and his good wife Katie and their two children to go to the old home place on Canoe Creek Farm.

We invited Uncle Isham Eastis to go along. It was a good trip in our "T" Model fords. The trip I had known since we traveled by mule team. Ofcourse we were there all too soon or quick. We traveled the same road or route we had gone 30 years before. It happened to be Summer time.

We saw some of our former neighbors and good friends as we passed through Springville. One of them told us, we would not recognise the Farm. It was all grown up in brush and timber with whisky stills everywhere.

That was the condition in the land and the good fields we had cultivated those six years. When we drove up to the old home, a man came out. He was a grisley looking fellow. Ofcourse he ask our names and where we were from? On being convenced we were not the law, he consented to let us see around and make the snapshots. We could not get permission to take the cars to the Spring, so we eat of basket dinner at the Church.

The Big Mountain, looked the same. The Church had been kept painted and we went in side, but eat outside. We have a good picture of the Church, it was built while we were there and many memories clustered our minds.

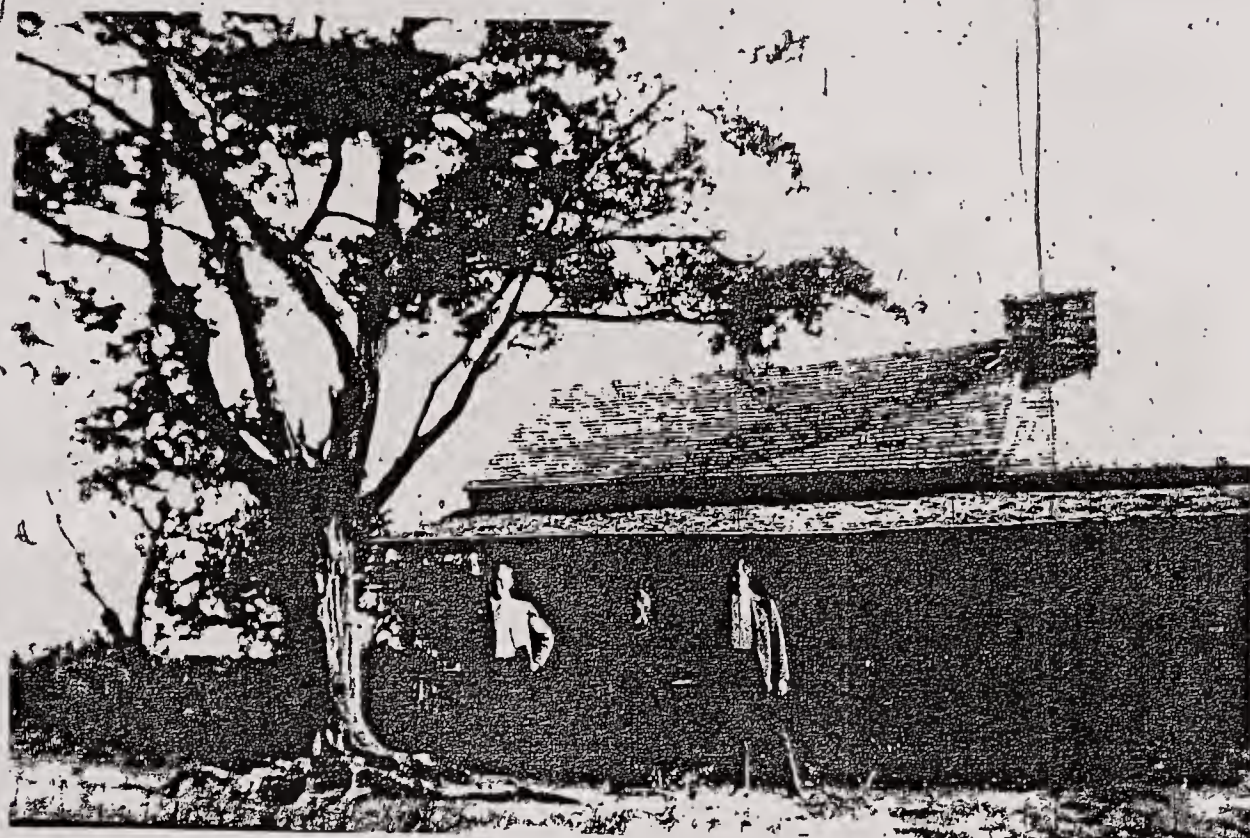
We did not go into the old house. We were glad to get these pictures. Some changes had been made but as a whole it looked the same.

The Old Wash Place was about the same but the Spring was changed. A large Beech Tree was gone where the the clear water rolled up.

All the out buildings were gone. The fences gone. It had been made into an open range.

The front yard fence was gone and changed the appearance.

I first wrote the details of going on the Farm at Christmas Time 1895, and after getting the pictures, I decided to use them to help describe the building. If we could only have one of the Mountain and may be some others.



This picture was made 30 years after we moved in, by my good wife Ethel, I am standing with Ma and Brother Daniel. The other picture Uncle Isham East is Ma, Daniel and Ethel. In this picture west of the house, shows the north room facing west across the road and up Blount Mountain. I wished we had made a picture of the Mountain. It must have been a mile high and steep, a forest of Cedar and oak trees with black and red Hawthorn trees, wild grapes and muscadines vines. A high rock cleft was at the top where wild beats lived roared at night. Possums and squirrels roamed below.

ORIGINAL - 500

A fence was in front of us and that cedar tree was much smaller and the roots level with the ground. There were no Porch nor Windows. A wide yard where we lived and played lots of hours.



The Lean-to was covered with clapboards, no widow. the weeds in the yard are the same. Log room to the the left is the same. Those plank up on the wall were that night, to help keep some of the rain out. Both of the log rooms were large. The lean-to was ten feet wide and the whole lenth of the living room. That stove flue looks natural. It served our lage wood stove. That chimney must have been 4 or 5 feet at the top with a rock partition in the chimney, Pa often said "that chimney had a hundred load of rock". A 4 foot fireplace in the living room and 5 foot fire place in the kitchen.

Since this was our home, the farm has grown into a forest with large trees to hide whisky stills. I have not been back. I have heard the Old House has burn.



As soon as we had seen some of the Farm and
the House, ¹⁸⁹⁵ the House had to be cleaned for living. It
required lots of water, which was carried from the
big fresh Spring located in the Pasture 150 yards
down the hill eastward from the back door.

The Spring was where we wanted to eat our lunch
but were not permitted to drive our fords, and we
did not eat there but went to see and made this
picture of Ma and the Wash Place. That Oak Tree was
larger and the Spring looked different. We used two
Pots and several tubs and we used a "Battling Block".
Ma boiled the clothes in strong Home-made-Soap, and
battled them on a block to loosen the dirt and then
put them in tubs of fresh water.

We had a nice Spring Lot, but the picture shows
trees more than any thing else. We have Family
Photograph, made in this Spring Lot the last summer
and a picture of Isham and Velma.

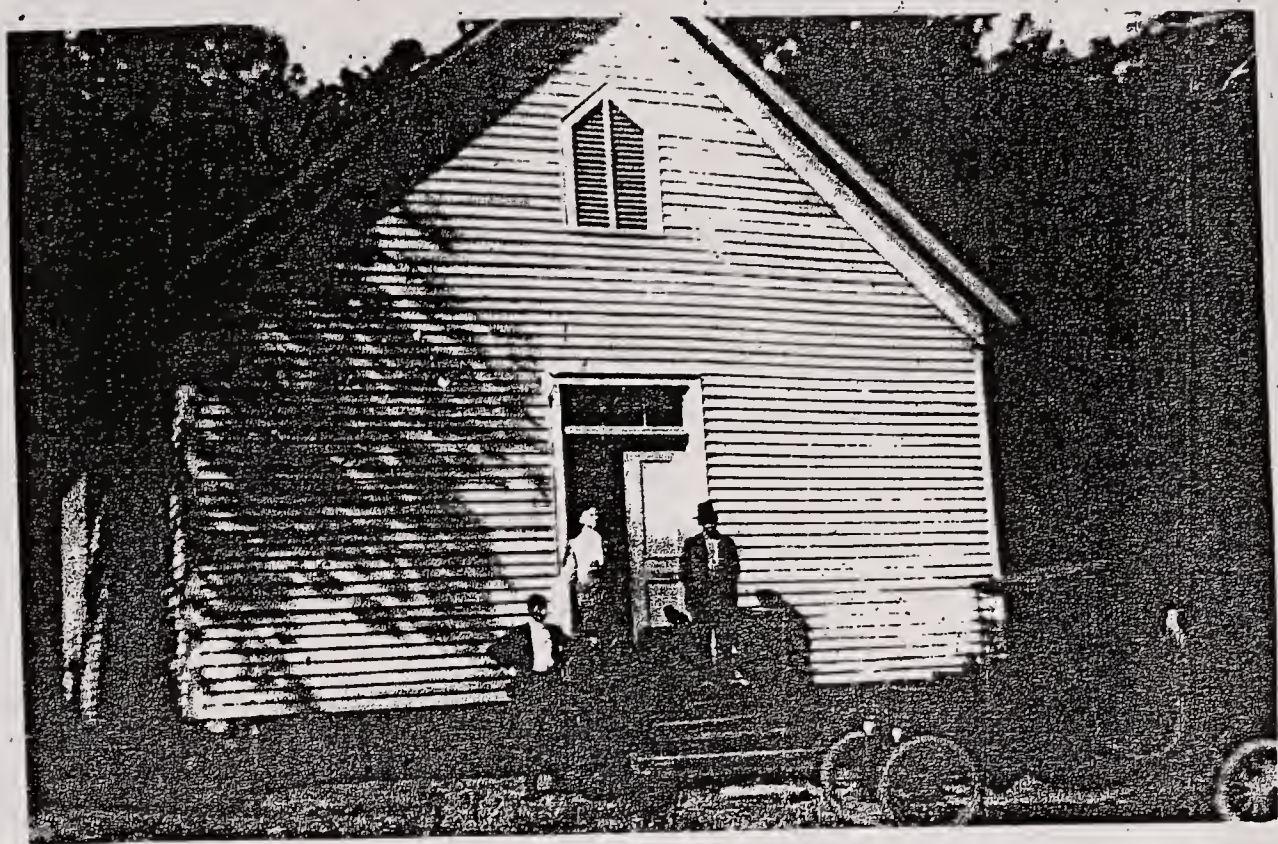
Because of necessity, building a Smoke House came First. It was made of Logs and Large to cure our meat, smoked the meat with Hickery Smoke and stored the fruit in Dug-Out. With the Big Spring and the in-side pit, our milk was kept fresh. We alost, lived out of the Smoke House.

The Smoke House with all the out-building were gone in the picture, but it was built just in front of that Lean-to door. It was handy. around the back yard and the Smoke House we built a neat fence and a field road circled close into the Field. Down in the Creek we searched for a Family of Beavers as we had on the Eastis Farm, no Beavers, on Canoe Creek Farm.

Soon the fruit trees were pruned and the limbs piled in the ditches. The Cotton-tails came in droves at nights to eat the tender bark. We set the Karosene lanterns as as the rabbits came to the light we were able to shoot several to eat, had plenty during the cold weather.

We were up and out to the Clearing each morning as soon as we could see. Pa lead us with his sharp ax and pruning hook. Brother Isham help cut, while Brother Daniel helped me pile for the burning. I can never forget, how hungry we were at Meal Time. Ma fed us so well.

THE CEDAR GROVE CHURCH.



Because we were denied driving our Fords to the Spring to eat our Lunch, we drove over to this Building, on the Corner of the Farm, and enjoyed seeing this Church building we help build in 1898. The Methodst People who owned another Church building ^{CRANE CHAPEL} we will mention later, where we attended Sunday School and day school, Singing Schools, named "Crane's Chapel", Decided to move to move it West of the Creek. Pa and Ma deeded them an acre of land on the edge of our Farm at the foot of the Mountain. We attended Day School and Church Services. It was in this Building Brother Daniel was Saved, may be, the Summer of 1901.

The Circuit Rider, preached one Sunday in each month and usually stay with us, as we were close.

Now, after using these pictures made in 1925, later than this account of our moving on the Canoe Creek Farm. We take up our beginning. We had cleaned the house and cleared away the high weeds. Our first plowing was sowing seed oats, for early grazing. Brothers Isham and Daniel plowed the ground close to the house and in the fruit orchard. Pa sowed the seed broadcast by hand. He put a sack over his left arm and shoulder where he carried the grain. We see pictures in Bible Times of the "Sower." He would thrust his right hand into the seed and come out swinging, scattering the seed over land which had been marked off in lands with the plow some ten feet wide. Pa was a good sower and the boys with small plows covered the seed. In a few days the whole place looked green. The chickens as well as all the fowls were grazing. Some was planted for cows and the mules.

Then, in the meantime, Pa pruned the fruit trees. We put the limbs in the shallow ditches by the field road. The rabbits came in droves at nights to eat the tender bark. I remember Pa having our Karosene lanterns put out among the brush. The cottontails would gather around the light to be shot. They were good eating in the winter time. It was all fun.

Our little Bull Dog "TOM", given to us by our Uncle David Eastis, would chase the rabbits by sight, but that did not help too much so Pa learned of some hounds to be given away, and Brother Daniel walked, some half dozen miles to where the people lived and lead three red hounds home. They were all red color with a white ring around the neck and a white tip of their tails. They were all of the same family: a mother dog name "Mag" a male dog name "Drive" and female name, I can not recall now, and a few minutes later that night Pa returned from a trip to Birmingham in the wagon and brought two more dogs. A first cousin by marriage of our Ma's, had told Pa before, that he might give us two Blue hounds he had raised from pups. He went to see if we might have them? One had been stolen, a stray dog had followed his team home, and he gave Pa that large white-spotted dog name "Rock" and the other one he had raised, named "Bell". They were all good Rabbit Hounds and that first night, less no time chasing those Cottontails, it was real music to us. We would all shout and holler to them. Each hound might have been after his own rabbit.

"Tom" the English Bull Dog, had been accostom to whipping all dogs, met his match with "Rock".

This was a lonely Christmas away from our lovely kin people. We had always been with Grandma and Uncle Isham. They were so kind to us boys and a few presents and sweet things to eat.

We were happy in our New Home. Pa and Ma talked to us about the future at nights or evenings, by the fireside. How well I remember those Evenings. That large Fireplace, with bright fires was all we needed for LIGHTS. The house needed good warm fires to be comfortable and we had plenty of rich rosen pine, "kindling" to fire the other good fuel. We read by the light of the fireplace. We owned some large Oil Lamps to see throughout the house.

Our parents would tell us of Christ and the Christmas Stories, and we would all sing Christmas Carols. Almost every Evening, our neighbors would come to visit and to sing. It seems to me every body would sing and some very rich voices. The Johnsons were all good singers. Then, there were Mc Clercons and the Capshaws and the Chandlers.

Ma cooked the best things to eat that Christmas. She was able to make Loaf or Lite Bread. Our neighbors were not that fortunate and they were delighted to share Ma's good delicious Bread and Cakes.

Ofcourse we neither enjoyed Radios nor T.V.

OUR FIRST CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL. 1896.

We first attended the Methodist Church located a mile or so East of our home. The Pastor or Circuit-rider, came every four weeks, on Sunday Mornings, then to another Church that night. But we enjoyed Sunday School every Sunday, when it was not raining and it rained lots of the time.

We enjoyed worship in our home. a read every day, evenings, while our neighbors were with us visiting or before we "went to bed". I do not recall, just the Bible, he read from but our Lage Book, always on the Table. We have that same Book in our home since Pa, went away, Christmas Day 1936.

We later attended the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Springville. We walked and rode the Mules the near cut on the "Bridle Path". It was so named because it was wide and the brush kept cleared for riding without the limbs brushing our hats and our clothes. Ma usually rode "Ellen" the old Saddle Mule, and I, being the Baby, at first rode behind her in the "Side-Saddle." Pa and boys walked. Then, as we own more stock we all rode, but I always rode behind somebody. I rode with Brother Isham lots.

Our Church, Going, was one of the Main Events of our lives. We enjoyed it, and there we met our neighbors, in worship and fellowship.

After Christmas, we were ready to do the work. Pa and Ma, decided we could not go to School that winter. All the fences needed mending and most of the Farm had to be cleared. So much had grown up in sprouts and briars and trees.

First, was the Pasture or Springlot. This Pa thought best to construct it with post and nail rails, so it could not be pushed over by the livestock. It was built of Cedar Posts and Cedar Rails nailed to the post. There was ~~an abundance~~ plenty of Cedar and it did not have to be replaced. We were always proud of the pasture fence.

Next, Pa lead us in the clearing with shapened axes and brier blades. He and Brother Isham did the most of the cutting but there were axes for all. I did not cut much at first but gathered brush and made piles of it. We started right north of the House cutting out to the fences which were built the ZigZag pattern of all kinds of timber split rails. Several years a good fence of that kind was kept in shape. But since Pa and Ma owned the Farm, no one had occupied the house and the neighbors had cultivated the land turning further away from the fence each year and ofcourse the field grew smaller. We cleared the fence added needed rails and on around east to the Creek.

Pa and Ma knew we would almost have to have a good producing Garden to feed us, even the first year. They decided on locating it right north of the front yard, with the entrance, a wide gate and a walk all the way through the center which would allow a good size garden on each side of the walk. The Sweet Potato Bed in the center of the Garden by the walk. The soil was dug and plowed deep and pulverized well. Then, the fence well planned to have a picket fence so as to keep out all animals and fowls.

No doubt Onions were among the first Vegetable. Some flowers, plan to decorrect. I can remember the wild birds coming in early Spring. Large with new calls and bright feathers. The Squirrels were barking all through the woods and up on the Mountain side.

Now we had our Smoke House, the Pasture Fence, the north side of the field fence rebuilt and ready to start plowing.

Our cows were doing well. Old White Back, during the three years at Grandma's Place had raised a young cow who was giving milk, and some younger heifers with the two twin males, Old Sundays' calves. They were attractive yerlings and growing fast. We were putting the yoke on them and teaching them to drive. It was a good diversion for us boys. We were just eager to do things.

The field north of the House and East to the Creek was ready to break. Brother Isham was the first plow boy. The team, Pat and Ellen, were fine. Then, Brother Daniel took the plow and they both took turns. We were all alert doing our best. In time the field to the Creek was plowed and we were planting Corn, peas and beans and a large Mellon patch, both Water Mellons and cantolopes.

Our Bottoms had to wait till the next year. For this reason we did not have enough land for the Cotton. A neighbor, Mr. Wood, let us rent some six acres. It being our first Cotton, we had to be told by our good neighbors. It took extra work. A good furrow first, some commercial fertilizer dropped in the furrow through a tin funnel and covered with a turn plow making a ridge. Then the middle plowed out and then the "cotton-planter" to plant the Cotton seed, all new to us, old farmers.

We were getting along fine, but the work may be, was too heavy for the little mules, when Pat started eye trouble and Old Ellen got sick. We were handicapped. But, Mr. Wood, who rented us the cotton land, told Pa he owned a Yoke of Oxen, in woods, on the Mountain, and if he cared to use them for their feed to get them. That was something else new. They were large and Old but did plow.

We found the Oxen, up on the top of the Mountain. One was a Brendle color and the other colored like Whit Back, red sides and white back and white face and, under parts. They both had long horns. They moved very slow and seemed deaf or did not want to hear. Brother Daniel did the most of plowing with them and he was a dandy with them. they helped a lot and he hauled in a lot of our logs for the barn to be used a little later. We let them enjoy our Spring Lot, part time. Oxen look so innocent as they moved around. But they knew we boys were too young to hurt them and they had a good time. They were well fed and given plenty of good spring water.

Black Pat and Old Ellen, were soon feeling better and by July they were ~~when we were~~ through cultivating, they were going strong.

We were not able to go to visit that Summer. Our groceries were low a few weeks. No flour for biscuits. Isham was working hard and he just could not eat Corn Bread. We lived on Corn Bread or Pan cakes made of Meal and Sorghum Molasses.

By this time, our vegetable were ready and friers were ready to eat and the Mellons We were happy as could be. We had got acquainted with more of the young people and happy.

Then the crops were laid-by. We attended Revival at Cranes Chapel and in the Meantime did some fishing. Seined some and we swimming every day. Had a good time in the afternoons we were planning the Barn. Most of the Logs had been brought in from the woods - some on the wagon some by sled and some snaked on the ground, they have been cut while the sap was high and peeled and by Summer were dry, and they were beautiful and straight. The barn was located just north of the Vegetable Garden. The west line of the Garden was on the East line of the Barn Corral, lining up north of the house on the County Road, which ran due north and south at the foot of the Mountain.

When the logs were all ready, the sills in place and lined up, we called the "WORKING." All of the neighbors were there early for a big-day. There was an axman at each corner and as the logs were rolled in place, the mortise was made, and the logs each in its place. Two pens 30 feet by ten feet up nine rounds high. The hall way was ten feet in the clear. After the 6th round, the loft was lifted about FIVE rounds, and what a beautiful barn and so roomy. Every neighbor spoke so highly of Pa's plan.

Ma had a sumptuous meal prepared. A fat calf, a goat, a lamb and some chicken, with all the trimmings. We all enjoyed the fellowship and they came back to cover the barn the next day.

We had had a good Summer Time. We had enjoyed our mellons and we were all in good shape to gather the harvest. The corn was curing and it was fodder-time we tried to save every blade of the corn. We had pulled the leaves from the corn at Grandma's place. The method was to use both hands to strip the leaves on the corn stalk. When both hands were full, a few blades were used to tie the two hand's full and fasten it to the stalk by the corn ear, to dry. the second or third evening, we tied 3 or 4 of the hands into a bundle and staked in piles to keep and then moved to the barn.

This corn fodder, was considered the choicest feed for horses. We brought enough for the mules from the Eastis Farm in moving.

Then, came haying time. We cut the hay by hand sickle. Our main hay was known as "Crapgrass" and cow-pea vines. We cut the grass through the corn cotton any where it grew wild. We did not have a baler, but hauled it to the barn just loose and packed down.

Our cotton was opening. Gathering cotton was our first. This was the first field work Ma tried to do. We all picked from early till late to get it in the barn before cold weather.

Then, the corn. Ears with husk together. Our new barn crib was full.

What a surprise to us boys and Ma, one evening when Pa came home from Springville, to see a new horse in Ellen's place at the wagon. We all had lumps in our throats and Ma showed some tears, but she knew it was wise. Pa said, he had opportunity to make the change and knew it was a good trade. "Ole El" had been in the Eastis family over twenty years. She only weighed less than a thousand pounds. Her color was rich or bright red with roan face mane and tail. Her shoulder was a bit higher than the top of her hips. She had a good running walk and foxtrot. With a passenger in the saddle she moved off with a bounce and into that gait. Grandpa Eastis had ridden before his death. Uncle Rolly Earnest, had owned her several years and when Pa bought Pat, he thought we could use her and offered her for our team.

The new horse was a beautiful sorrell with a blaze face. She mated well with Pat for the team. Pa was making a trip into Birmingham almost every week with dressed pigs and some other produce for the market.

We had to haul our cotton to a single gin down the creek. I rode on the first load. We had to put that load in a stall in the gin house and go back for the ginned bale and the seed. There were three bales in all. The cotton was selling for 5 or 6 cents per pound.

1896.

It must have been this December we built the roof for the porch. It was wonderful protection. The floor and the rails were added later. Many other repairs were made on the house before Winter. It was a good Christmas, for us all. We had plenty to eat, and as usual some oranges and bananas. We hardly knew they ripened any time but Christmas.

Brother Isham was about grown. He has passed his 17 birthday in September. He was then, but his body was strong and strait. He had been a good reader of good books, and knew much more of the good book the Bible than most youths his age.

Brother Daniel was 13 and 1/2 years. He was a husky youth and strong. He worked like a man. He enjoyed hunting squirrels and larger game. Our gun was a muzzle loading, single barrell short gun. By that, it was loaded by hand. The powder measured and poured into the muzzle of the barrel and the paper wadding tapped with the ramrod and the shot poured on that wadding and tamped with more papper.

It was fun and later more fire arms came along. He had some boys to hunt with and visit. We all

intertained ourselved by singing familiar songs, and Christmas carols. Some of our neighbors visited our home and we were in their homes. I can remember the Chrimas stories told us.

Daniel and I went to School at Crane's Chapel.

It was a Methodst Church, some two miles east of our home. The Church building was an unpainted building, with no ceiling, heated with a large, pott belled stove.

After Christmas, Ma and Isham visited Grandma Eastis and our kin and friends in the Mc Elwain Community.

Pa was cooking for us at home. We were having a good time. Pa was a good cook and he was doing the chores and helping us boys study.

One morning we awaken to find another deep snow. It had come quietly but deep. A lot of the snow was in the open house. We had to clean house but we liked it because it was different. We did not attend school at first but stayed home, and in the house as it was cold. We only got out to do the chores and I can never forget leading the mule and pony to the spring to drink. Pa was fearful that they might not walk in the snow. Ofcourse the cows were safe in the Spring Lot.

Ma and Isham were gone two weeks and it did them good. Pa was happy Ma could have the visit and vacation,

During January Pa worked clearing the brush and ^{the} piles drifts accumulated from the high waters. By this, ~~back~~ several more acres were added to our crop for the second year. More fence was rebuilt. The whole farm was under zigzag rail fence. It was a good solid protection in an open range country. ^{Lower or Nothin} The water-gap was rebuilt and our farm road worked.

This new clearing of the bottoms extended to farm line on the east. It was all rich land rebuild each year by the Creek flooding. How the corn, ~~and~~ peas and beans did grow.

We were so much more supplied than the Winter before. Our Smoke House was full of meats and canned fruits. Lots hickory Smoked bacon and ham and shoulders.

OUR NEW PLOW HORSE "MOLLY": 1897.

(We were enjoying the sorrell mare "Nell". She was mating well with Black Pat, and we like to ride her. But another deal with ~~Ma's nephew William Sims~~ for this larger Bay or brown colored mare. We loved and Ma happy in the side saddle going places.

For the early oat sewing and breaking, we plowed with the two one horse turn plows. Most of the land was plowed deep the year before, so we used the single plows as Molly just walked too fast for Black Pat.

THE HORSE COLT "SEALEM".

1897.

One morning the last of March, when we went to barn to do the chores, there stood a tall colt by Molly, she was so proud of him and talked in horse language as she fondle him with her nose. His color was same as Molly's with some white hair sprinkled which gave him a strawberry roan.

We were all proud to have another horse. Now he ran through the fields as we all worked. We named him "Sealem". Molly stepped along and Isha^m was able to step with her and they did most of the plowing. Our crop was more easy for us the second year. Pat certainly did her part, with Pa and Daniel taking turns and getting the work done. All the field look good with good growing corn, cotton, with the melions, and peas sown among the corn.

The first of July we were laying by and the last furrows were being run though the up-land rows. We dreaded the last middle furrows in the bottoms. Pat was afraid of the creek banks. She was blind but she could ~~CEASE~~ feel the water and knew when she near the creek band. We learn many things that Molly, besides all the plowing had furnished, Sealem, his feed, she was too thin in flesh. But, she never faltered to go on.

THE COMING OF BLACK JACK. 1897.

Father each week carried our extra eggs and the moulded butter to Springville to the store.

ON Saturday, after ^{the} trying time, plowing the bottom corn. The store owned by Mr. Woodall, the elder deacon in our Church. He was asking Father about his crop and my Father told him our crop was never better but mention the problem of the last plowing with blind mule and the fast walking mare. Deacon Woodall, as was his custom or habit, says "my dear beloved brother Reynolds, on your way home go by my mule barn ask the care taker for "Black Jack" he is recommended to do just what you need and when you are through bring him back, if you need him, I will sell him to you for \$ 75.00. My Father walked and lead him home.

He was thin in flesh with scares from the whip and made by the saw logs, he was one of the wheel mules on a log dray. We all pitied him. A collar was fitted on his thin neck. He took him to the creek bottom to finish laying-by the corn-bend of the bottom. My Father was really glowing over the work of the poor mules' action to save the large tender corn stalks. He would stop and back up to save a stalk of corn. Then, we started to feed him half cured corn and soon he was a new animal, we paid for him and he was a very valuable mule and especially as saddle mule. He teamed well with black Pat.

It was during the summer of 1896 and 1897, a singing school teacher, by the name of Will Ryan and his brother Jim Ryan, came to Crane's Chapel the old Methodist building, and taught two weeks each year. Most of the people attended as the crops were made. We carried basket lunches and put in at least eight hours.

Will Ryan did the teaching and directing the singing his brother Jim helped with the part singing. It seemed most of the people were musical and were hungry to sing and put all they had into it. He used the shapenote system, which could be taught fast and every one took part. A large chorus was trained to sing the four parts and we sang acappella which is beautiful and singing by note, it was not guessing and the harmony was perfect.

Brother Isham was eighteen years of age that summer 1897. This was the beginning of his singing. People were charmed with his beautiful tenor voice and his natural ability to do solos as well direct.

At the close of this school in 1897, he stayed home while the rest of us visited Grandmother's for the pictures, you have seen earlier in this history.

OUR NEIGHBORS ON CANOE CREEK.

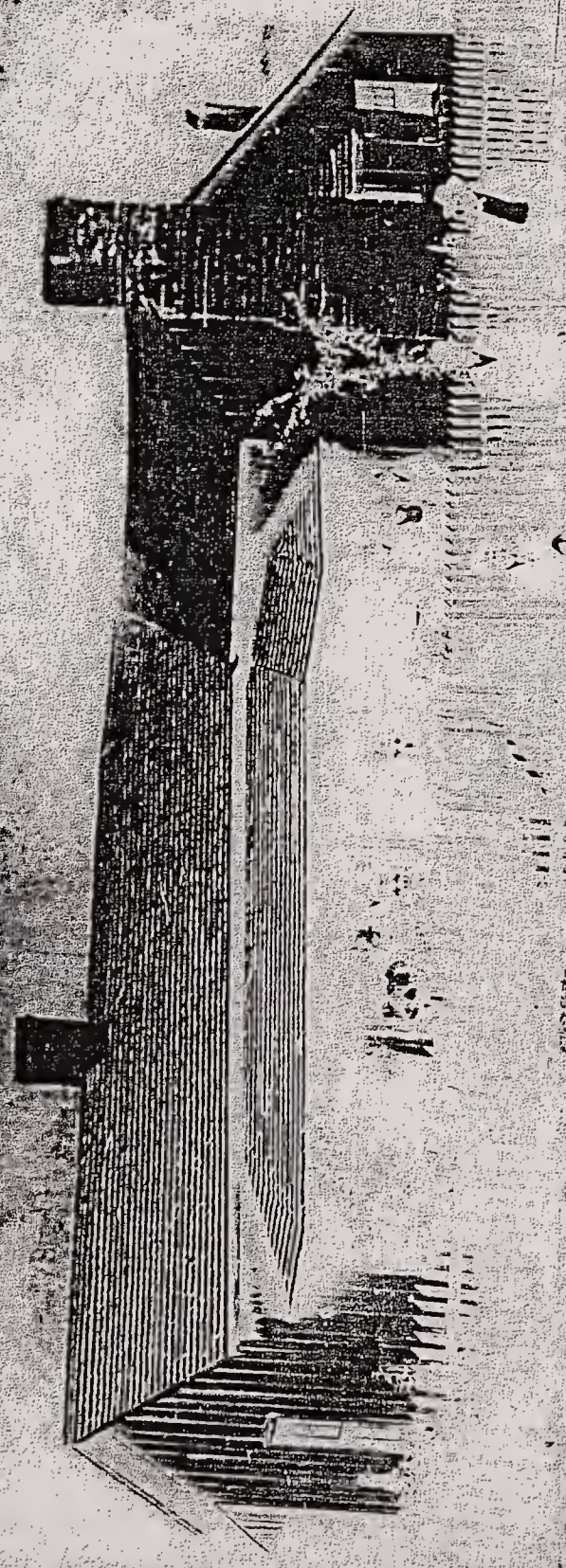
Our neighbors along the creek some 4 miles long and 2 miles wide, twelves families. They were good back woods' honest folks. I will take first north up the Mountain but down the Creek as it ran north. One family of Mc Clendons. The parents were up in years "Uncle Billy" and "Aunt Jane" as they were lovenly called. He was tall minus one eye ball with a ballhead and whiskers. In singing he only grunted and shuck his head and rolled his one eye. Aunt Jane was not too large but talked loud. Six boys with them, all sizes one in Texas and one girl sennie, very immotional. Another Jim Mc Clendon and his wife and son. Next, Mr. & Mrs. Henderson Joash. He was the pipe smoker, two beautiful little girls. The Chandler Family, old parents no single girls one married son Jim a good bass singer and 3 boys all good singers. Back east across the creek the Holyfields. He had very thin hair and he had every hair in place without ever washing his head. Then the Burtrams and Fowlers the Woods and the Cranes the the Johnsons our nearest neighbors south and up the Creek, 1/4 of a mile. Mr. Johnson helped Father in planning our work. His sweet Mother and his widowed Sister and the Girls Lilian and velma.

OUR NEIGHBORS SEINED THE CREEK.

Usually all the dozen families would gather several times each Summer to seine the Creek through the farms. A seine had been purchased with a cash collection from all. It was some six feet wide and some thirty or forty feet long. A representative from each family men, no women, but boys galore. Uncle Billy Mc Clendon usually directed. The little stream was swift in places others deep. The little Trout could be seen feeding most of the time, the Muskrats were on the surface from bank to bank and their musk order was present. Occasionally, a two pound red-horse, a yellow cat or a trout. But the most of the bag was sunperch and lofers, some eels. While in the deep holes as well as other places the seine would hang on a snag and it was always interesting to watch Uncle Billy go down to lose it. He would go down leaving his hat and come up with ball-top shining and the one eye blinking.

The Catch bag was usually carried by a larger man. We all expected a large catch. At the end we would gather and the number of families were observed and the catch divided accordingly. We were all happy. There were some bright colored water moccasins, not poisonous. One bit Brother Daniel, it scared but no harm.

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W. C. Redington.

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BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

By the middle of September, our harvest season was on. Lots of Capgrass we cut with hand blades. The hay was so bright in color and smelt so sweet. We stripped the long blades from the corn stalks as the first curring came. We by hand took the leaves till both hands were full and made a hand of leaves tied it with one or two leaves and fastened it on a stalk to cure one or two days when were used an early evening when the dew was damping and make them in to four-hand bundles. The dew would prevent wasting from shattering. Corn fodder was the choicest roughage and the horses would eat every blade. On all day trips a bundle was ideal to carry in the vehicle for lunch. Then, the cured peas for seed. Next picking the corn. We gather husk and all. This 1897 was bountiful. That large barn filled completely.

There were a hundred pig to feed out for the market. They had been feeding on acorn and the skally-bark hickrynuts. They were turned in the field to finish on the faulta corn and the cowpeas. By cool weather, we dressed about twenty each week weighing about 125 pounds each. Father would start early in the evening, all night and on Market in Birmingham next morning 32 miles and back Home.

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ATTENDING SCHOOL IN SPRINGVILLE.

1897-98

I do not know why I was sent to School in Springville. My wonderful brother Isham attended with me or I with him. It was three and one half miles and left each morning after milking the cows and feeding. We were there at 8:00 A.M. and out at 4:00 P.M. came home for the chores and down to study till 8:00 P.M. Five days each week sunshine, wet and cold weather we hit the road. Isham was tall and thin but how he could walk. I would keep a half trot.

As I think, it was my best year in school as a boy. I was interested and mastered every subject. The Family observed my learning. It was Isham's last year in School at home he was in his eighteenth year and the last year at home. He took active part in the singing and all programs of the School. We had the best teachers I ever knew.

In the winter, I believe, one day three black bear appeared at recess time on the Campus and the Supt. paid the men to put on a program of bear-dancing. We all enjoyed it very much. Also in the school a man a native of Armenia told us each locality kept a man ready with Cambell to follow the Star promised by Prophets. There many-many not Three as we have been taught. He sang, "His Eye is on the Sparrow" The first time we heard it.

THE COMING OF OLD PETE AND BILL. 1898.

In the early Spring of 1898, Father made some changes in the teams. The wonderful Mare Molly was sold for a good price and Black Pat was traded for a light brown mule, so called his color "Clay-Bank". He was strong and mated with Black Jack perfectly. He had a black stripe from the top of his head to to the end of his tail. He could pull a good load with his mouth. His nose was large, and his mouth tough. Pete and Jack were a great plow team.

That same spring, Uncle Isham ask Father to take a wonderful colt he has raised from a great bay mare he had bought after we moved to Canoe Creek. This was "Bill". He was not grown but old enough to cultivate with that year just two years old. He made a good driver to Church in the buggy. We like to ride him.

"Sealem" was being worked some and ridden. With all these good mules we purchast a new Turn plow. It was an Oliver Chill. The point cut 14 inches and it turned everything upside down. Its tongue was oak and long. We could lay it on the mouldboard side, start the team it would get up go into the ground without holding the handles. Good deep plowing is half the battle for the crop. We were happy. It was Isham's last crop.

This was the second crop in the Creek Bottoms. By the time it was dry enough the big weeds were waist high and bluming, a plant we called a coffee plant, was everywhere. Pete and Jack burned it out of site and then our disc-harrow pulverized the turf and made planting so easy. It was necessary to put the corn seed deeper in the ground to have moisture to bring it up. Soon all the low land was planted to corn, cowpeas and corn-field beans. These vines grew rank and the vines covered the corn stalks.

The bottom land did not require as many cultivations as the up land. It required close hard long days of work but it was all layed-by at the same time.

After the cultivation all the tools were cleaned sharpened, the harness washed with soap and oiled. It was a time of ax grinding and I was the turning handle boy. I can remember how lazy I would get just, turning the crank.

Father lead us all, and nothing but illness stopped his program. Then we enjoyed the summer in many ways. Attending Revivals and Singings and visiting our kin and them visiting us.

Isham was happy with the young people and was loving Velma Burns.

This third year, our goats had more than tripled. They were just scrub goats but they were hardy and cared for them in every way. Each female would bring four, five or six kids each year. A set in the spring and a set in the fall. Some mother goats to have triplets each time, you may know sheep only raise set a year.

We built a good Stile for the goats to leave and come back in the corral, at will day or night. They usually left each morning by sun up and graze on the mountain side. Goats graze on any kind of leaves and they will stand on their hind feet and clean up high on the brush. They eat briars of all kind and where there is grass.

The young billy we brought from Uncle Ishams grew to be a large goat. Others we liked grew up as the heard expanded. Many billys would come up the herd at night and usually they would fit all night. Goats fight different from sheep, in that they make contacy by raising on their hind feet butting their heads and often rubbing hears and continue for hours and sometimes all night.

We butched lots of half grown kids and they are very good meat much better than Deer. We had fresh kid meat when company would come.

This is our third year in our good vegetable garden, Mother managed it and while we were in the field she worked it a lot. It was fenced with a 5 foot picket fence made of white oak. No animals could come in except cats. Ofcourse some todes and rats. The Garden was large enough everything we eat including roasting ears and potatoes. Our first water melons and cantalops came from there.

Mother made so many tasty dishes not common to these parts in Blount County. She was helpful to my neighbors. We like to sweeten many pies with our own molasses.

The TENTH DAY of March was the Day and time we set out potato bed for sweet potatos. It was fixed by the side of the walk through the garden. It was the time for me to pull off my shoes and to go barefooted the rest of the summer. I can well remember how light my feet were and I could surely run and jump. One pair of shoes was all I had, for many years. They were brogans with rawhide leather strings. Isha_m use to tell they were like a grapevine after being wet. Bare footed I ran and imagine I was a race horse and bow my neck. Sometimes I hit my toes on a stone and knock two or three toenails at once. And stone bruises on my heels.

This mountain must have been a mile high, with rock clefts at the top. It made a scene morning noon or night. The water of Canoe Creek would echo against the cleft. Early mornings most any sound would echo and re-echo. Brother Isham could have been a good yodler; had he known how. He could make a loud shrill, hollow, and it would echo round and round. This clefts were inhabited with wild animals as bobcats, wolves, foxes, and etc. It was habitat for squirrels, possums and racoons. Wild turkeys roamed along the summit, we sometimes heard the yelping and the male bird gobbling.

Only one place, the cattle and horses could climb through the cleft. It was a short distance north of our farm. Our cows grazed up there each summer and come home in the Fall so fat and fine.

Saint Clear, County line and Blount County line met at the summit. Several acres of our farm lay on the side of the steep mountain with a heavy forest of Cedars, post oak and many vines of grape, muscadine and haws.

We well remember Father finding Honey Bees in some of the mountain Oaks. Some was so old the honey was dark in color. But the honey was sweet and good regardless the age and color. We never found a bear of any kind on the Mountain.

At the foot of Blount Mountain and one fourth of a mile north of our home. I commented and showed a snapshot while we were visiting there in summer of 1925. It looks as it did 30 years before. Brother Daniel was with us in the picture and we remember he was saved in that building in the summer of 1911. The first Church building east of the Creek where we attended days school, Sunday School and the Singing School two years. The Methodist Congregation decided to build another building west of the Creek and Father and Mother deeded an Acre of our Farm in a "Cedar Grove" and that was the new name of the Church. It was a smaller better building. I well remember all the community joining in hauling the lumber from a Saw mill on the farm tracks. The lumber was dressed by hand. Mr. Will Johnson a master carpenter, supervised the building. He made that gable window and the front door casing.

The Pastor was a circuit-rider. He was there one Sunday morning each Month, another Church at night. A great Godly man, I think now he resemble "Alfalfa Bill" of Oklahoma with simular heavy eyebrows and shaggy hair. But Brother Williams preached instead of cursing. He traded horses every round. He stopped at our home most of the time.

Each Summer, the Methodists as well as the Baptist Presbyterians came together each Summer at a certain time usually the light nights in August. The Methodist Pastor usually preacher, did the preaching with Exhorters from over his Circuit to assist. The Exhorters were preachers who did not have charges but helped by extending an urging invitation to the congregation following the Pastor Message.

The first days of the Meeting, the people had to visit passing at the community news. Then, each Sundown or twilight prayer meeting, the women in the church with the men in a grove south of the building. These people did not know much and uneducated but most of them had an experience of Grace and they knew how to repent and pray for the unsaved and they get the ear of the Lord and plead for the Salvation of the Unsaved in the name of Jesus our Lord and usually all the people were saved year by year.

Our Springlot, was the haven of all the preachers horses and I was the boy to cut green corn to feed them the two weeks of the Revival.

We had never heard of the "Campbellites" nor their doctrine. They believed all the Gospel preached by the Lord and his Apostles. I do not remember a Catholic in the Valley.

MR. WILL JOHNSON'S MARRIAGE.

I believe this must have been during the Summer of 1898. As I have mentioned before, the Johnson was a great, good family. They meant so much to us all the years. Mr. Johnson must have been 35 years of age. He owned a team of one gray mule and light colored brown horse. They were an attractive team. Mr. Johnson used them together for breaking then he cultivated with "Nell" the mule, and "Frank" the horse, was used for his weekend driving. He won a beautiful girl down the valley and up the Mountain. I cannot recall her name, but she came from a prominent family.

The wedding was in that, different Community, and we did not see her till he brought her home as his wife. A great crowd gathered at the Johnson home the next day for the "INFAIR DINNER". It was a great time. Mr. Johnson had built a new home for his wife.

The old home was given to his widowed sister and her daughters. Brother Isham was loving the younger niece Miss Velma. Miss Lilian was a beautiful young woman and very sweet singer with a rare contralto voice. We all loved all the Johnsons. The Johnson Farm was not as large as some but it well equipped.

This had been a full year in every way. In the month of September was cotton picking time and corn gathering. A large crop of everything. Mother had us dry apples and peaches and our apples ripening late could be stored for the winter with nuts both black walnuts and Scaley barck hickery nuts they were so good during the Winter.

Our cotton crop was opening early and we were in the cotton patch before sun-up and the dew in that Valley would soak our cotton sacks and my poor sore toes I alway had stumped toes and did well to wear my brogans by frost.

Our barn was full of everything before Christmas. Daniel and I both attended School at the Cedar Grove Church. We were so pleased with our teacher Miss Minnie DePree from Attala, Alabama. She did her best for all of the students. She was a great Christian. She lived and boarded with the Capshaws nearest the Cedar Grove building. Often, she visited our home. I met her Brother a prominent citizen in Attalla some ten or twelve years ^{LATER} and told him what she meant to me, even though she did not know it. He remarked she was a very unusual person and was married and still doing a great work for every one she had opportunity.

Our horses meant so much to us all. We lived with and by them. Frank was such a beautiful animal and harness horse, as well as a mate to Nell the Irongray mule. They gated so well about the same sized and perfectly foolish about each other. During cultivation time Frank would be in the Springlet, while Mr. Johnson and Nell were plowing. Mrs. Johnson and Mother would blow a hunter's horn for lunch. Nell would hear the horn as her ears were keen, she would stop, and answer with her loud snuff. We all heard the horn and Nell's Bray and Frank would answer in the pasture.

When Frank took sick, ~~no~~ horse doctors and the farmers helped what they could. Father gave all he knew. That night while Father and Mr. Johnson was at his barn the horse walked in the barn yard and just dropped dead. I can never forget that night as they were moving his body away from the barn. Father lead our Black Jack over to team with Nell. It was a very heavy load and while they were stopped, to rest, Nell would look back toward Frank and let out the most mournful Bray. Father loaned Jack to Mr. Johnson after that for any hauling or trips with the wagon. We could not forget Frank the Claybank Horse.

THE KICKING MULE "KIT" 1898.

It must have been just before the Christmas of a year a man who lived on up the Creek by the name of Jeff Crane who have resided with his very old parents it seems he was near 40 years of age. He was planning to marry the Methodist preacher's daughter. He owned a nice buggy and he had an eye on Sealem our young horse, Molly's colt and he traded Father a mule that a bad habit of kicking and known to all the neighbors as the "Kicking mule" and Jeff called her "Kit". She was not as large as our mule "Pete" but his color, and they mated so well we were pleased to have four mules, two span of mules or two teams to plow or all together for logging or heavy loads. This was first time we had owned four mules.

When Jeff to^d Father she would make no trouble in her habit if we would follow his instruction as he had worked two or three years, but he suggested that Father or one of the boys handler he altogether and Brother Isham was given that task and he was glad to have honor.

We housed all of the mules in ^{Box} stall in the big log barn, with one door opening into the hallway. Isham would open the door and hold her bridle and say "come here" she would lunge and put her head in the bridle. Each time she moved till she was moved to the wagon or buggy she kicked 3 times.

1899.

With these teams Father decided it would be wise and proper to sell our Cedar timber, on the mountain. The Cedar Timber was on steep hill among lime stones. No way to get them out except snake them, end ways, down the hill to where we could load the post on the wagon. Our one mule, to pull the trees was "big black Jack". He, seem to know a lot about logs. Father's plan was to fell the Cedars trim all limbs smothly. A long chain was looped around the trunk with several feet of chain to spare. The tree trunks, fell every direction when they fell.

The most intertting part, was Jack getting them out. By this time he was large and fat, as a pig, he did not know his strength. When his single-tree was fastened to that chain, he knew how to get it out by rolloving the log out of and away from lime stones and down the mountain. Some times the log's end would go behind a tree and he knew he must pull it back up hill and then going on the path to the wagon.

We all loved Jack. He was our best saddle animal a long gaited, foxtrotter, and so sure footed. An excellent plow mule and a time maker to the buggy. But, if he thought the wagon was stalled or overloaded, he wated, to quite and not be whipped, he was spoiled. Father whipped Jack ONE TIME.

The beginning of 1899, many changes came on us in the Valley of Canoe Creek. Our good neighbors the Johnsons south of us sold their good Farm and they moved back to Birmingham and he took his place back with the Smith Gin Manufacturing Company. His older brother, Mr. **TOM** Johnson had been their general Superintendent for many years and he seem happy to have Mr. Will back in the Factory. But it left a blank in our Community. Mr. **TOM** Johnson had visited his brother and Mother with the Burns many times and had been for Mr. Will's marriage a prominent figure. He was a good singer and appreciated the good singing the Canoe Creek Choir was able to do. They had been our good neighbors three years we had been our neighbors and Mother Johnson had been helpful to our Mother they were good friends.

The good family of the Billy McClendons move to the Johnson Farm, we still had friends, good ones. And it was marrying time for three of the McClendon children, Bob, Fred, and Miss Sennie. Bob the older of married a beautiful girl in another community and brought her to Canoe creek. Fred did the same thing and about all we knew about our Sennie was she was married and went away. All of these Mc Clendons was the Stuttering kind, it was funny to hear them struggle to tell something, HA.HA.



This above picture was clipped from a paper. It reminds me of the twin calves Grandmother Eastis gave us boys when moving to the Canoe Creek Farm, in the Autumn of 1895. As I mentioned on page 34, they were born of "Old Sunday" Grandmother's milk cow, so named, being born on a Sunday.

Daniel was the trainer or driver. I assisted. We put rope lines on their heads to guide while they learned "Ox Language", and tied their tails together to prevent them from twisting the yoke. They pulled a ~~samaa~~ sled, then a wagon. Each year they were larger and really an attractive team.

We called them from the start "Tom and Jerry" after the large white speckled oxen, Uncle Isham bought for us on his Farm. By this time they were four years old. We enjoyed teaching them and seeing pull and grow. It is real life for boys.

OUR FOURTH AND BEST SPRING.

1899.

After the Cedar Posts, were sold, we did some improvement about the home and started the plows for the planting. With the four mules, two teams, the flat breaking accomplished in good time and the seed planted on time. We, four, Father, Isham, Daniel and myself, and four hoes, and a row a piece and we soon covered the field. As we worked we talk some. Isham was telling of what he hope to do in Birmingham later. Then, as the hounds chased cottontails through the fields, Isham would encourage with his good "whoopie". Our hounds were chasing Red foxes several nights, each month a year. The foxes would take the hounds long runs away and come back and go in their dens in the mountains. Soon we lost all the hounds but "Old Rock" the large white dog with a few large brown spots. He stayed with us a long time. He could bay squirrels, possums and coons and chase foxes with other packs. This was my twelfth year. My birth day was March 14. I have not told of my boyhood singing. My voice ran with little effort and I was able to sing most all melodies. I enjoyed singing and would look on Father's song book. But, my voice ~~and through~~ changed, I had to stop till my voice changed.

We had a good time, at home, at church and working. Our home was a happy Christian Home.

Isham was soon to 20 years of age in September. Father and Mother were willing for him to go on his own. He had worked and given his all to the good of our Family as was the Custom. He was an obedient, Christian and dependable as he was taught to be. His music was his greatest ambition. He determined to sing.

At first he worked in the Gin Shop with Mr. Will Johnson as his foreman. He was put to making Gin Brushes. He was soon very efficient at it. We have a clothes brush in our home he built, there. It was not easy for us to let him go from the home. no one else could take his place.

He loved Miss Velma Burns. They were married in twelve months and were very happy. I visited them in a few months. Miss Lilliam Burns, Velma's sister married Ellis Eastis, one of our cousins about that same time and they ~~lived~~ ^{abode} in the same house and were all happy together. Mrs. Emma Burns, their Mother passed away that year. Then Lilliam died in a short time. That was all of the Burns family. Their Father had passed on before we knew them and several children had preceeded them.

Velma lived some six and one half years of married life and she passed on.

THE COMING OF BIG SAM. 1899.

Father made a trip to Birmingham with a load of produce, with Black Jack and Pete as the team. On returning, we were surprised to see a good looking sorrell horse with Jack. We were all so gladdened to have a nice horse like that. He might have been just a bit larger than our mules. He carried himself so well. A rich red color on his body and a white blaze in his face, believe he had a white foot. We all love Sam. We like to get on his back, and drive him in the buggy and he was good in the team at the wagon and plows.

That "Kicking Mule Kate" we enjoyed working her. Isham had been her master all the year. Aside from capers kicking, she was "johnny on the spot". Isham plowed and would ride her everywhere and a beauty to the buggy. Not long after Isham left a fellow to buy her, she was gone.

Pete was a kind good fellow but his tough mouth. Daniel took him as his plow mule and they had some outs. One day they were mixing in the field and Pete went to the house with Daniel, and leaped over the yard fence. Father went to his rescue.

One day ^{we} were plowing in some oat seed. Jack was to a single plow and standing on a high bank of the CREEK when Daniel place a large Bull Frog on his back and the frog jumped may be 50 feet to the water.

THE COMING OF UNCLE ROLLY^{As}
HIS FAMILY AND GRANDMA.

1899.

We were so happy to see Granmother Eastis with Uncle Rolly and Aunt Rutha and their two children, Norman and Bessie. We surely had a good time fishing and Aunt Rutha like to kill Squirrels and most any game. She owned her own shot gun. I remember we men went smimming in the creek. We did not know what bathing suit was, we just stript off. I was told women would do the same, only when no men. They all enjoyed our church services and our singing. They came in Uncle Isham's spring wagon. It was made to order. The front seat did not have a back but the back one a nice back and so comfortable for Grand-Mother. They had, the mother of the wonderful mule Bill. Bill had been with us nearly a year, they seem to know each other.

We went fishing on the Creek while they were there. They enjoyed catching the Sunperch and some Catfish and some Trout. The large Muskrats were swimming around from place to place I imagine from den to den, we could smell the "Musk" as they moved around. There were many stripped Moccasins in the water, the same as bit Brother Daniel but not at all poisous. Our water mellons and cantalopes were ripe and we had a good time eating all the things the woma_n could fix.

All the time we were in that Valley, only one funeral. Our neighbor, Uncle Billy Mc Clebdon's aged Father passed away on a Saturday night. His home was up at the head of canoe Creek. As long as we had know our neighbor, we did not know he had a Father, living. Sunday morning we went to the home. The men made him beautiful coffin. It was beautiful covered with nice cloth nice looking handles.

We took him to Springville that afternoon for service in the Missionary Baptist Church. A very old building. A big crowd came. No doubt grandfather Mc Clendon had been there a long time.

I do not remember much about anything but the music. There was a man, a bachelor who played the chapel organ and sang bass and the songs they song were "It is well with my soul." and "Saviour Lead Me lest I stray."

One other death was a Mr. Jones who farmed in our Community, his farm was some two miles up the creek and down the mountain. We knew the Family at the Methodist Church and Sunday School. His wife had a son, from a former marriage and may be four or five daughters of their own.

His passing touched us very much, a good man.

After the first year Father would plant a few few acres, seven or eight, to wheat for bread and seed. By planting in the Autumn there was plenty of moisture to get the wheat up and a stand. I do not know the yield but always a plenty. We did not own a drill but we could sew by hand and plow in with small plows, Georgia stocks. We did not own a binder and had to harvest by hand, cut with cradle and tie with our hands. Then, stack in the barn till the custom thrasher came. Yes it was more work than most would do but we did not mind our parents did not look back about the labor. We had to haul the grain thirty miles or more. It was an ~~an~~ all day trip each way and if the road was wet it was better to use three mules. If there was to many, might have rest a day to return.

I never was able to understand how a mill could seperate the grain into so many parts. First brand, shorts, seconds and the flour. Some times, the mill would judge our wheat, weigh it, and exchange flour so we could return next day.

We would plan a head to attend the Revivals. It was all something to thank God for. Our bread and meat, as well as our Salvation. We were not taught to tithe by our preachers.

THE HARVEST OF 1899.

This was a good year for us, more income from the Cedar post to begin with more land for the crop two good mule teams to get more and faster Farming. But, our older brother Isham Emmanuel, making his own in the world and doing a good job of it.

Early in the Autumn we were harvesting the good harvest. First the Cotton. The Hay and the Corn. We planted our Wheat. As the frost came our sweet Potatoes were put away for the Winter. Our Irish potatoes had been curing some weeks. Our October apples were in the loft. We tried to save enough black walnuts to cook and eat with peanuts during cold days as we read good books.

Our faithful hound was with us, sometimes we could hear his deep voice baying in the distance. May be, it would a big posom in a low bush or he, may be, might have a wee little possum in a den in the earth. We have noticed he had small days and lazy ones. Some times, hunters would ride out of their way to get him for a fox chase, he knew better than not to go at all, and would go for enough to give them the dodge and come back. Other times, we would see him wake from a nap, with a whimper, scale the fence and away, by listening a faint horn, in the far distance. We might not see him for two or three days he would come home with sunken eyes and stiff. He had lead a pack 48 hours.

THE WINTER OF 1900.

This was a new year and perhaps some changes. During the cold weather we were in the Blacksith Snop sharpening and repairing the tools for the coming season.

Early in the new year, Mrs. Jones, who had lost her husband, walked the two miles to ask about buying our mule "Black Jack." I believe she said a good, good mule could do their work. As I mention before, her husband left her with some little girls and a son of her former marriage some 15 years.

Father as the rest of us had not thought of going without Jack. We had him some two and one half years. He was fat and fine, almost lived under the saddle except in plowing time. He was the best ground gainer we had ever known, both under the saddle and to the buggy. He seem to know when the rider had a spur on, and he did not want to be spured. He had way of starting with a spring and into a running walk, a crow hop, and slow gallop in long strides.

Then, we though Bill the young mule might take his place. Either mule could mate with Sam and an extra team for the road or the field. So Father and Mother told her to take him and try him. Father put Mother's sidesaddle on him she could ride home and he put his leather collar on him. She left very happy.

BROTHER DANIEL WENT TO 1900.
UNCLE ISHAM.

Another surprice came before Spring, Uncle Isham ask for Daniel to work for him and live with him and Grandmother Eastis. Bob Massay, a first Cousin and a life time, *Chum* of the Eastis boys was there working also.

For our fine Brother, John Daniel to leave, meant a lot, but Father and Mother, ^{decided} may be, senced Daniel would like to go for a change and they consented. I can never forget my Mother, the time he left, saying, "that is another one gone" and we both had lumps in our throughts. Daniel was different from Isham in that he was not ^s music, and could get problems worked out. Like Isham, and our parents so honest and upright in every way. We were all so proud of him and knew he would made a great man and go places as he grew older. He did not get much schooling. The young people liked him and called him "Boone". He could take care of himself in a fight, when necessary.

He did not get to come home much during the spring and summer, they had lots for him to do on the Farm driving the team.

His place was surely missed at home. It seemed we almost looked for him avery time we turned about. But, we carried on and knew there would be a way if we kept well and we had all been blessed that way.

More responsibility this year. It was 13th year. I was glad to take more work and I was a good strong lad for my age. I was reveling in the plowing. One thing I could do easily was walking barefooted behind that team in the broad furrow, only sometimes I could not pull the large plow out of a stump. That horse Sam, stepped faster than anything since Molly. Father helped Bill, in the double-tree and he stayed up. Our corn in the bottom was up and growing so fine. We had cultivated the up land twice and bottom once and had been over with the hoes.

I remember the rain began the first day of June and continued till the last day of the month that year. Ofcourse we did not expect that. We did all we could, chop weeds, and the upland cotton and mellons was growing. The corn in the bottom was from knee to hip high. One morning, when looked out, we could just see the tops of the corn in the highest places. Not very swift but enough to twist the leaves into rools so it could not grow and come out alone. So Father hired another boy to help me wade over the bottom and clip that roll with real kin cythe blades.

In spite of this gloom, we had full swimming and watching the animals swim. Some timber as always floating over the bottom.

OUR BIG BROTHER'S WEDDING. 1900.

Following the high waters and the last of the cultivation, laying-by time, Isham Emmanuel and Alice Velma Burns were married at the Bride's Home in Birmingham and boarded a train for Springville that afternoon, with her sister and her husband of a few weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Eastis, there was a good number of friends and relatives accompanying them. Daniel was at the train with the covered buggy for the Bridegroom and a large Farm Wagon to take them to our home on Canoe Creek Farm.

It was truly a Marriage Feast. Those young people enjoy many friends, young and old, every one was welcome. Our Home was ready in every way, our parents went all out to make ready, they were so capable. A feast for all, but no drinking nor dancing. But every one was happy and honored the Lord and of course some beautiful singing of worshipful songs. The wedding Party stayed over two days. The second day the men went seining the creek. I well remember Isham was the center and many, many jokes were for him. We realized it was one of the greatest events of our Home. I well remember how happy I was to be honored to have a sister-in law, as I never enjoyed a sister. They were all so sweet to me. We all loved Alice Velma.



This picture was made at the same time our Family group was made one year after they were married. The two pictures were made about the same setting in our Springlot or Pasture. Just up the hill we can almost see the house.

These young people, must have been planning for this, at least four years. It was easy for them to pledge their marriage vows. Both families were happy.

Velma's Father, Mr. Burns and several children had passed on before we knew them. Her Mother, only live a short time after this wedding and her sister Lillian did not live but a year or two. Velma blessed our home and we loved her very much.

After making the crop and the highwater, with all the excitement of the Wedding Feast, both Father and Mother came down with chills and fever. and then, I took it. After a month or more by the help of Quinine and Calomeel. Then Father took infection in one knee. His whole joint was so infected several operations, were required and several weeks of drainage was required to save his limb and we certainly fear for his life. Daniel came Home. Then Uncle Isham and Uncle David came to see if we needed some help financially, the big brothers that they were. He did not recover till near Christmas.

Our neighbors came in crowds with their wagons and teams to gather the crop and haul it in. We were so blessed in friends who prayed and sought God's mercy for us. He in answer to their prayers did recover completely. We were so thankful and grateful for all the people far and near. We knew we had been so greatly blessed and permitted to have our wise parents with us to lead us.

We could not attend school that Fall and Winter. By Spring Father was himself again and we made ready for another crop, and Father and Mother decided that one more crop and they would sell out. After harvesting in the year 1901.

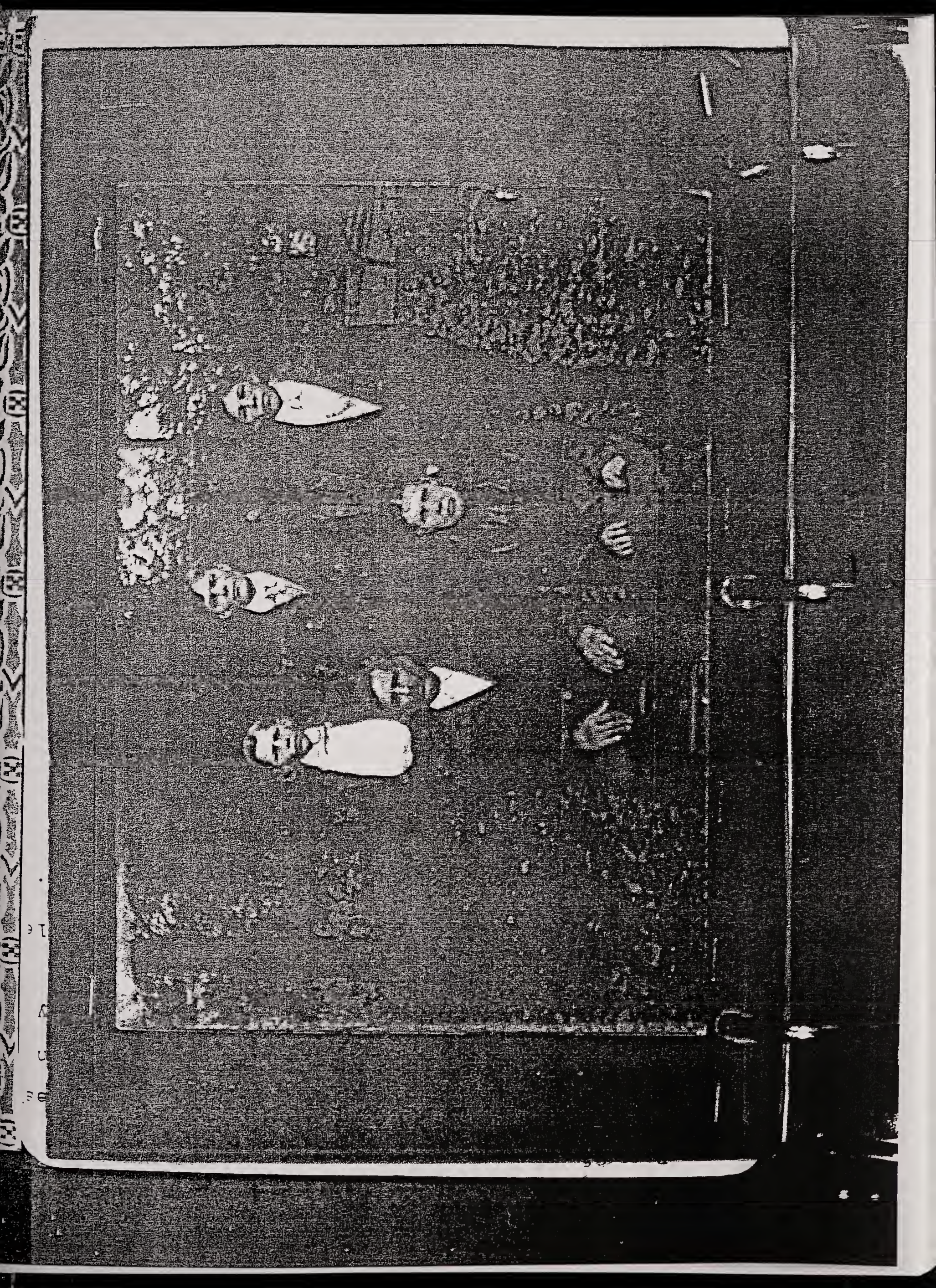
We made the crop in fair shape. ~~There were so~~
There were so many bills and obligations, from the
year before we started selling our equipment. All
went on our doctor bills. The horse and the young
mule. One man bought the young mule, Bill for a hun-
dred dollars and not many mules or horses would sell
for a hundred dollars. We regreted to see our livestock,
as they seemed a part of us. Our old faithful hound
went before that.

The Farm brought a fair price \$800.00 and by the
sales some more ^{MONEY} in the bank.

One visit that Summer of Isham and Velma these
pictures were made in the Spring Lot or Pasture. I
never knew why Velma is not in this Family group.
She certainly was one of us.

This was the first collar and tie for me. All
the others were natural. I do not remember ever see-
ing Father with a tie and Mother always look so sweet.
Daniel was a rugged boy for an Eighteen year old boy.
This Pasture was covered with some cedar trees and
persims trees, with a heavy growth of grass that made
an excellent pasture almost the year round. I regret
we do not have a picture of the fresh water Spring.

I am so pleased to have these pictures of our
family as we were at that time. They are all gone
but me.



As we left this farm of my boyhood, many memories will linger. I wish I had pictures of the home, the barn, the Garden and the Mountain as well as this one of our Family. The picture on page 39 shows the old house 30 years later, on page 40, look very much as when we first saw it. After our six years, the Farm was clean as to the zigzag rail fences, the creek banks, fruit orchard, and the house though without paint. The 30 foot square log barn with lean-to sheds on each side. The east side shelter the cows the west side the wagons and the tools.

Our home life was very simple. Very few clothes one pair of brogan shoes each year for us boys. My parents used one good suit and dress as you see in the last picture. They looked nice. They knew how to live on what they had and could pay for. They were good neighbors to those in need. They planned well for their three sons, we were taught to fear God and to respect the Holy Sabbath. Our homes were equipped with humble plain but clean furniture. Personally, I love to fish in the valley creek, I spent many hours watching the shiners and trout flip in the water surface and the snakes and toads and musk, rats swim family as we were at that time. but me.

Leaving Canoe Creek, we rent^d a small farm 2 miles on the "Montevallo Road" south of the Eastis Farm in Shades Valley. My Parents thought it wise not to buy another Farm till later. Father grew vegetables for the Birmingham Market and I was taught^d sell or peddle from house to house. One gray mule and a small wagon.

Brother Daniel work away but made his home with Brother Isham and his wife made their home in Birmingham but was with us lots. We were very happy in this Community. We were ^{one} mile from the Crestlene School and the Hardy Chapel Church, we attend Church and Sunday School there. Isham taught Music Schools there, there were many young people.

There were many changes in our own Family. Uncle Rolly and Aunt Rutha Earnest, mother's youngest sister had moved their home just north of Grandmother Eastis Home to Thomas^{Ala}, a western suburb of Birmingham. They had^a second son two or three years of ago. His health had broken. Uncle Dav^e Eastis left his Farm, near and this left only Uncle Tom^{Ala} and Sarah Sims close.

Uncle Isham Eastis ask my parents^{To}, Farm the old Eastis Farm and they did two years.

Myatt Spring
Mc Elwain Church * Cemetery

Montevallo

* Earnest Home.

* Eastis Home

* Home on the hill.

* David Eastis Home.

Sims Home.

BIRMINGHAM

Patterson *

Crestlen * School Hardy Chapel

Leeds Road

Red Mountain

Montevallo Road

* Bhurl Farm.

THE WONDERFUL MULE. JOE.

1902.



Before we moved from the Bhurl Farm, we were visited by Uncles Isham and David. They were anxious for us to own this mule. Uncle David had bought him a few days before, he knew he was leaving his Farm. They knew we would enjoy him in the Family.

This picture was made 19 years later when Joe was 25 years old. Father was giving his grandson, Willia Jenson, his first Mule back ride.

At first, he was worked by himself, cultivating the Garden. He obeyed plow language like a human. He worked in single harness, a good traveler and a beautiful animal, to go after our company.

In later years, he teamed perfectly with his mate. They did lots of heavy houlung. And when Father retired, Joe was retained to plow the garden and go in to Birmingham with produce and on short visit with the spring wagon. He lived 4 or 5 years after this picture. As I have said before, our horses and mules were apart of us. We often shed tears. We loved all good horses and Mules and Joe, could be remembered, as may be, our best.

BACK TO "THE HOUSE ON THE HILL." 1903.

At the close of the first year at the Bhurl Farm, Uncle Isham ask Father and Mother to truck Farm, his land. They accepted and we were back, in "House on the Hill". For the third time. It was the first home of our parents, 1878-1879. When My Brother Isham Emmanuel was born, then, 1893-1895. Now, we are back 8 years later for two more years.



We are looking East into the front. It looks as always. At first one boxed 20X20 unceiled room. Then later ceiled and lean-tos all around and porch in front. The picture to the left, shows the view of the field and the hill looking west from a hill East.

You can see the main house and some out buildings, faintly. One of the ^{SPRINGS} branches is in the valley.

This was our home, sweet home and many fond memories linger. My Father and Mother, Brother Isham and I were all converted and saved while that was our earthly home. As I stated before Daniel was saved on Canoe Creek.

Father the master planner, directed this rich Farm and produced large volumes of Vegetables. He was able to get the good labor he needed in Colored people and we were blessed to have his Brother Dawson and his nephew, David Crocker. He planned for each season. From his planting of Winter Turnip seed in the late Fall, we gather the leaves in the late Winter and sold them \$ 2.00 per bushel wholesale, many customers ask for them.

I made me a good business the year before from house to house and continued the three years. Each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Then, as the Volume increased, I would sell a double team load wholesale on Market Street and then the the small wagon the same day and every day the double team load. We worked long hours but glad to get the business. Most of the retail fruit and Vegetable people were Italians. They could not speake good English but I tried to understand and talk back. They only knew me as "George". They would drive out to our Farm often to load up a supply.

The Farms in the Valley only produced a small part of the City's supply. Train Loads were shipped in each day.

THE GOOD MULE TEAM.

First, on the Bhurl farm the year before a gray mule of a thousand pounds plowed the Garden as well as pulling the little Farm wagon on the retail selling. She was not lazy and stepped forward in the collar all the time. She had been trained to hold the load even on a grade. We called her "Gray Beck." She was with us the three years of Trucking. She was so kind and not wild. Grand-Mother ask for her to go to Church each Sunday. Then we bought another mule the same size they mated perfectly. His color was brown and we called him Pete.

We do not have picture of these mules but I cut this from the News Paper and it reminds me of my team. As I have said before, we lived with our teams and we were taught to be kind and care for the dumb animals. My team was round fat. This picture was made of a team driven through Amarillo on way to the west coast, but they were steppers.



We enjoyed many Cousins from both Father Mother's people. Two Charley Sims from Mother's Sister Aunt Sally Sims and Jesse Crocker Father's sister Emma Crocker. They were about the same age and size of Brother Daniel. They were together most of the time. They all three worked at the Blacksmith Trade and were employed in the Railroad Shops in the City. They all, at first peddled bicycles over the Mountain on the 27th Street Road and back in the afternoon to be in their homes at night. Charles was the champion rider of all and lead the way.

My 16th Birthday was that Spring and I was a good size boy, not their size but they took me with them some, and felt honored and they were my leaders always.

That year as FOURTH OF JULY approached a Big 4th celebration at Bessemer, some 14 miles from home. As we took the Day off from selling, I wanted to go. So Jesse and Charles invited me to go along. They both owned good bikes, but I had to rent one.

Charles offered to get me a good one. So after Sunday School we went to get the new Bike for next Day as we were coming back and topped Red Mountain, on gravel road, I was not used to peddle brakes my Bike leaped in the air and I went in the ditch on my left side skinging my hip and bleeding my pants. I have been reminded of that always, since.

THE SQUARE DANCES OR VIRGINIA REEL. 1903.

A large group of the young people would meet two or three nights each week at some one's home where a room was emptied of furniture for a square or Virginia Reel play. A set, was where some four to a dozen couples would circle and move as the Caller would direct. Jesse Crocker did the most the calling.

I well remember the boys addressed all the ladies Miss and Mrs. None of the ladies smoked nor cursed nor did the boys smoke while in company with a lady. Very little strong drink, no intoxication.

I attended because I like to look on but a long long time did not get into a Set. After Brother Isham was ill, one night when Brother Daniel was with Isham, Miss Katie call to me, "George I rust have a Reynolds you came and let me help you in a set. So I started. I surely enjoyed the fellowship and being with the Girls.

I have often thought it should have been called The Virginia Reel, it was not dancing as we see today. We only touched the girls hands. Some nights we continued till near day breake. I have gone home changed clothes and went selling with no rest at all.

During our stay on the Canoe Creek Farm, A Mr. Means, one of the officials of the Furnace where Uncle Isham worked so many years, every one knew him. "Cap". One day he ask Uncle about keeping his hounds. It was a new day for Uncle, as well as most of us. There were lots of Gray Foxes on the Creek and the Mountain East around the Old Furnace Site.

These special breed of Foxhounds were new to us. They were very attractive colors; some dark brown, white and red and brown. They were mostly large with much smaller ears than our Pothounds like our old "Rock".

A good Kinnel was made behind the old Loom house with a good fence with bed and eating troughs. This was well organized by the time we moved back to the valley and Uncle started me helping care for the dogs soon. He tried to have a chase over week sometimes, more. Mr. Means like to bring his rich friends out to see and hear them run.

Uncle Isham knew dogs and was an expert hunter. He owned a median size bay horse he rode to work and he was just right to follow the dogs, he had a Single-foot, he could take any kind of grade. There were "Strike Dogs" and when one opened up, they all joined with Uncle Isham hollering, as only as he could and the chase was one from two to eight hours.

There was a dozen or more hounds, and we soon the tone and bark of each dog. As they ran they were together, scarcely did one get a head, they were named differently. One was name Harlan, Job, Nettie, Mag, Mark etc. *(I clip the picture describes that Pack)*

Mr. Means owned a large saddle horse, a very attractive sorrell with white feet and face named Bob. I rode the ponny and Uncle rode Bob.



Brother Isham and his good wife Velma were rooming with her uncle Mr. Tom Johnson on the west side of Red Mountain. It was Typhoid Pneumonia Fever. This disease was very serious and sometimes fatal. He was down several weeks and it made him so weak and thin in flesh. Some of us were with him and helped his faithful wife nurse him back to health and he often said, that fever made him strong most of his years.

One day the Physician, on his daily call, said he would reach the climax that night and he must be watched. If his vitality was strong enough he would be all right, if not, it could be fatal. He had not eaten much and he was very thin. His hair all came out but he eat everything in sight and was soon at himself and larger than ever we were all so thankful and happy to have our big Brother well again.

He was soon working in the Gin Factory days and teaching Music Classes and Schools at nights. He enjoy fox hunting with us and he could hallow as few could. We sometimes followed the dogs all night and work the next day or go to Church.

He and Velma were with us some each week they were a very happy couple and popular with all Community.

GOING TO CHURCH WITH GRANDMOTHER. 1903.

During these two years, we were in the House on Hill, Father and Mother were not regular at Church Services. Father said "they had backslid." Uncle Isham never attended but very little, but he was concerned about Grandmother going and furnished an "old time Pheaton, low swing, buggy", easy for her to step into. Grandmother, may be, had been in a runaway team once, for she was very fearful of horses. She insisted on me using the gray mule for her.

Even before I was a Christian myself I enjoyed going with my Grandmother she was 71 years of age. Her maiden name was Ellard I do not know very much

about that family but I remember the ones I knew were Christians. As I remember Grandfather Eastis and his brothers were not concerned about church services and no doubt, not Christians. I do not know if ~~They~~ went to Church. Uncle Isham was interested in a preacher and attend a revival some. I can only hope he was ready, he was taken by a Stroke. I do not know about the Older Brother, Uncle Jim. I was able to visit the younger Brother Uncle ^{DAVE} at his last ill- and he told me he was ready.

I remember Grandmother shouting in the Church service. She had know^N many trials during her long life and had learned to trust her Heavenly Father. Her oldest Grandson, William Sims was her Pastor a short time.

I went to Brother Ishams' music class at the Hardy Chapel one night expecting to bring him home with me for the night, and what a surprise to see his left hand a arm, in a sling and showed on his face tradgedy. Before teaching he told us all, what had happened. He was sizing a block on a joiner machine and as he was pushing with his left hand forward the thumb slipped off letting his indext, and second fingers on the blade and they were cut off. He taught the lesson and I took him home to Mother and then on to Velma. Ofcourse he was in pain, but so brave. In his remarks before his class he told us "It will handicap my playing the Organ and the Piano but I will play music anyway." Few people ever had more music in their system than did my brother Isham Emanuel Reynolds and he seem to have more to overcome in financial burdens.

Our Uncle Isham Eastis never seem to understand his ambition. He would have come to his assistance in any line of business, but one he had choisen and felt he must continue. Isham was a great Christian he accepted his Saviour at the age of fifteen. He had opportunity to sing in his first Evangelist work under a tent on the South side in Birmingham the next year, 1904.

As I mention before, Father's only brother Leeland Dawson work with us on the Truck Farm. I wish I could tell more about Uncle Dawson and his family. From the record he was born in North Carolina September 14, 1862, his age 51 years, at this time.

I remember his coming to visit us soon after we came back to the "House on the Hill". We had see him in a long time. I remember he was anxious to come help us. I do not know anything of the business arrangement. He moved into a house on "The lower field" some one mile east from our home "On the Hill". He has several children all junior and intermediate age, and under. They had a large number of graves in their lot at Mc Elwain Cemetery. Following our two years in Truck Farm, I knew very little about them. He was employed in the Coal Mines and lost one foot. I visited them once about 1910 while working for one of the Birmingham Daily papers. I spent the night in their home and attended Church with them. Some of their children were married but I do not know much about the Family. Uncle ~~Dawson~~ passed away about 25 years ago. Father was present for the funeral. His wife was a Parker.

It was one of our best years in every way.

On top of the heavy Vegetable crop, we had a good amount of Irish and sweet potatoes hilled and stored to put on the market during the winter and plenty feed for the stock.

Our hunting was confined to Fox hunting. Mr. Means was anxious that his Hounds be out once or twice each week. I tried to help Uncle Isham every time I could and he was glad that I go as I knew the dogs and could help care for any that were in trouble. I have often thought of the names of those hounds. There were two females. One named, Lettie, her bark, similar to a *Pup*. The other was older name "Tannie" a great hunting hound, we would let tree possums some times even take her by help for Possums. She was the mother of some of the best hounds in the Pack.

Uncle Isham would offer me his own horse to ride if all our mules were busy and he would ride Mr. Means Horse. Those Dogs were very interesting and any one could count himself honored to hear them on a chase. Daniel, Isham and Father could all go sometimes to gether and ride our mules.

THE WINTER OF 1904.

Father had planted several acres of Winter Turnips the fall before and they were growing in mid Winter, and were large enough to gather. By the help of several Negro women we could gather 20 or 30 bushel a day. Our one horse wagon had high side boards to hold that many greens. I sold them for \$2 per hamper a short bushel. City people were hungry for any kind of greens at that time of the year.

As the early Spring came on I sold on the retail route and would have enough leaf greens for my costumers.

We were hauling Manure from the barns in the City all the Winter the Negro men did lots of that making three loads a day.

Father had the planting program well in hand to have everything going early for the early crop. Some before Easter and every plant arranged to miss ^{the} frost. This year everything I could sell till School opened to the middle of August.

We were able to keep some very faithful negro men to plow and some times leaders in harvesting. One Porter Moore, cultivating with the mule joe. It was done the best and he covered more than the usual amount of ground.

We made every thing count, we were happy.

THE HOUSE UNCLE TOM SIMS
BUILT.

On the map on Page 96 we see where Uncle Tom and Aunt Sally live about 1/2 miles west of the Fastis Home. This was the only home or place where they lived since my memory. This picture was made after Aunt Sally had passed on, and my brother Daniel and his wife Katie and their two older children Edna and Robert lived there and the birth place of Mary Francis. It was made in 1919 Ethel's first time to see my people. I made the picture.

This was the house where all four of Sims children were born.

About the time we moved to Canoe Creek Farm, Uncle Tom retired from Blacksmithing and built a store building in this yard where he operated a Grocery Store about 25 years for the whole neighborhood. It later burned. This picture brings back many memories. Daniel's family were there when Uncle Isham passed away. Uncle David's home was just east across the 27th Road.

Father had planted several acres of Winter Turnips and they were growing in mid and winter season. When large enough to gather, we sold them at wholesale for two dollars per "Bumper" may be a short bushel. City people are very hungry for winter greens and will buy regardless of price.

I retailed on the usual 3 day week route with one mule wagon, had enough green leaves for my customers. We made everything count and we were happy.

We gather manure from the stables in the City. A team could make three trip in a day and hired had did a lot of that hauling.

Father planted by the Calander so as to miss damage by frost. This year everything I could sell before my School opened at the middle of August.

We were able to keep some very faithful help of colored men. One Porter Moore could about hoe a row with his plow. Joe was his favorite mule. Porter just grunted to that rule and Joe obey every word.

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D

Morris Avenue is one block east of First Avenue, generally known as Market Street, where the whole sale building were and all the Truck Farm produce was sold from the farms. At Sun up each week morning each side of the street was lined with wagons buying and selling. No gasoline motors then all horse drawn wagons. The retailers used spring wagons with low wheels in front and would cut under to turn under the body and turn short. The Farm wagons were higher wheels and would not turn as short and required more room we tried to get there earlier and be placed by sun up or earlier. As the retailers arrived they look at our vegetables and tell us the number of bushels or bundles to deliver at their stands or wagons. These Italians spoke a broken or "Dago" talk I soon could understand. They all knew me as George. Some of them talked all the time about something. They usually expected 13 in number for a dozen known as a "Dago" dozen.

Most of them had a small Garden even their front yards, and they mentioned it as their "Gard". One of them ask me "George how is your "Gard?" He says "him wormy, him buggie" him runny me craze". We had to be careful to get our money. I was able to collect. Many mornings, our teams would gallop all the way from the house on the hill to Morris Ave.

Not too long after he lost his fingers, A Baptist Evangelist by the name of OTTO BAMBER, was preaching under a tent on Southside 27th Street. A singer from the State of Florida was with him. This man left Bamber suddenly. Bamber was seeking another singer and some one ^{told him to} get Isham Reynolds which he did. Ofcourse the Preacher was pleased with my Brother's voice and his leading. Isham worked in the Gin Shop days and sang evenings for several weeks. Then, Mr. Tom Johnson, Velma's uncle and his Foreman at the Gin Shop, offered to let him off from his job to sing out of town. Soon Isham gave up the Shop and traveled with this Preacher.

The Evangelist, Otto Bamber, was not married and he suggested to Isham that they go to Clinton, Miss. to live and get some schooling, and hold Meetings, part time. The preacher offered to pay the house rent and live in the house with them. They continued some two years. All attending the Baptist or Mississippi College at Clinton. And they were very successful in winning souls for the Lord.

Then, Velma became an expectant Mother and become seriously ill. Soon they came ^{to} her uncle Tom Johnson's home, gave birth to a baby boy, soon they both died and they are buried at Mc Elwain.

BUYING THE CAHABA VALLEY FARM.

1904.



My Parents had been waiting and looking and thinking about a future Farm and a Home. Aunt Lizzie, Father's oldest sister and her giant bewhiskered husband had owned a large track of land east, across Cahaba River, Some 15 miles. They offered us the home on the highway as they were in the home 1/4 of a miles east of the highway close to a large fresh water spring. My Parents had enough money to pay all they ask for it and it was debt free.

My Parents were fairly well situated after the three years Truck Farming and all the hard work. We made the move at Christmas in 1904.

I cut this map to show the locations and my going into western Mississippi to the Agriculture College. I was on this Farm three years.

Just after I interred school in August a Revival in the Presbyterian Mission, Hardy Chapel, hard by the School house was starting. The ministeral studence doing the arranging ask the Teacher if he would like to cooperate in the morning services? and he offered to turn out school for that morning hour. Personally, I was more interested in my School. Went along ofcourse. A Godly Pastor from one of the City Church. I soon was interested and by the leading of the Holly Spirit, realized I was lost and needed to be saved. The closing serviced on Friday night of the second week; I was ready to yield my all, confessing my sins untill the burden was lifted and I was happy and a new boy. That experience is just as vivit in my memory as if it were tonight.

Our big cousin Jess Crocker was saved the day before and several other of our finest young people had an Experience of Grace.

That Revival ruined the Square dancing and our young people were in full time Christian Services.

I united with the Presbyterian Church, was accepted into the Church by Old Dr. Bryan into his Third Avenue Presbyterian U.S. Southern Presbyterian Church. Wayman Clotfelter, was the name of the young minister, He was a Birmingham boy, he meant so much to us.

My first morning as a Christian, was so sweet, as I told my Mother and Father and they were so sweet and on my way to the barn I met Grandmother in the road. As she saw me she knew I was different and I can never forget her joyful greeting. As I have stated many times, the horses and the cows I cared might have known I was a new boy. I had a ver bad habbit of cursing, and did not realize how much I cursed. Ofcourse I was forced to pray, continually.

My desk mate in school picking at me one day while I ^{was} trying to get my lesson and I said a curse word, it made me so ashamed and he laughed. I walked out the door and into the woods knelt on the ground ask for forgiveness, I felt all right and I cannot remember cursing again.

The next Sunday morning I was happy to attend Church with Grandmother much happier that I had before and very happy to be at the Church with her. I remember Brother Clotfelter the Mimisterial Sudent who had encouraged me to attend his College in Tenn- and study for the Ministry.

I have been so thankful for the joy and assurance of it has afforded me of being a Christian. God has been very real to me, since my conversion.

THE LONG ILLNESS AND THE DEATH 1904.
Of Uncle Rouley Earnest.

My Mother's youngest sister's Husband Uncle Rouley Earnest, was a good Christian man and all loved very much to all of us. He was a faithful worker in the Mc Elwain Church for many years and I can remember his praying so earnestly when requested by the dear pastor Browning. When our dear Mother seeking the Lord, she sent our Father for Uncle Rouley to pray and she was converted.

They made their home near Grand Mother it is shown of page 96 just north of the branch. During the time were lived on the Canoe Creek they moved on the western part of Birmingham where he was employed at the Thomas Furnace. His health broken and was soon down with the awful Tuberculosis and after a long illness her died December the 7, 1904.

All the relation and friends help care for him and he passed away in his home, his dear wife by his side. I have never forgotten looking on as he breathed his last. Nor can I forget the last Rights in the Mc Elwain Church and his last resting place. They had two sons and one daughter.

MOVING TO THE FARM IN CAHABA
VALLEY.

On page 113, I told of My Parents purchasing the Farm 15 miles east of the "Home on the Hill". We were ready to moved the last load before Christmas. Farther bought a fourth mule. A mule almost the same color as Jack and they made an attractive team. Uncle Isham loaned us his wagon and harness. With gray beck and Joe. Two good teams we were able to move a good subply of feed both grain a fodder with all the food.

Father made arrangement for me to live with our good friends Mr. & Mrs. Will Patterson ^{fill} to School closed in the Spring. I do not remember going home but one time. But, I was content with the Pattersons and the many friends and the School work, and the Church.

My good School teacher had done so much for me. Brother Daniel was boarding that winter in the Community working in the Railroad Blacksmith Shops. Brother Isham and his wife, Velma had moved to Clinton Mississippi, attending College.

When school closed at Crestline Hights in March 1905, I went home and helped with the crop.

Brother Daniel had owned a horse a top buggy the last two years and he talked our parents into taking them to the farm. A nice black mare, Bess.

We had to work very close and hard that year and I was lonely for the young people and the church, Grandmother and Uncle Isham Eastis. My Parents encourage me to attend Church four miles away and soon was aquained with the young people and was happy for Bess and the top buggy.

I was soon elected President of the Christian Endeavor at Bridgeton Presbyterian Church and I had plenty to do.

Soon, I met a girl Miss Kate Krider. She had been engaged to a fine young man in that Community. But they had had a misunderstanding and she let me date her, or take her to Church.

I soon knew many young people. A community south about the same as the one north and I could attend Church on both North and South and some good families close to our home.

With our good team, our new plows we produced a good crop of corn and peas and of course vegetable and pigs. There was not enough barn room and we were planning a log barn as the one in Canoe Creek Valley.

That Fall, after the gathering, Daniel and Katie ask me to attend School and live with them in Ensley on the west side of Birmingham.

DANIEL AND KATIE WEDDING.

1905.

This wedding picture of Brother Daniel and his good wife Katie was given after the pages on both sides were written. I am showing a picture of mine made about that sametime or about the time

or my
of my
Salva-
Surrey
During
selling



of my conversion,
acceptance
Saviour for my
tion, in the
of 1904.
time I was
vegetables.

This is

such a good

likeness of both of them. It shows them in the bloom of youth, Daniel was giant in physical strength, Katie a charming woman in beauty and charm.

... a fellow who needed to go to school and I went home and attended Bridgeton School.



in Ensley on the west side of Birmingham.

DANIEL AND KATIE WEDDING.

1905.

Daniel wrote us they were being married on a certain day and ask that I bring the nice Farm Wagon and team to bring the Wedding Party to our home for the Main Wedding Dinner.

Thir wedding Picture.

Mother with the help of the Bush Girls Father's neices had a wonderful Dinner for us all. Katie was a beautiful sweet bride. She was keeping house for her father, her mother had gone on two or three years before. Our big cousin Jesse Crocker had married another from another Scott family no relation to Katie and they were in the wedding Party.

We had a wonderful time. Daniel was driving a hired rig from the Livery Barn. He was a beautiful horse and they were very happy in that extra rig. That Fall, I was in their home a few weeks at Ensley Alabama, on the west side of Birmingham attending High School. Jesse and Mammie lived near Daniel and Katie and it was good to all be together. Daniel worked nights. One night Katie as me to attend a revival near their home. She joined the church and was immursed. That was our first knowledge of the so called Church of Christ.

I decided the High School program was too slow for a fellow who needed to go faster and I went home and attended Bridgeton School.

At Christmas time, Daniel and Katie came to our home for a few days. The Community where our Farm was, more Quail in those fields than any place I ever knew. One day in August, that year, Father was in Birmingham, and as he almost every trip went to see Uncle Isham Eastis to see if Grandmother was all right.

Uncle Isham on this trip says, "Pinkney Lou has some pups".

*Geo + Jack
1912
on Point*

I wish you would go by home

and select you one, to be yours.

He told us this was going to be the last litter. He had let Lou have several litter of pups but



these were the last. Jack his prize pointer

SEE PICTURE ON PAGE 14

was their father. My Father selected a pup

colored like Old Jack. We could not naming

the pup Jack. He was an excellent young Dog.

By Christmas he was some four months old.

When we were ready to start on the hunt,

I could see Father was not taking his gun.

He said he was going to carry his pup. He was

a husky pup for 4 months but he could not

keep up and over the fences. But set the first

Quail he smelt and Daniel killed it, and he found

the Dead bird. This is his picture on Point.

Brother Isham and his good wife Velma were living in Clinton, Miss. and attending School at Mississippi College. Isham was singing, part time, in Revivals with Evangelist Otto Bamber.

We received a letter, saying Velma was seriously ill. And when she was told, it might be fatal, she asked to be brought to her Uncle Tom Johnson's home in Birmingham. We were not told, that they were expecting a Baby. Our Father and Mother, and Velma's loved ones stood by. The Baby was born a few hours before Velma's passing and it died. They are in our Family Lot, in the Mc Elwain Cemetery. The Graves have nice Memorials.

We asked Isham to visit our home at the Cahaba Valley Farm, before returning to School. It was good to have him home again. He would help us some in field. It was "Fodder Time" and he seemed to enjoy saving the hay.

While with us, he was asked to lead or teach a Music School. It was four miles north of our Farm, at the "Bowlsprings" Church. Lots of young people and they filled the Church building each day. At the close a good Concert was enjoyed by all. Isham, returned to his School and Revival Work. In every letter he mentioned his loneliness.

This is a good likeness of Velma, Brother Isham's first wife. They were married in July of 1900. They were very happy the six years. These pictures of Isham have been selected from some group pictures where ^{he} taught Church Choirs those years, one in Mississippi and Louisiana. He was 26 or 27 years old some two years Velma's senior. He looked just like that at that time. He was a neat dresser, so clean and every hair in place. He certainly was, the sweetest singer, I ever knew.



Aunt Lizzie, was at least four years my Father's senior. They looked & like twins. Both were short and very dark complexion. The Bush family was very close neighbors to the Reynolds' home, built First. They were married young and lived together near fifty years. They had six children, one son, John. He grew to be giant like his father about six feet 6 inches tall, great statue. John's twin sister died in infancy. The four girls were all near six feet.

The oldest Emma, married early and raised a good family. The second girl Maggie married a boy much her junior, he was killed early in a coal mine explosion. They had one child. The next girls were Ada and Ida. Ida married a man in Canaba Valley and they had two or three girls. The older lives in Leeds, her give name Eureka Runyon. She sent the Reynolds's Family records. I returned them. The other twin did not marry till late in life they are all dead till this Mrs. Runyon.

There was never another family like them. They lived in a large log house build on the side of a hill one large chimney. A shutter was just to the right side of the large fireplace and the wood was placed on a platform out side and it was brought through that shutter as needed and placed on the fire. They all used tobacco both chewing and snuff.

They were all at home during my last years at home. I would often visit in their home at nights awile. It was a family who could make anybody feel welcome. In the winter there were no lights but the fire place. We all sit in chairs, making a wide circle. Uncle Baker's chair was to the right of the fire where he could open the shutter and pile on the wood. Aunt Liz's chair to the left with one or two grand children in her lap. They could all spit tobacco juice between their teeth. Brother Isham use to say they could hit a cat's eye thirty feet.

Annt Lizzie never forgot a thing in the past always ready to argue Hardshell Baptist Doctrine. They owned a good top buggy, but the fourth Saturday in each month they drove 12 miles in the farm wagon with two mules with the plow gear on, just a moderate walk for the mules. Go up to leads Saturday morning back Sunday afternoon. They would not ride on spring wagon seat but in split bottom chairs.

Ofcourse the hardshell never offered their gospel to others. If you were born to be saved you could not miss it. All of their children were saved in other church services and united where they attended services.

That is the reason Hardshell are losing out.

UNCLE BAKER CARING FOR THE SICK. 1906.

Many people, in discussing or speaking of this big man, would always mention his help in caring for the sick. To illustrate, one of the neights who had lost his wife, was left with a daughter in her teens and a son about 10 years. This boy was taken with a fatal illness. My parents stood by, but uncle was there day and night without leaving. I can never forget him sitting by the bed in a low chair his long legs, his knees up by the sides of his head. He seem to know what to do to give comfort and was so kindly to all who helped. He often said he would rather have my Mother to help than any one. When the boy passed away, Uncle Baker left and told My Father to prepare the body for burial.

I might say again, Uncle Baker wore full lenth beard, which was originally red, a full suit of black hair, his eyes blue.

He with all his good deeds was a-leaholic. He did not drink too often but with one drink he put on a big one. As a young man he would throw away his wages and come home without supplies and aunt lizzie would call on our Father for food for the family. One winter he lay out and his feet froze and he suffered a lot. We all love our big uncle. He a great walker. He usually sent his son John with team to Birmingham and he walked.

The Platan Community
*The House on the Hill.

Shades Mountain

Cahaba River

Cahaba Creek

* Pelham Valley road

(Lake Fork)
B. Sh Springs Over

*Leeds

Bridgeton

*
Mt. Lebanon
Church

Crestnut Hills

Little Valley

Foot Hill to the Mountain,

Big Double Oak Mountains.

This Map in front, shows our road to the Cahaba Valley from Our Home. The LINE of Inhab leads from "The House on the Hill", then, Shades Mountain. Next, Cahaba River (Red Line). The Pump Station, for the Birmingham Water. Then the Cahaba Creek (Red Line) draining the Purdy Lake and the Community of Bridgeton. Bowls Spring flows into it.

From Cahaba Creek on east our road crosses the Pelham Leads highway at the Store. The lower road from Cahaba Creek leads direct to our home on the Valley Road. This lower road we traveled, most of the time it saved at least two miles. This road led through a Forest of Long Leaf Pines, Virgin Timber. The trees were 100 feet or more high, usually 80 feet to the first limb. 3 & 4 feet in diameter. It is two miles from our home north to the Store.

Our Farm lies on both sides of the Valley Road, 100 hundred acres. The house on the east side of the Valley Road and the bran in front of the House on the west side of the road. Uncle Baker and Aunt Lizzie's home on east at the foot of the Chestnut Hill, on ridge. A large field on top of the ridge. On East of that Ridge is a narrow valley and then the "Big Double Oak Mountain".

Our Soil was very fertile. We enjoyed farming it, and it produced well. A variety of soil for different crops. We had a good supply of Pine, Oak and Chestnut trees and plenty of grape vines. The hundred acres was fenced with Chestnut Rails which would never decay.

This Cahaba Valley was inhabited with wonderful people. So many families with few names and kin folks, there was too much inter marriage. The Bowl Spring Church and Cemetery and a two story building that was used for Lodge and School. The Church is where we had the good Music School by Brother Adam. I also attend day school a few weeks at the School.

THE LAST HARVEST WITH MY PARENTS

Following the Summer with Brother Isham and the and the good Music School and knowing more of the young people. We were day for harvest time. We filled our good barn and had good sale for our pigs and potatoes and vegetable.

In the meantime the Quail Crop was always good in the that Valley. Ever Farm was well supplied and no law to prevent shooting quail at any time. Jack, our young Dog had grown to full size. He ran through the fields all the year and was able to hunt all day and every day.

Uncle Isham Eastis came that Fall to hunt. He had lost his prize dog Old Jack, while on trip to the State of Mississippi. But Jack's Mother, Lou and John and I were there. When he watched our Jack work, he would mention over and over how he worked like his old dog.

During the Fall, my Parents told me they desired to see me go on my own, beginning the first of the next year, save my money to go to School. I was anxious to sell the best team possible. A neighbor who owned a horse mate for our good Mule Joe. But he had not felt He could let her go till that Fall. My Father, he was getting a larger team and would sell "Nell" for \$100 Plus. We bought her.

Many memories clustered as I thought of going from my wonderful Parents and the love and devotion of my two brothers and their wives. The many friends and neighbors who addressed me as "George". I knew to address all senior people using Mr. & Mrs. All young ladies as "Miss". We knew better ^{than} to smoke while in company of ladies.

Both of my Parents were enjoying good health with nothing to worry about, free of debt.

Being able to secure this new rule, to go with that unusual mule Joe, it was a pleasure to drive or plow them. They stepped perfectly together, really more so than we had expected. They both obeyed when told to Gee or Haw, as a team to plow. Our black mare, "Bess" was raising a good mule colt. Bess was not as large as Joe and Nell, but she filled in with either of them when necessary.

While brother Isham was home he suggested I write to the Mississippi Agriculture and Mechanical College, as to conditions to enter and the prospect of working out some expenses? I received a prompt reply that If I was willing to work there was plenty of opportunity.

Brother Daniel was blacksmithing at the A.G.S. Rail Road shops. He told me, I could not do better, he would me on as helper at \$1.35 per day and that he and Katie would be happy to give me free board at their house. My but that sounded good to me. I started the first of January 1907. One of the last things my Father and Mother did was to buy me a good new razor and strap. It was a good "Blue Steel" razor. I used it for many years. That would pay me \$32 plus each week or near \$100 per Month and no income taxes then.

I tried hard to made a good helper to Daniel. When some Blacksmith needed extra help he call by tapping his steel anvil. At first My good Brother would go for me as I hard to learn. I can never forget some of the hammering that fell my lot.

Sometimes a frame would brake on a locomotive engine and it was necessar to take the frame into to shop to weld on the anvil. I could use the sledge all right but in with several others at the same time, you had to be careful. Daniel would come to my rescue.

Katie was so kind to me and fixed the best food and plenty of it.

About the first of April, I left the R.R. Shops and went home. It was good to be with my Parents again. Mother told me it had been a long Winter without me. Even the Bird Dog, was glad to see me. Father had made a lot of preparation for the crop. The negro family Father was depending on he said they were no good and he had to ask them leave. Father insisted on planting the best land to cotton for my part in the crop.

The fields were in good shape and soon the seed was planted. We had to get out early and stay all day to catch up. But the rain came just right and the Corn, the cotton and all we planted was up and growing. We cultivated everything with the plows and started hoeing. I was able to hoe two rows all day to Father's one. It occurred to me, we would do better to do all the hoeing myself and Father plow. It pleased him as he rather plow, and he was the best with the plow, cultivating, by cleaning the row. There was lots of grass. It was not easy to hoe every row in a field by myself. But I would do the first row with my right hand and the next with my left hand. Father used the last mule "Nell" as she walked so steady the plow could cut more and make less hoeing.

We stayed in the field long hours. My Mother told me to go to the hoeing each morning after our good breakfast and they would milk and do the chores. I would keep the hoe going, not stop even to get a drink of water till noon. After eating a full meal would rest an hour and go again till dark. I remember after six days I was really tired. Sunday we would all three go to Bowl Springs to Church. It was good to sing with the choir again.

One Sunday, when we returned from the Service, Father told me he would like to go a few miles in afternoon to where there was an all day singing at a Country Church west over the hills. So we rode the mules to cut of time by riding paths.

A good crowd was there and they were through with the dinner they brought with them and were singing. It was at that time, I heard the first time the song "Lift Him Up". Every one sang and Harmony was good. We love the song from the first. We bought two of the new books and sang the songs always afterwards.

It seemed the cultivating was done early and we harvested the Oats. I cut them with the hand Cradle while Father tied them by hand.

WORKING IN THE TIMBER. 1907.

The Birmingham Water Works was clearing the timber off several acres for Lake Purdy that Summer, and when the crop hoeing was done Father told me to go work, and he would plow the last furrows. He was so anxious to help me earn money. The Company was hiring all the men available.

I had not yet been trained with the timber ax. They told me they paid according as a man able to work. I was issued a 6 1/2 pound birchcot double blade ax. The foreman mated a righthand a lefthanded man to gether and they could fell trees together. I was assigned to a boy I knew he was a good axman. I watched him and tried hard to learn. He would loaf, some but I kept the ax moving as I had been doing the hoe and I believe it was the reason the foreman started me with top wages \$1.65 per day.

I walked the four miles or more each morning. The Summer weather was hot. On the low land it was without much breeze. We had all the cool Spring water we could drink and I made up for the dry days at home in the field, as the water bucked came I took a good fill and how I did sweat. The perspiration soaked my overalls and even my shoes.

One morning the foreman told us to cut some pine trees and score them for the Broadax. The trees were saved from the clearing such as we had been doing for sills for the construction of the big dam to be built later. The trees were of the swamp-soft wood character. They grew fast and in that forest with plenty of water, they had grown fast with large rings showing each years growth.

We fell them with the axes. I took one half my friend his half and when the came down with loud crash. We stood on the log and cut into or scored by the line for us. We stood in the hot sun and threw those axes over handed to take off six or eight inches. It took lots of power. We score three sides and some of the tree would be sixty feet or longer. They were fine sills for the heavy machinery.

I was trying to quit smoking cigarettes which was the hardest habit I had I ever broke. But with the help of the perspiration I did stop. I kept some cheap cigars to smoke when going home night after attending church and driving from my lady friends home to our home. Those cigars did not make me crave more. The College would let us smoke cigars on the Campus not cigarettes.

After being an Axman some 60 days, I pack my old trunk. I do not remember much about my clothes but one suit at a time was my supply. A few extra equipment, I was not use to much.

My Father's contribution was a new strait razor and razor strapp. He selected it himself.

I shared hid good razor up to this time with his keeping it sharp. He bought a blue steel razor at Brinnon's Store in Birmingham. Also a mug and brush. I used them many years never used a safty till I went in service at age 31.

U
Up to this time my teeth had been neglected. I let a dintest have about two weeks fixing them for my going away. I spent the extra time visiting Grandmother our our kin in Shades Valley and with Brother Daniel and Katie. They were expecting their first Baby. We were all excited. Edna was born a few weeks later while I was in School and they named her Edna.

I made the last trip to Cahaba Valley Home. I did a few things for Mother. She told me I had been a good boy and that she was going to miss me. I believe they took me to Daniels as I went to the train in Birmingham. I took the Southern Train in Birmingham the night before School was to open at Starksville in north eastern Mississippi.

I believe brother Daniel accompany me to the Train at the Union Station and the train left about midnight for the 122 mile to Starksville

I can never forget the feeling of leaving home and all I had known. My Security in Christ was so wonderful. I felt so Ignorant. To the right is the Map cut from the P.R. schedule from Birmingham to Starkville. I Melbourne, Ala. was the last town before crossing into Mississippi and somehow,

I was expecting the color to change as it did on the map and I stayed awake to see it.

When I boarded the train in Birmingham. All my money in a small snap pocket book. I must have been showing my money. A fellow soon came with tears in his eyes, saying he had been robbed. Showing me his precious \$100 watch. He was begging for me for it to buy something to eat. I bought it with one of my good bills and he must have fallen off the train.

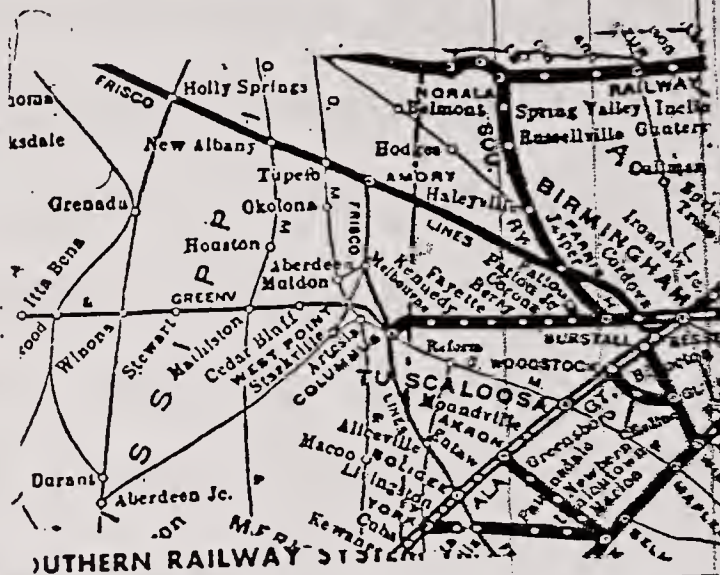


TABLE 7 BIRMINGHAM AND COLUMBUS (Birmingham Division)

Read Down	Miles	Central Time	Read Up
▲15			▲12
6:30	0	Lv Birmingham	4:40
6:45	2 2	N. Birmingham	4:20
7:05	13 2	Brookside	3:56
7:07	14 7	Jefferson	3:53
7:17	20 2	Littleton	3:43
7:23	23 4	Bryan	3:37
7:42	34 0	Cordova	3:18
8:15	40 4	Parrish	3:00
8:29	47 1	Oakman	2:40
8:43	53 5	Corona	2:27
9:08	63 9	Berry	2:04
9:19	69 1	Bankston	1:53
9:47	77 7	Fayette	1:38
9:55	83 6	Cowd	1:28
10:18	93 6	Kennett	1:01
10:30	98 9	Murphy	12:43
10:39	104	Fordham	12:40
11:00	113 1	Steens	Miss 12:15
11:30	122 1	Columbus	11:40

Coalburg, Republic, Bivens, Carlin, Lynn Crossing, Babb, Burnwell, Doliska, Red Star, Barney, Big Ridge, America Jet, Gayosa, Dixie Spring, Marietta, Patton Junction, Alta, Stauga, Rosland City, Belk and Melbourne, are flag stops for Nov 12 and 15. ▲ Flag stop. ▲ Mixed trains.

I could not sleep after losing my \$20 Bill, and I forgot all about the country changing color at the State Line. The same looking ground as the train was whistling for "Columbus" and trainmen were calling "All Out for Columbus, Mississippi.!!!"

Hot cakes and coffee was ready at the Depot, and it tasted good. The sun was up and we soon loaded onto the Mobile and Ohio Rail Road, and we headed South a few miles to Artesia. There we changed Trains for Starksville. That train was waiting for us and it was well loaded with boys for "Mississippi Agraculture Machanical College". I was sitting by a window on the right hand side of the coach looking north as we came in sight of the College buildings. The tracks was on a lower elevation and stopped at a little Station. We all unloaded on the North side. A good number of former students headed by the Secretary of the Y.M. C. A. As we walked up that walk to the Chapel we were met by Dr. J. C. Hardy. He was a good hand shaker. He ask me if I knew I. E. Reynolds? I said yes, he said Isham had told him I was coming and ask me if I sing? I answer, some.

We were helped to register and assign rooms.

Strait to the right over the hill to the East is the Rail Road Track we came

in on. This picture was made the next Spring at Commencement time. It is the only one

I have left. The cameraman was looking at Sunrise. The large building where the Sun come up is the Textal Building and behind it is the Athletic Field. The Box Cars are on the College Circle or Side Tracks.

The building farthest to the left is the Engineering Building, some three stories.

The Building with the three frame porches is the Old Chapel Building, know as "Prep."

Heaven" 250 Preps that year including me, G.W. Reynolds, as I was known, always.

That was the two Cadet Battalions, with the 20 piece band. You can see your beloved in the second row to the left holding my Baas Horn in my left hand.

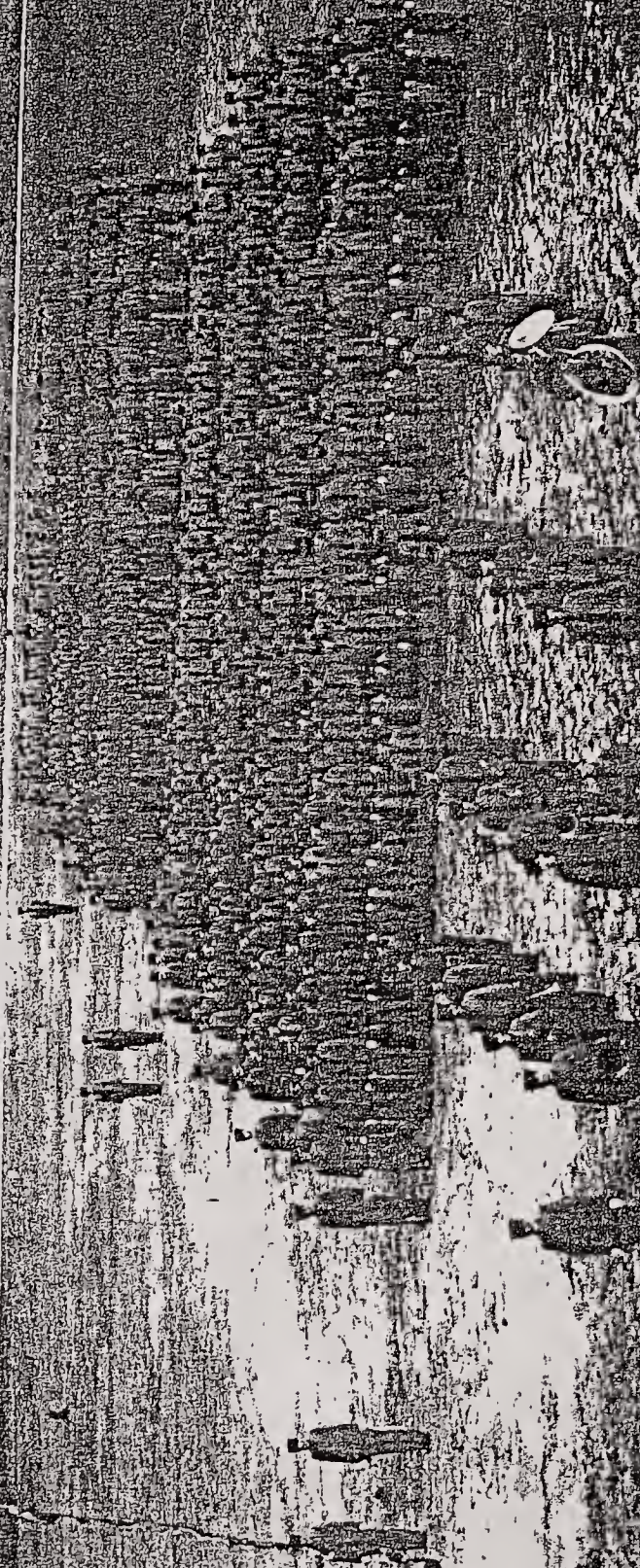
The picture maker was standing at the South West corner of the Main Dormitory.

That building was three or four stories, no Elevator. But Stowers on each floor.

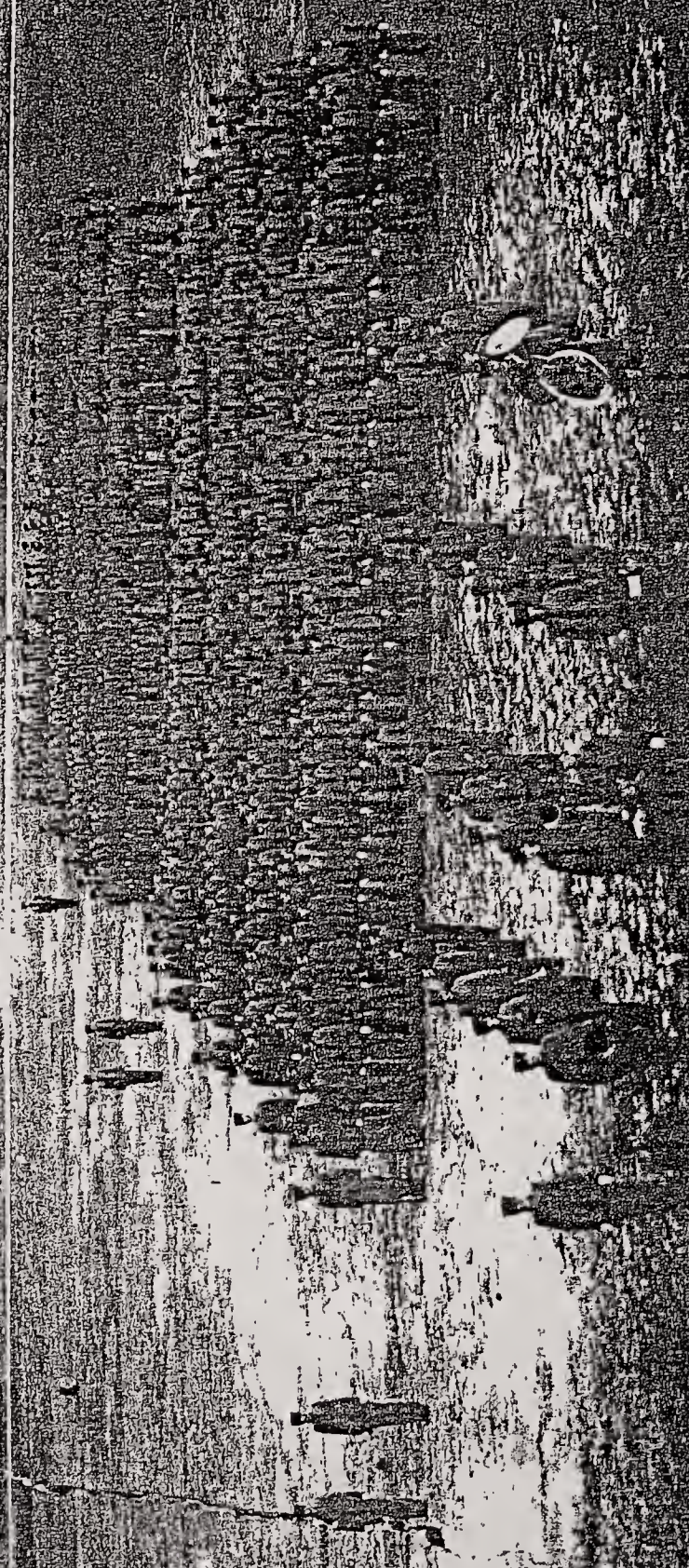
All the college buildings including the faculty residents, the barns, the Farm land circled to the left north, west, and east. The Rail Road ran on west to Starksville some two miles. The President's home was on a hill south of us.



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I was assign a room on the third floor with three boys. Our bed were single steel cots four deep. They gave me the third bed. The School furnished the cots and book shelves. I bought one straight chair and a small table desk. The building was heated by steam.

My room mates were three second year students. Two of the boys came from the same town, or community and ofcourse good chums, they took the two lower beds. The third boy came a day or so late and requested the top cot. He had poor visick and retired earlier, and ~~he~~ was glad to go on top.

I wrote my first letter home from there. I got my first shower bath, that night, it was wonderful, to be clean again. I put on my night shirt and ready to sleep. We had orders to be in bed and turn out the lights, at 10 o'clock.

We were up for Revellee at 6:00 next morning. We line^{ed} up with our companies to march to breakfast by the Bugles. I had to learn to keep step the First Sargent counting One, two, three.

Some announcements in the Mess Hall. I was feeling good and in fine shape for the first day. I bought my books the day before and paid the first Month's board and entrance fee.

We took our books and reported to the Chapel Building for class work. The Supretendant told us to better know, how to help us we were going, to be ask to write so-many pages about our lives. After an hour or so we turned in our papers and came back and we graded. There were 250 boys, we were lined up 50 boys in sections 50 to the section. The ones who showed the best grade in the first Section and on to the 5th Section.

The Sup^{IN}retendant^{YORINAIPL} told us about the grades and he said there was one or two they thought about sending to the Freshman Class, I was one of them. But I was so pleased, I could stay in the Preparitory Department. We certainly were loaded every day. Our courses was Areithmetic, English, Spelling and History, we were assign for each subject as if that was all we had to do. We had to cover so many Histories, we were ask to be ready to recite on as many as 15 chapters each time. I remember going to the History Teach and asking how I ^{could} be able to do it. He was such a wonderful teacher, ^{AND} was so kind. Told me how to study by Paragraphs, and the main thing in each paragraph, and be able to put ^{an} out line on the black board and explain and I made time. English was my hardest subject but the best teachers on the Campus were with the Preps. We were happy and did respect and admire each Teacher.

We marched in by Band Music, a real March and it thrilled my heart and soul. We had been assigned tables. No grace, every fellow started eating like pigs. Ofcourse the food was soon gone and ~~was~~ we not satisfied. Some of the boys would pour their cups full of milk and hold the pitch for the second cup. But were told at Chapel each morning that we might think we were not fed enough food but all boys gained in weight.

They read out a notice that so many boys were needed on the experiment station to see we knew what the pay was. I volunteered. After being a few minutes, the ^{SUPERINTENDENT} asked if any one had experience in plowing, I held up my hand, and he asked me to take the place of a boy trying to break the land I was at home there. One of the horses was blind but I was accustom to that after our black cat, Canoe Creek. And at night he told me to work as hard as much as I could.

In a few days, he asked me if I would have time to look after some beef cattle? I said I could do it getting up at four o'clock each morning and stay till seven then awhile in the after noon. That job payed my board. I did that all the Winter. I fed the mostly pilage, had to fork it from a lage Silo.

This reception was well advertised but attendance not compulsory, that is, not roll calls. But it appeared all were there. The big chapel bell rang out and it was a interesting occasion for us all. ^{Dr. Hardy} ~~Dr. Hardy~~ ^{The College} was chairman and he certainly was a Master moderator. He made a good speech of admiration and importance instruction. He introduced all new comers on the teaching staff especially the ^{Dr. Hardy} Athletic Coach, a very interesting Personality. We all admired him. A very clean neat, yet a capable speaker. One of the first men to go without hat and vest. He was always helpful to any boy who needed instruction and advice about studying. Our band Master looked just the opposite. He performed at the piano for devotionals and led the band for this reception.

One of the numbers I appreciated was a Male Quartett composed of older students. ^{Copied} ~~One of them~~ my first Sargent, and his sir-name was Sargent. The band music was good. Several members of the Faculty spoke and some announcements.

After this reception, we were in our rooms with some time for study till Taps sounded for lights-out. It was hard for me to go to sleep but I lay on my cot thinking about the good day.

Mr. E.M. Dodd, private secretary to the President who led the Quartet and played the piano when the Band Master was absent approached me sometime the first week, about trying out for the high tenor. I told him I just did not know? He told me to come to his home on the campus on a certain evening when there would several boys who wanted to try for the place. He told me, as a new student the Military Organization of the Cadets would require a Pass from my officer to go out of the Dormitory at study hours and evenings.

The yard, and house were full of young men when I arrived and they were singing. When my turn came, Mr. Dodd, called me in and ask me to sing the tenor to "My Old Kentucky Home". Then the Bass, a Senior, told me to go to the room and I would have ^{to} choose some one and I would hear from them later. I did not feel, it amounted to much and I forgot it till some four or five nights later they all three, the three men on the quartett, came to our room telling me, I had been chosen by the three and Mr. Dodd. The main thing, I could sing the note. I had been singing and reading Shape Notes.

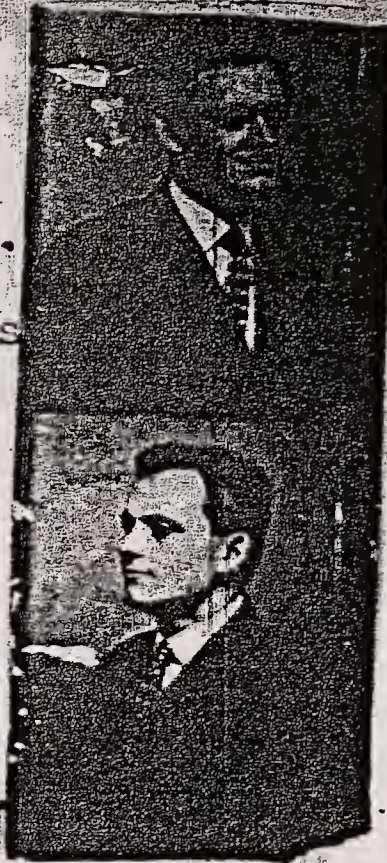
It was quite a surprise to those Sphorord room mates. I lived a bit easier with them.

We were measured for our College Cadet Uniforms the first week. My weight was 142 pounds. My weight 69 days later when the Uniforms were delivered was 24 pounds more. The seams were sufficient to make the suit fit me completely.

The cloth was a heavy blue-gray, black strips, on the pants legs, the front of the blouse and the collars and sleeve cuffs. We wore these suits to classes, meals and on Parade, and when out of the Dormitories to town, to Church and Etc., which looked good and we felt good and very dressy.

Our Male quartet was sing in Starkville each week some weeks more than once. The activity of the Quartet was very helpful to me. Our Bass, Cadet Major Furman, was a real Christian Gentleman, and so kind and helpful to me. The Baritone, Sargent Flowers and the Second Tenor, Sargent Sargent, being classmates and fourth year students, naturally walked together going and coming on the board sidewalk. Marjor Furman was kind in walking with me. They all seemed to appreciate my high tenor and note reading. We sang many sacred hymns and songs we are familiar with now.

This picture to the right is my good friend, room mate and co-worker on the College, Farm Black Smith shop. He was well liked by all the students who called him "Dutch" or Carol. He was in my Section on the Preparatory School. Beginning the first Summer we roomed together.



Soon after Commencement of 1908. Most of the Students were gone. We decided to have a suit each tailor made. They were beautiful and double breasted, mine a blue, and Carl's a brown. We were so near the same measurement, when Carl visited some kinn in the north west, I insisted he take both suits and on my first visit home, he insisted I take both suits. It was something for me to enjoy two suits.

We worked in the Farm Blacksmith Shop for one and one half years. He taught me many things as he had served his apprenticeship in the Old Country. He ran away from his home in Germany to escape the German Army. He talked much about what he would do when the two Countries went to war, He taught me many native Germans, for the U.S.A. He graduated from A. & M. with the 1912 Class. He visited me at Moody Institute the next Winter. He was not a Christian.

In a few weeks, I was ask to take the Sam Bass Horn in the band. The band Master told me, since I read music by note it would be easy and he would teach me.

Nothing has thrilled me like music of that band as we marched to noon meals, I can remember that music of Standard Marches.

That Band was called out to play for many occasions, Ball Games, political meetings and big funerals.

The Annual Thanksgiving Foot Ball game, was a dandy. I thought the College forgot School for a few days. The Team and School rather lose themselves all than the game with the University "Old Miss". A Train was chartered, all the Bandmen had a free ride. The game must have been played in the State Fair Park. It was raining all day, and the water was deep but nothing stopped the game. We won by a few points and went home happy.

I kept the Bass two years and bought a cheap Trumpet. I gave it up in Moody Institute, to study voice. I played Bags again in 1918-19, in the First War. That was the end of my Band Service.

I was over loaded in School, with the Male Quartet and my working out my expenses.

THE WINTER TERM OF 1908.

I made my Fall Term in the "Pep" School all right. How I did study. I was handicapped, not to have read scarcely in books or collateral reading. Things were quiet during the Christmas season and I used it to rest and get ready for the Winter Term.

Some few of the Ungodley teachers, made light the Bible and disturbed some of the boys, but my own experience of Grace, protected me.

Our Male Quartet was singing in some of the Churches most of the Sunday Mornings. We four walked back and fourth on the board side walk, made of long broad plank length wise. It was my privilege to visit with Major Furman, that is Cadet Major. He had lots of patience with my ignorance. He corrected my english and listened to the Bible with me.

Our Sunday Dinners in the Mess Hall was the best of the whole week and plenty of it. I did not study on Sunday and rested and read a good book. We attended the Y.M.C.A. Service Sunday nights in Chapel building.

Our Quartet sang many songs, we sing today, "Riches of Love" "Let the Lower Lights" "Calvary", and many of the Great Gospel Hymns and Songs.

I was feeling better and living under less strain. I gave up the first work of feeding cattle, and worked at the shop on the Farm. I had been taught by my Father to sharpen plows, weld iron and shoe horses. Carl Rothe, taught me much more, the almost two and or three years^{1/2} were there winter and summer.

Baseball Season came on and our band made some trips as well as played on our Campus, for games. I was asked to help with the Commencement Music. I felt honored to sing with some of the College Professors. Two with trained voices who did the Solo parts in the Anthems. They were all very kind to me. A Prep, singing like that, may be was different. A splendid Male Quartet of Faculty Members. I was honored to fill in a few times there. At the close of the first years, I was happy to go home. I had written Father not to meet me, as it crop time, I would get home. *I WALKED.*

When I arrived in Birmingham some 15 miles, I took my suit case and was home by noon. It was good to be home with my Sweet Mother and Great, hard working Father. I enjoyed visiting with sure good neighbors and Uncle Baker and Aunt Lizzie Bush. Then, I went to Shades Valley to see Grandmother Eastis and our loved ones at Mc Elwain, also the Patterson and the Hardy. Chapel Church.

Before School was out, Carl Rothe and I planned to room together and we both ordered tailor made suits. On my trip home, he insisted I take both suits and on his visit to see his sister in one of the Northwest States, I insisted on him taking my suit.

The Farm Blacksmith shop stood out on a hill no shade and the Temperature stood at 110 in the shade, with very little breeze.

The College Station, was composed of a large herds of Cattle, horses and mules, ^{They} ~~be~~ farm the 500 Acres. There were several Stallions two Jacks and Broodmares and Jennets. They did not all require to be shod, but all had to have the feet trimmed.

One of the main job was to sharpen plows and many, many points for the Turn Plows. Which had to be layered by welding additional steel to worn points. That first Summer, I heated by turning a crank or blower and doing the welding alone with two pound hammer, in my right hand.

The first time I ever felt my strong body falter was while nailing shoes on a large mare. She was hot from drawing a hay mower. As she stood dripping sweat. I trimmed all four feet and had set the large shoes and nailed on the front shoes, when the Foreman said let her go till morning. I was trimbling.

BEGINNING THE NEXT FALL.
BROTHER ISHAM VISITED ME.

1908.

Early in the Fall, Brother Isham came for a few days, he was on the Baptist Home Board Evangelistic Staff. It was wonderful ^{to} have him with me. All the students enjoyed him with his great personality and sweet tenor voice.

This picture was made about that time. His hand in the pants pocket to hide his lost fingers. He must have been about 29 years of age. He *had* been studying music and singing at Moody Bible Inst. in Chicago, Ill.



I was happy to be a FRESHMAN. No more Prep-Heaven. New Books, new Teachers, and a new out look on School's days. I enjoyed all my studies and used my time well. My hardest study was my English. My Algebra not so hard and one the choice instructors of the College taught Freshman Algebra which was the full nine months. His name was Critz. We all respected him for his precise manner. He knew us all by name and would address all the boys as "Mr", Reynolds, and a kind word.

Our College Male Quartet was changed. All voices new with exception of Second Tenor which I was allowed to keep. A fine boy from the New England States a good trained voice on the Bass and he coached us. I really enjoyed singing and was very happy in all my work. My body was strong.

I was ask to room with two new students and it was a joy to have two fine Christian boys and we had no difficulty at all, but helpful in every way. I did not room with my good friend Carl Rothe except in the Summer while staying in the Dormitory to work.

I selected the Agriculture Course. It seem to open bigger and better fields for my future. I liked all it promised. The main thing, I learned to master studies. After all it was my greatest benefit from my days there, I learned how to study.

Our Male Quartet was treated so royally in Churches of our College town, I feel I should tell more about them and the Singers. Mr. E. M. Dodd and charming wife, were very helpful and should have lots of credit for what we were able to accomplish. Some of our time was given to the Methodist Church. This Church was blessed with the largest Chorus choir in town and more of them helped in our singing of the College Music.

The Methodist Pastor a large man with a strong voice and he spoke rapidly and loud. One evening, a screw tail bull dog came to church and made himself at home on the isle rug, near the center of the build and went to sleep. Our Quartet, seated in the Choir could see the dog. When the good Pastor in climax of his message and speaking the loudest and fastest, the dog awakened and raised on his front feet with a guttural growl and moving forward. The Pastor slowed up and shouted "That Dog Out"!!!! We were relieved. Later, many years afterwards I met that pastor, it must have been at Hattisburg and and reminded him of the dog.

We sang some in the Presbyterian Church. I do not remember about the Baptist Church, but may be, I hated the Baptist then, as others do. Most of the members of the Quartet were Baptist, we love them.

College
The A. & M. Mississippi, had much cattle of Beef Types and some very fine Horses and Donkeys. There were several brood mares of Draft Type, two Stallions, one a Perchian and one a Clidesdale, one Hackney or Coach horse. Two jacks and several Jennies.

The two Draft Stallions weighed over a ton each and they were given exercise working together. They were kind to each other and to the drivers. Each morning ^{some} two tons of manure was loaded ~~to~~ *of the* a large Spreader and they would come barging out of the barn and into deep plowed field. As the driver put the spreader in gear, we could expect the team to stand on their ears, but in stead, they were hardly checked, ofcourse ~~we~~ admired them. There must have been eight large mares of both breeds. The Hakney, was not a saddle horse and never ridden but led from place to place. He was used for breeding the Jennetts for Mule Colts. Some of the mixed breed mares were bread to Jacks for Mules. The 2500 Acre Farm used some 12 pr 15 teams both mules and brood mares and the one team of Stallions.

The herd of Cattle I fed the first tern, was made up several Beef Type. A very fine herd of Aberneen Angus. They were wild as Buffalos, *when excited,*

CLOSING MY FRESHMAN YEAR
AND GOING HOME, ON VISIT.

1909.

It was wonderful to make all the grades. It was a good year in every way. It had been a year of close study and work. I had been faithful in the Lord's Service and had grown in Grace and knowledge in His Word.

Had attend some ball games with our Baseball Team. One trip to Greenville with the Student body by chartered Passenger Train. We had a wonderful pitching staff. Bun Hearn and the twin Mitchel boys Bennie and Willie, they all pitched in the two game that day and we won the State Championship.

We certainly forgot everythings else that day. Besides playing the Horn, I did my best, to boost for our team.

I took oppertunity to visit my Parents again. Had been away 12 months and I was hungry to get home. Brother Isham was singing on the Southern Baptist Home Board Evengelist Staff and he came home at the same time. While the plws were going in the crops we had many good long visits, sometime walking through the forest of Longleaf Pines, nearby shooting wild birds mostly peckerwoods. Isham ask me as he did many times "George dont you feel you ^{Show} sing for the Lord?" I would say no. My voice was nothing in comparsion to Brother Isham's voice.

MY SECOND SUMMER IN THE SHOP, 1909.
AND PLAYING IN THE NAT'L GUARD.

After two weeks of rest and being with my dear one at home, I returned to the College Shop.

I was happy on the A.M. College Campus that Summer. Many of my student friends were there for special work of some kind and we enjoyed reading good books and listening to older students talk. I believe all of the Quartet was there and we were singing.

One incident about my work on the Farm. Carl was not there all the time, one of the Mowing machines, while mowing hay, came to pieces in the hot field, when the bearings and oil ran out on the ground and had to be repaired right there. I was able to do the job, but how hot the parts were hot enough to burn our hands. We cannot forget some things.

Late that Summer our Band went to Jackson and played two weeks with the National Guard. It was a different experience. We were on some long marches and were required to play more than usual.

I remember one time on the Streets they watered ^{cut it} us-tubs with ice and oats in the water. I did not know why the oats but the cold water was wonderful. I enjoyed being in Jackson and learning more about State Capital.

MY SOPOMORE YEAR BEGINING 1909.

It meant so much to starting the Sopomore year. Our original class mates were separating into the the various schools or departments. Carl was studing Mechanical Engibeering, I had chosen the Agracultural Course. It was so interesting. I was playing my Trumpet in the band and would play with the Bugles marching the cadets to meals, they ask me to help and it kept my "Lipp" up. There were several new students applied for the College Quartet that Fall, more than usual which proved more boys were learning or studing music. As they applied for, they were tried out by Mr. Dodd and members of the Quartet. Some splendid talent. Several ^{wanted} ~~desired~~ my part, which usually was the Melody. In the finals, it looked I might be replaced. But, after the others had sung through, the Commadent and the other ask that "Reynolds" might sing through again, and all, even the new applicants agreed the harminy was better with my voice.

My class mates were somewhat different and new teachers in the Agacultura_l Studies. It was my first time to study Geomety. It was so different but we had a wonderful teacher and he urged us to get each rule perfectly day by day. He happened to know me through the Quartet and the band. He was so kind.

Early in the Autumn, Father wrote me about renting or selling the Farm. He said it was hard to operate the Farm by themselves and ask my opinion? Ofcourse I could see how it was. He was versitale in business. In the meantime, Uncle Isham Eastis suggested, that Grandmother Eastis had said often, if she could only have Mary with her in her last days? Uncle Isham had a two room Cabin built in the yard and they offer any part of the big house.

Father after considerable investigation, chose to operate a Charcoal Business.

The beginning of 1910, they rented or sold the the Farm and it was much easier for them both. Charcoal is obtain by the imperfect combustion of wood, or other organic substances. Father could buy timber in blocks, five ten or twenty acres, hire the trees cut into four foot length and burned by a man who made it his business and Father with the good Farm team, could do the selling. They were happy with Uncle Isham and Grandmother Eastis. They enjoyed the comfortable rooms, and the fellowship there. I have some more picture to show later.

THE WINTER OF 1900.

First, I felt good and my work was all a joy. But during February, I become very sick. During the Fall term before, I had to miss so much time, so many classes, with ^{my} stomach. Ofcourse I worried about my classes, but some of my friend help by bringing me copies of the lectures and informing me of the class work. I made ~~all~~ the courses but the Geometry, and the good teacher promised to help me make it up.

Now, this second illness was very severe. My whole digestive organs were involved. May be the College Physician was wrong, he was an Alcoholic, and had been appointed there by his brother who was Governor of Mississippi. He gave us some very strong Medicine. It did not give me relief, after taking several days I was in serious condition. The Doctor and his wife and Dr. Hardy, the College President become concerned. The faithful Male Nurse, prepared me for high-enema. He ran water through till all insides was purged, and must have exposed my nervous system. Soon I was a wreck both physically and mentally, and they sent me home.

Ofcourse I expected to return later and finish my studies.

As I have stated earlier, my Parents had sold the Farm in Cahaba Valley and moved back to help care for Grandmother Eastis, and that was where I went to recover.

Every one was so kind to me. But no one can know fully except they have gone through the long siege of nervousness. To lie awake all night not able to relax. My parents with Grandmother and Uncle Isham Eastis in the same building, I just had to stay in the bed and wait and long for the morning. One blessing, they were all early risers.

Sometimes, I wondered if my mind was going. My hands and my feet were in motion most of the time. So many things, vexed me. Brother Isham, came home and took me to an Osteopathic Doctor for treatments. I took courage and fought back, slowly.

I returned to the College that Fall to get my things I had left with my room mate, Carl Rothe. But I could not stay and returned to my loved ones. It was ^{to} hard concentrate. But prayed and read my Bible. God's Grace was sufficient, and so precious to a nervous, disturbed soul.

I was soon strong enough to help my Father and Mother about the place.

I had been home several months, was much better, my Dear Father and Mother and all of the neighbors were thoughtful of me and my problem of recovery.

Uncle Tom and Aunt Sally Sims were near and one of their daughters and her husband Ed' C. Watkin were close, he was teaching the Mc Elwain School.

Mr. & Mrs. Will Patterson, who had boarded me the ^{Winter} ¹⁹¹¹, Father and Mother moved to the Cahaba Farm and I finished that term of School at Cresilene Hights with Proffessor J.W. Letson.

I was attending Sunday School at Hardy Chapel. My Church membership was there. I was soon able to attend the Greater Birmingham Christian Endeavor Monthly and Quarterly Meeting. One of the Leaders of that work was the present Chief Justic Hugh Black. It was all-very interesting. I remember being ask to sing specials for some of Meetings. I remember singing "Over and Over Again."

The Patersons, had no children and they ask me and my Parents, that I stay with them part time. My Father and Mother thought it would be proper that I make change part time.

Mr. Patterson operated a Truch Farm. I helped them with that work some.

One Day, the Patters^{on} were gone, I was in their home alone, when I got on my knees and told the Lord, I was ready to yield my whole life for His Service and the Singing, that I had been refusing to do, was open and I was ready. It was a New Day for me. I was so happy, the experience, was akin to my Conversion, some seven years before. I wrote to Brother Isham and he wrote right back, that there was no place then, to get preparation for that work, and that was Moody Bible Institute Chicago. I began making my Plans to go to Moody Bible Institute Chicago.

I was soon strong enough to take a job of canvassing for one of the Birmingham Daily News. I saw an add, wanting help to go from house to house taking subscription and paying 2 dollars and fifty cents per day. I did that kind of work all the year.

On this next page is a photo of a Young woman who was so helpful. She was teaching At The Crestile School and working in our Church. She was of Scotch, people, a very talented and I thought a great Christian. I had privilege of being in her company during these days. I happen to find this picture among our many photos and am encluding it in our History Book.



Mary Queen of Scots
- 1567 -
- 1587 -
- 1587 -
1587 - 11





Margaret McPherson
Tomb of Sarah
Crested Knight
1910-11.

This young woman
in Trained Nurse Uniform
is a sister of Joe, my
good friend. I visited
his Father and Mother
when younger because I
like to sing with the
whole family, three girls
and three boys, they all
could sing.

When all knew their Father
as "Uncle Buck". They
were first cousins, of
Mrs. Will Patterson, and

Miss Eva visited the Pattersons a lot.

During my nervousness, Miss Evava was training
in the Jefferson County Hospital in Birmingham.
She gave me this little Photo about the time she
graduated from the Hospital.



Afterwards, she was married to Robert Patterson, a first cousin of Will Patterson. She lived a long useful life passed away some five or six years ago. I appreciated my good friends, and enjoyed the company, of young women, but did not allow myself to get attached or in love till I could see my way out of School.

MY FATHER'S CHARCOAL BUSINESS. 1910.

One team and wagon was needed which he brought from the Cahaba Valley Farm. Uncle Isham was glad for him to use all the large barn necessary. For sled team of Oxens, he found just what he needed at the stock yard a couple of roan steers about three years old. One a Strawberry color and the other a Mulberry roan. They sleded wood for some six or seven years.

There was plenty of mixed timber east of the Old Eastis home, across Shades Creek on the west sides of Shades Mountain, and he was able to buy at his own price. The Terrain was too rough for cultivation. He was able to buy by blocks-acres. It was only some two or three miles from home.

The trees were mixed in size from small to twelve to eighteen inches in diameter to some fifty and sixty feet high. Pine was the greater part with a general average of oak, Gum, hickory, sycomore, and etc. The larger was split in quarters some halves and small just cut in four foot lengths. He was able to get it cut by regular wood choppers at a very reasonable fee and rick^ked in regular Cord, or 128 cubic feet commonly known as a Cord of wood in four feet lengths.

A spot was selected at the bottom of the hill or mountain as the wood was easier sledged down hill. The hearth was small to begin, a small spot leaved with shovels and the first pit of wood was burned. To set the fire in the center, a two foot pen was set in the center. The wood was selected from dead trees and dry to start the fire with dry leaves and any rich pine knots.

This small pen was built up high enough to stand the four feet cord wood on end, and as far as there room to the edge of the hearth. Then after each pit it was made larger by spreading the ashes and crumbled charcoal. In this process the hearth was wide enough to burn as many cords of wood as was needed.

The wood was staked on end to several layers till it came to a round point at the top. The pen was full and closed at the top after the fire was started. all the pit or wood was covered first with leaves and pine needles. and then earth was on top thick and firm. The fire was drawn from the center by drafts to the outside by using shovel handles the fire goes to outside air.

Large cuts of Gum and would not split would char whole. Even the pine needles. Beautiful carbon.

FATHER USUALLY DID THE
HAULLING TO MARKET.

1910.

He had built a frame 20 feet long with four foot standards using thin boards to keep the Coal. It was constructed wider at the top than at the wagon bolts. That body would hold 150 Bushel. It weighted as little as eight pounds to the bushel but generally, heavier. That good team of mules could handle a large load.

Father had abound market to deliver every day. He would leave home early in the morning with the wagon and team go to the Pit and load and be in City, at least by 10 o' clock and back home by 12 P.M. It was a good profitable income. Father continued that business till retirement.

Father was fortunate to secure a Negro Man to stay with the pit and knew the business all of his life. He had no family and lived in a house prepared in the woods near the pit, with plenty fresh drinking water. Father would carry his food and supplies.

The Wood sled was constructed of white-oak. The timber was so hard and glazed, with a frame to carry a half cord of wood. That yoke of Oxen would bring in the hills to the hearth, or pit, as known.

In rainy season the earth was so full of water the wagon wheels might cut down deep, they used the Oxen to help the mules get out.

THE GREAT REVIVAL AT MC ELWAIN. 1911.

I was feeling much better all along. Besides being with the Pattersons. I help Father some, sellin' His Charcoal. Some mornings go to the Pit and help Load and really made a few trips to sell alone.

Later in the Summer, one of the Wyatt boys started a meeting in the original building. I sang with him some with Elsie Crock^{er}, a girl in her teens play ing the Chapel Organ.

Brother Isham^s was with us a few days and sang. Most of the unsaved of the settlement were concerned and many saved. George Eastis was gloriously saved. Uncle Isham Eastis attended several services and we have always hoped the Lord delt with him, yet He would not say much, we do not know if he was saved. Uncle Mark Crocker and two of his younger boys were saved, Dave and Ed. It seems this Revial continued several days. At the close a large number were Baptised in Shades Creek, near the Wyatt Spring Branch. My Father and Mother were Baptised at that time, They had not united with the Baptist Church.

That was the beginning of bigger things for that Great Baptist Church. We will have more to say later with pictures.

A GOOD YEAR IN 1912.

I worked the whole year for the Birmingham Age-Herald, the Morning Paper. First worked in the City then checking delivery boys and increasing business. I had opportunity to visit Uncle Dawson Reynolds. Father's only brother. He had lost a foot in the Coal Mines but was well and happy. It was good to attend church one evening with him and Aunt Laura, his wife, and their children. This was my last time to see them. He must have lived some ten years after that and Father attended his Funeral and burial.

That was the year Brother Isham met his good wife Lura Hawk. He was singing with the Male Quartet for the Southern Baptist Convention assembled at First Baptist Church, Oklahoma City. They met in May. Isham came home telling every one about her and they were married in July just 60 days later. How happy we all were to have this wonderful person in our family. She is singer and pianist. This was picture used for Programs.

By appointment, I met them at the train with the Hack and Mule Joe. One of the days, we made these pictures of Jack the Bird Dog, on point.



I left Home at Birmingham by train one early Morning in the rain at Chattanooga it was snowing. Those Mountains were beautiful with many tunnells. Later I changed trains in Cincinnati for Chicago. Next morning a heavy snow and zero weather with lots ice. But I was anxious to see the lake, my first water, I could not see across.

I secured a room at the Institute and spent my leisure time seeing the City and the Institute buildings and getting acquainted with the personal. My first room mate was a Japanese student. I do not remember the name. He did not talk much just a smile all the time. He told me many things I needed to learn.

Ofcourse I selected the straight Music Course. We were required to take so much Bible, personal work, and Bible doctrines. Much memory work. I soon saw, my knowlede how to study was helpful.

The music was dificult, I started reading round notes. My knowledge of shape notes was helpful. I enjoyed singing in the sightreading and the Men's Chorus hour. Dr. D.B. Towner, was a master teacher. He took interest in my voice from knowing Brother Isham. I made good grades and went home, my nerves shaken some. Grandmother Eastis, last illness and she died the 6th of June.

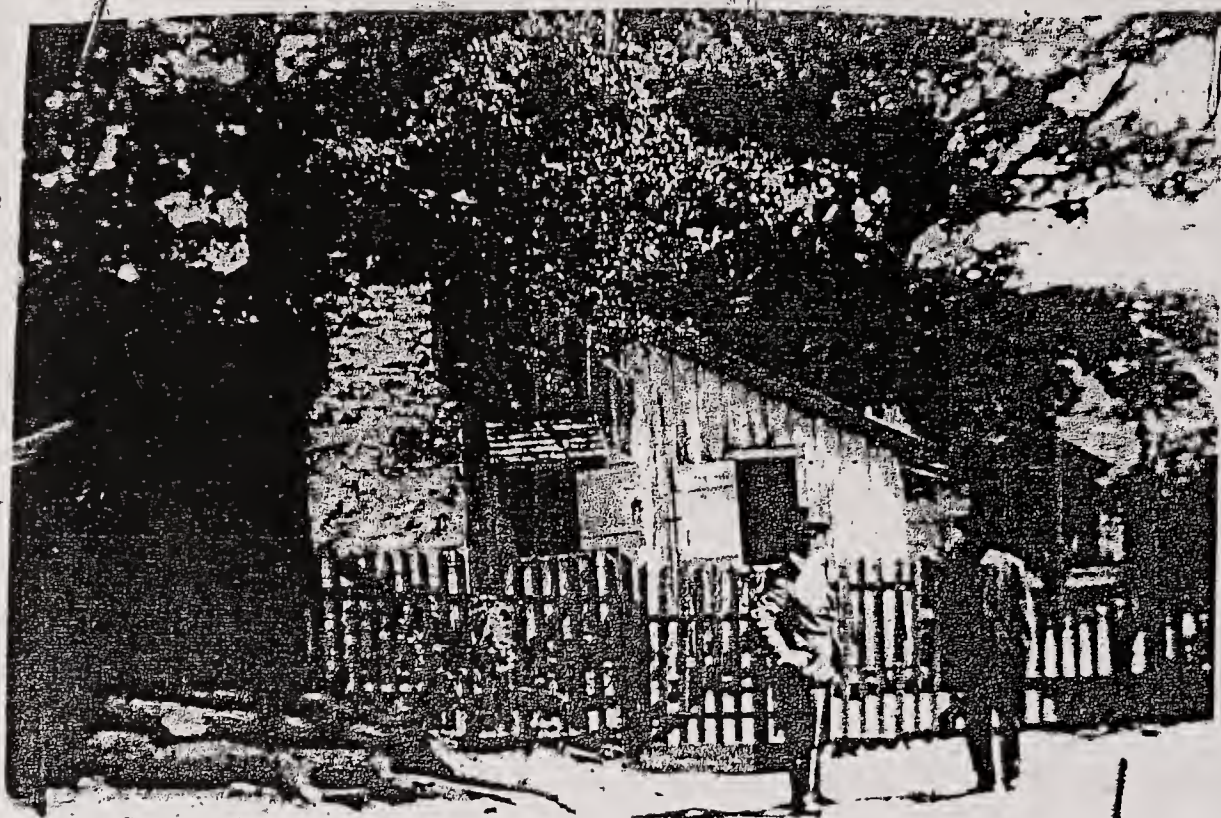
Page 169. GRAND MOTHER EASTIS" LAST DAYS. 1913.

I was hope when she first took sick. All the years, she slept in that old lean-to, the original dinning room. Aunt Hannah slept in the room original kitchen where the second window with wooden shutter.

When Grand Mother first became ill, we moved her into the log room, where she had given birth to all of her children and lived with them during the Civil War days. Uncle Isham slept in that room till his death 13 years later.

When her Doctor saw her he told us it was lock bowls, and ask for Specialist. The best help, she was no better but worse. I can never forget the tense hours and days she slowly waisted. All the children with her. I well remember Uncle Jim, telling us the day she went away June the 6th she she was only fifteen years old when he was born. He was as all the children deeply grieved in loosing the wonderful Mother, this home would be no more. Her pastor, W.Y. Browning was with us at the close and prayed for us several times each day.

The good women and friends prepared the body and we all walked the mile to the Mc Elwain Church, her body in a small spring wagon, Uncle Tom Sims leading the mule. Brother Browning spoke tenderly of her sweet Christian Faith and the great Mother to us all.



We have shown this picture before, but it was like this when Grand Mother went to Glory. The building we see to the right and some not in this picture were moved out and a two room cabin stood just to the right where my Father and Mother lived those last years careing for Grand Mother.

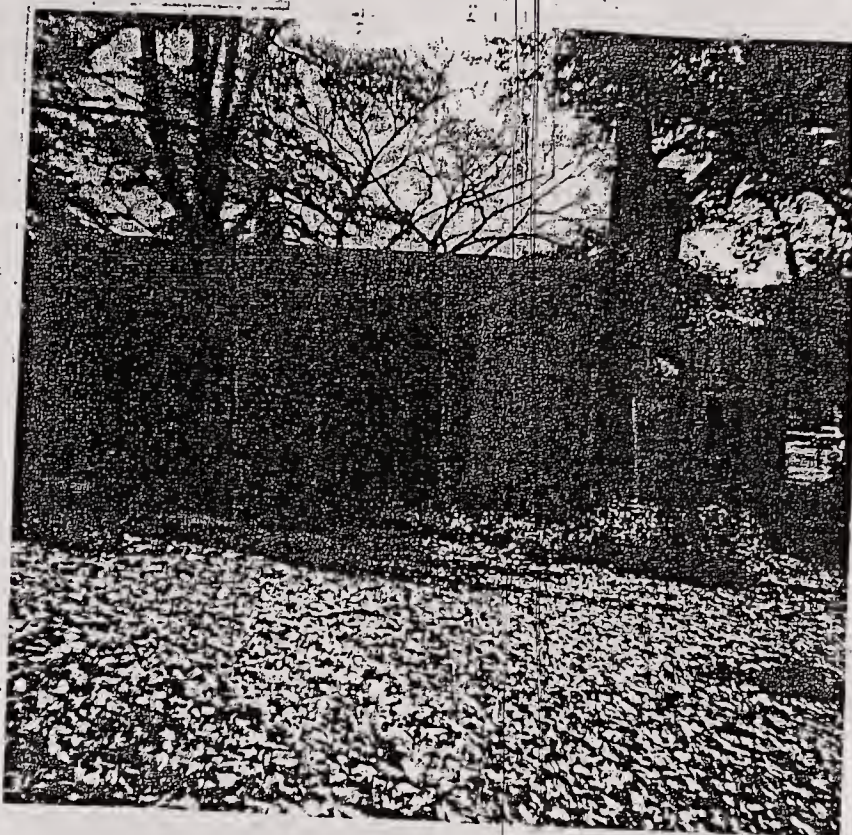
The North Bed Room is shown in one of these next pictures, my parents used for a guest room. I slept in this room some, during my nervousness and Brother Isham and his good wife Lura slept there Christmas 1912.

I was able there and got these snapshots. A family by the name of Beaumont from Wisconsin live there her Mother Mrs. Burmond lives in our old cabin in the yard. This picture to the right is the same as on page 170.

Many changes.

The old pick-et fence is gone. The trees are much larger. The porch posts are new. The lean-to, to the right is gone and the shingle awning and wooden shutter gone.

The inside of the rooms are just the same but renewed. A good discription of the old house is given on page 18 on the duoble sheet, buff color.



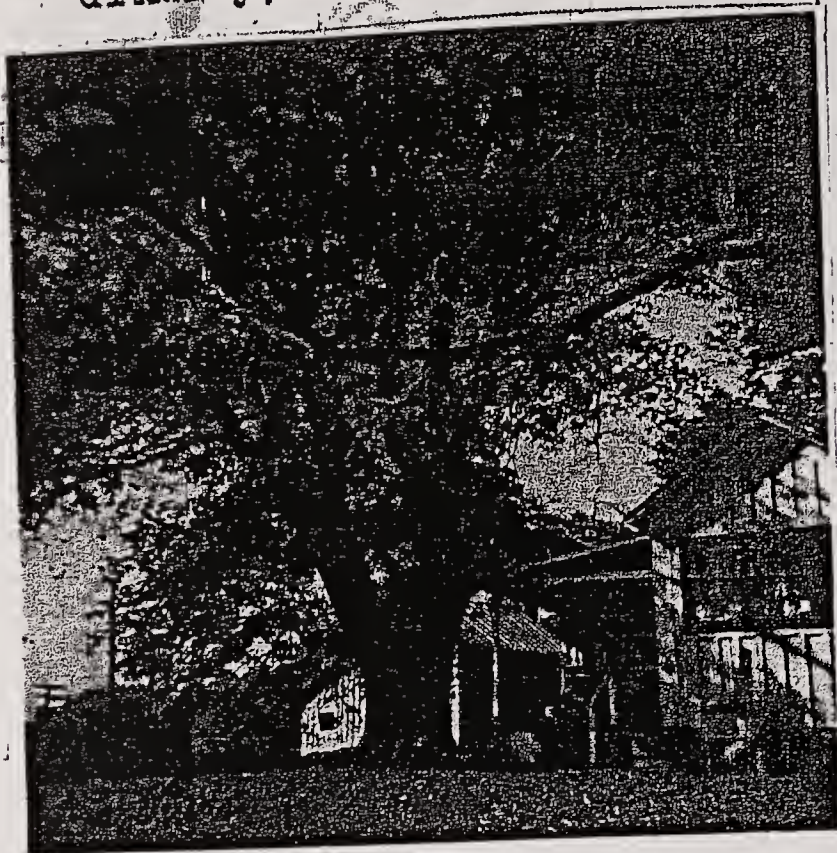
This next picture was made, to the north end of yard. We see the north room, with a new window. The front yard is well kept with flowers growing. The outside of the house shows real paint not lime white wash. A maze of tree limbs seen over the roof and the front of the Cabin with the chimney to the right of the house.

The yard is large in front extending to "Montevello Road," It is a prominent street in the present Great Britain Birmingham Number 4151.

A street runs to the left of this building with homes. Of latest plans from 10 to 30 thousand Dollars. We see them at distance around the edges.



For this picture we moved to the left side of the house for a view of the kitchen and the backporch. We get a good view of the Great Three we have spoken about before. The tree trunk is 8 or 9 feet in diamity, the largest tree trunk I know.



The great good water well that furnished water over a half century, has been filled and covered. Ofcourse they use City Water now.

We see, partially the two room cabin beyond the tree. Also light and telephone poles in the distance for homes.

This is a good view of the Cabin also the New Homes. They are standing where I plowed, and cultivated very fertile soil and the field where we labored many days.

My first view of the Home Place as it is now, a friend was driving up the Montavallo Road, I was completely lost till I saw the Old House. I call to him to stop.



I walked to the front door. Was met by Mrs. Burmond the Mother of the land lady. I told her I was and ask if I might see the Old Home. She was kind.

A year later, I saw both Mr. & Mrs. Beaumont. They let me see again. The White-Oak logs look as like Whiteoak wood.

It all brings back Precious Memories of my Child hood.

Brother Isham and his wife, Lura while attending the Southern Baptist Convention, in May, they found a preacher who needed a helper for his coming meeting. They told him I was not experienced in leading, but could do personal soulwinning and could sing solos, this pastor, told them he was going to play the organ and would be there to help.

This pastor's was Durham of Bernice, La. and Dr. M.E. Dodd the pastor at First Baptist Church Shreveport was to be the Evangelist. It was a real joy and satisfaction to my heart to have opportunity like that and I was ready to try. Bernice is located east and north of Shreveport and north a few miles. I was welcomed by Brother Durham and his Church. They were so kind I could never forget his help and encouragement.

After two week there I helped Brother Durham one week revival in a country Church a few miles from Bernice, another week. Then, sang at Franklinton, La. just south of the Mississippi line. I felt more confident and did my best with that three weeks experience.

I drank from an artesian Sulfur well every day several times. By the time I left a pimple was noticed on the middle finger of my left hand.

1913.

By the time I reached home from Franklinton, I had a real infection in my left hand, it was swollen, the whole hand was swollen and centered in that second finger. I went to Dr. Moore in Birmingham he lanced it two ways, to let it drain well and it was one thing to get some of the poison out of my body, I was almost a new fellow.

Another meeting of two weeks opened for me at Leeds, Alabama just Eighteen miles east of Birmingham in the U.S.A. Presbyterian Church, brother Payton Taylor was the pastor, I had known him at Bowl Springs Church while on the Cahaba Valley Farm, Dr. W.M. Crawford was the Evangelist and I had known him at Bowl ^{Spring} Church also. So I was not with strangers altogether and I did my best to really help in the meeting. I was intertain in Andrew Farly home, people I had known while on the Cahaba Valley Farm, in the Bowl Springs Community.

On the second Sunday at Leeds, a Mr. Derr, a boyhood friend of my Father, was at the morn-Service, and told me his daughter would be in the next morning service to walk with me out to their home, some two or three miles, to visit and eat noon lunch or Dinner. He told me, he knew our Grandfather Reynolds, and of his great Voice.

Mr. Derr, grew up with my Father, I believe Father spoke of him as John Derr. He must have five or six years old than my father. The best to me, he told me he had heard my Father's Father John Lanky Reynolds, sing a lot and he well remembered his golden baritone voice. He is the only person outside my father and his sisters tell of Grandfather Voice.

I walked out to the Derr home Monday after the Morning Service. Their home was a large house build on the side of a hill. Mr. Derr was a tall not fat large frame. His wife, did not have much to say a stocky mother. I believe they raised 16 children, only three at home. The daughter who I met first, and walked to the home with that day was their youngest, in her late teens.

There two much older, in their late thirties.

We had a good meal, principally Kid or Goate Stew.

But it was good and I eat heartily. As soon as we finished eating, Mr. Derr, in his polished way, says, "Now Mr. George, we want to hear you sing".

They had a grand piano in the living room and those old maid were real musicians. They were the only ones I ever heard play "Sacred Harp Music".

They insisted on me taking the melodies and the girls sang the alto and tenor and he the Bass. We must have sung two hours or more.

A Cement Plant was built some few years before and several of the good families from Bridgton, the Community near our Cahaba Valley Farm had move to Leeds, most of the[^] were members of the Presbyterian Church.

The picture of the lady on the opposite page had moved with her family in the meantime. She ^{was} pianist for the meeting, Miss Bessie Pool. She ~~She~~ play for that big music school brother I ^{Sham} taught at Bowlspring Church sometime before. She was a very popular lady, where ever she was. Any of the young men felt honored to get a date, especially to go to church as that was the main attraction. I took her to revivals my last year in the Valley. She taught public School for a few years.

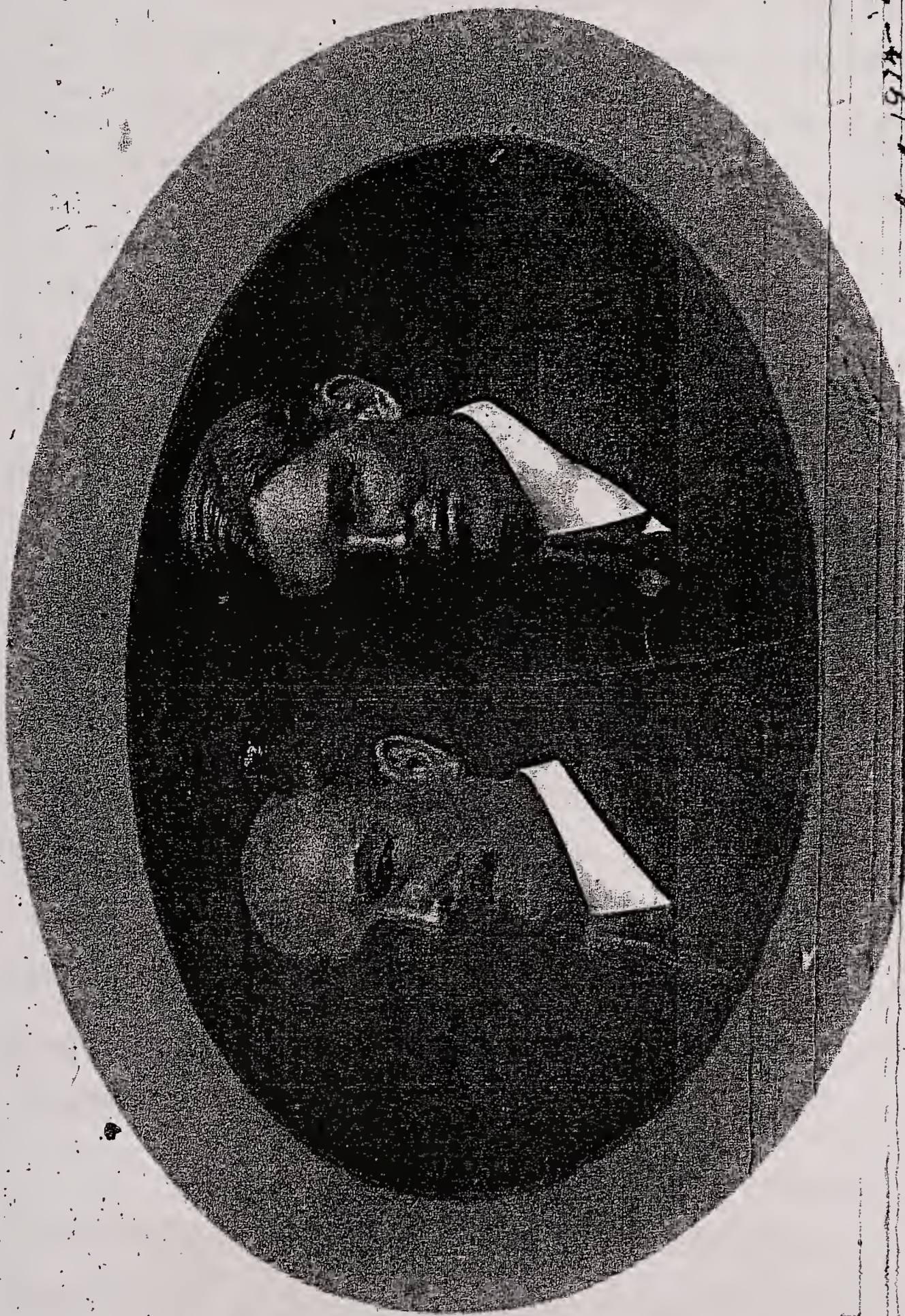
While teaching near Springville, our home town while on the Canoe Creek Farm, and met an School mate and friend of brother Isha^m, Crow Helton, and they were married about the time, I married.



the Hardy Chapel Presbyteria_n Church with Dr. Brya_n.



the Hardy Chapel Presbyteria_n Church with Dr. Brya_n.



1914-17

Dr. Walter H. Croft of
Presbyterian Episcopate of Mass.
L. A. Croft

This a good likeness of Dr. Crawford. We had this picture sometime during our years together. He was a good Gospel Preacher and many, many people were saved. I did lots of singing in his meetings he like "The Great Judgement Morning".

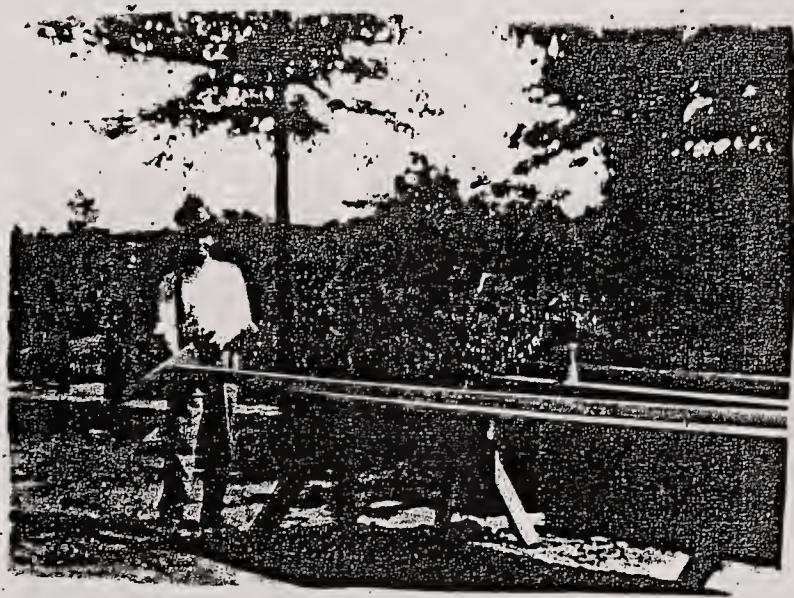
In the spring of 1916, we were in Union Town, in Western Tennessee, in the U.S. A. Presbyterian Church. The 2nd Sunday, the Pastor as him to conduct A dedication Service. It was a beautiful Service. He Sprinkled some 20 or 25 babies about one year old. At the close I ask him for the Scriptures for that Service and he said he would. I ask him the second time. Then, when I was ready to go back to School, I ask him the 3rd time, he told me if he felt as I did, he would join the Baptist Church. I told him I was making scrape books, and wanted his Scriptures. When I returned to School I started reading the New Testament carefully. I did not fins Sprinkling in the Bible. Later I united with the Baptist Church and was immerced in Chicago.

Dr. Crawford held high office in the Woodman of Word and later gave most of his time to its organization. His home was in Birmingham.

My last meeting with him in the spring of 1917 at Crestline Heights, when Daniel and Katie camr into the Hardy Chapel Presbyteria_n Church with Dr. Brya_n.

After Grandmother Eastis was gone, they bought a house and two acres of land two miles south of the Eastis home where the Leads Highway crosses the Montevallo Road. The ^{house} had been damaged by a storm but was comfortable for the two of them, till Mother went away in July of 1929.

I worked a few weeks rebuilding fence. This picture shows me sawing posts for the fence. I dug up stumps,



trimmed the fruit trees and made a garden and grew Vegetable.

The lower picture shows my

garden with

Sister Lura

~~and our parents~~
and Father Mother in the Garden.

That same year, I sang in a Tabernacle Meeting at Plymouth, North Carolina with Evangelist Rauley Wright. Following that North Carolina Meeting I went to Dr. Crawford in Tennessee and Kentucky



X. Potato Patch

till Christmas when I returned the School for another Term and Brother Isham was there Making arrangements for his School at the Seminary at Fort Worth.

SNAPSHOTS MADE 1915 AS ONES ON PREVIOUS PAGE.

(1). Below. Father and Mother with Isham, see fruit trees and grape vines.

(2) to the right. Isham and Our Old Pastor of the Mc Elwain Baptist Church W.Y. Browning.



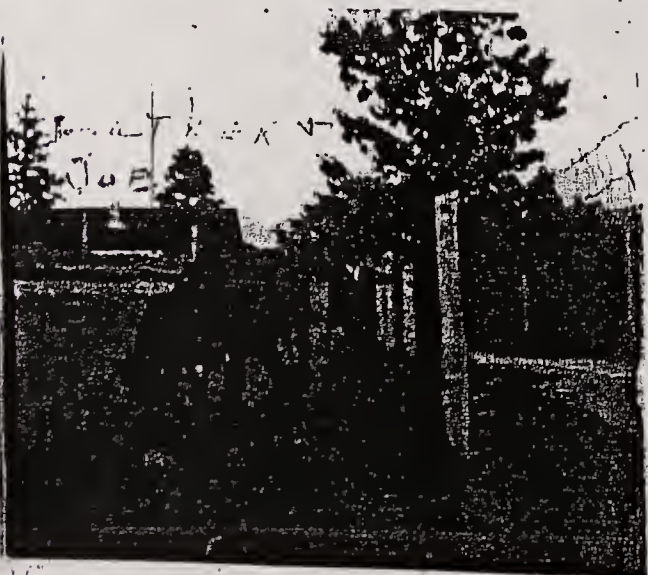
Father and Mother and Lura, easting mellons.

Mother, and her Jersey cows.



Father with his good charcoal Team Joe.

Pete.





Ira Hicks Percie Reynolds Ira Hicks Thornton P.

This was a good term for me. I had grown in the work the months sining during the two years I was away. Most of the students had changed. A new dormitory for me, I was located on the sixth floor with the Music Students.

Brother Isham met me there during Christmas week of 1915. Isham was asking Dr. Towner's advice and guidance concerning the Music School. He was

starting at the Fort Worth Baptist Seminary.

Dr. Towner was so pleased to make suggestions and Isham using Dr. Towner's text books. And that Fall, Dr. Towner spent one week in the Seminary and had full hour each day before the whole Seminary. Dr. Towner was a Master teacher, singer and director for thirty years at Moody Institute. He was trained for a Concert Singer, but Mr. Moody met him and inlisted him in Gospel Work.

I was inlisted in a Male Quartet, with the men on the opposite page. We sang for many occasions and practiced an hour each day which mean so much to me. I was singing Secon Tenor. All these men had former experience. Hicks of Tennessee had training in his home state. Tom Nichols and Jack Therp from Canada, were seasoned, the harmony was Perfect, we did good Quartet Music.

Following a short visit home in May, I went to Dr. Crawford. We were several weeks among the Cal mides in Alabama and then to Central Tennessee. Some of the Church we served the year before. And some better and new places for us program.

At Lebinan I was able to write enough Subscriptions for the Moody Monthly, to pay my Board and Tutions the next year. One of the men in the Church loan me his fox waijing filley to ride up and down the Valley. I can never forget while crossing the Cumberland River on a ferry boat how this filley would bug-out her eyes and ^{Extra} blow her nostrals. How she could travel, under the saddle. It was here I heard ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "THE PEALY WHITE CITY". and "No NEVER ALONE."

We were in Northern Alabama late in the Fall. One or two big church we were in the year before. God used my voice and good gospel solos.

Dr. Crawford would ask for the "Ninty and Nine" "THE GREAT JUDGEMENT MORNING" and a number of others. He was a good booster.

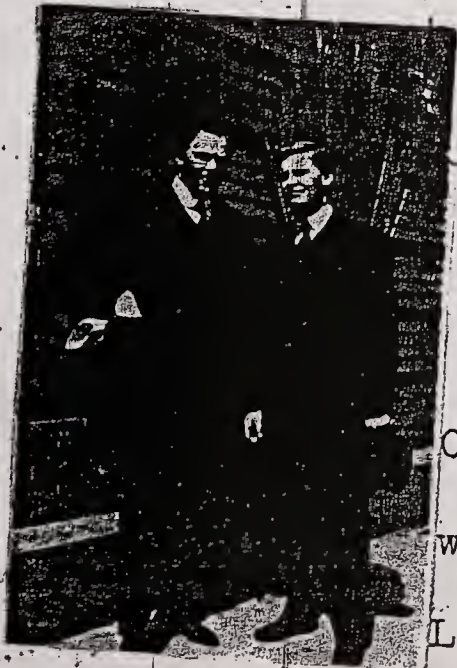
Mr Hicks
Wm Reynolds
Mr Nichols
Lester Thorp.



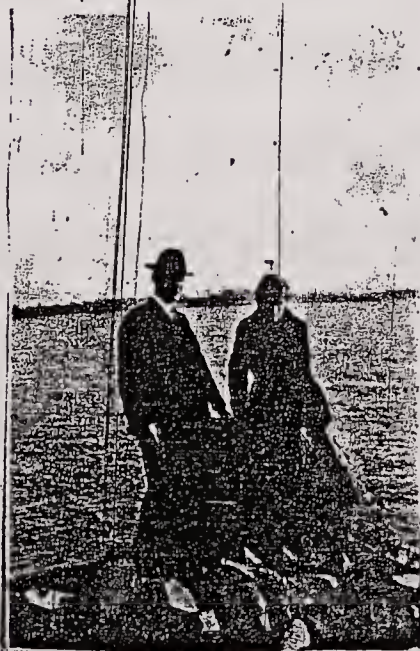
MY THIRD TERM AT MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE AND MET ETHEL. 1916.

January 1916, I returned to School for my third term, after being in Meetings eight months. Many of the former students recognized "Old Buck" the name I had inherited before. It was good to see them. The first week I was working with a mixed Quartet singing in the shops on Wednesday Noons. Joy Smith the Contralto and usually played the folding organ. The second week as we met to rehearse, she says there comes a new student and I will ask her to play for this rehearsal and there I first met my future Wife, Miss Ethel Horn from Atlantic, Iowa. We were together often in Services but not well acquainted till later.

On my way to Birmingham in the Spring I stopped in Paducah, Ky., where Brother Isham and Lura were in a meeting with Dr. L. A. Scarbrough. The two days there I was ask to sing a solo and duets with Isham.



These snapshots were made at Paducah, Ky. With Isham by the Church building, with Lura on the Lake shore.



Each Easter in Chicago, Dr. J.M. Gray and Dr. John Timothy Stone, lead a pre-Easter week's Service in one of the large Theaters in the City loop. I had sang with a mixed chorus before, but this year they ask for a Men Chorus, ask Dr. Trawbridge to select 20 voices for it. Being a voice teacher, he certainly knew the voices. I was ask to sing with the 2nd Tenors. I wish I had the names of all, how that did sing. After a week or two Dr. Trobridge ask me to serve as untility man, substituting either of the three upper parts.

I have thought it was the most wonderful singing of my life. We continued together all of 1916 and through the next Winter. Several time in the Moody Memorial Tabernacle, Paul Raider the Pastor. We sang for many Services and special gatherings in the City. One time at the Great Auditorum Theater for a Political Rally. We sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" and we were going back to sing the "Starspangle Banner", when the great Wm. Jennings Bryan came on the platform and took it away from us. We were so pleased to see him and hear him. Great tears rolled down his face as the people applauded him. We sang in the City Coliseum when Dr. L.R. Scarbrough spoke to a world Baptist gathering. It was the greatest crowd we ever sang before.

MY FIRST DATE WITH ETHEL.
AT GRAND OPERA.

After my return from the Revival at Winchester, Ky.- with Dr. Scarbrough, I ask Loretta Hobson to attend concert at Grand Opera with me and she consented. I felt obligated to Loretta, as she had offered to play and work in the Winchester Revival without pay if needed. She was needed to play but the Pastor C.C. Carroll, refused because she was not a Baptist. After I purchased the tickets, Loretta had to leave the City.

Some how, the students knew I had bought the tickets for Loretta. I felt a hesitancy to ask another Girl, but one of our good friends suggested I ask Miss Horn. When I did ask her, she was kind enough to accept, so that was my first date with my future wife my Sweet Ethel, we had much in common after that time.

I happen to see her near Christmas when she told me she was going home that evening and said she not feeling to well and might not return. I offered to accompany her to the train and she seem to appreciate my company. We corresponded while she away and I met her at the train on return after the Holidays. I still hold one or two of those letters written at her home in Atlantic, Iowa.

We were out together on Mondays, our rest day. Usually at one of the City Parks and lunched together. One night, I had gone to the Moody Church for something, I was with some of the boys and we sat down in the front row in the balcony and I was looking around for Ethel when she came with some of the girls and were seated behind us. I ask myself, why was I concerned that much, when I realized I was in love with her! I excused myself and went to my room.

That was a long week for me till the next Monday. We were out as usual having a good time. When we returned to the Institute, I ask her in the reception room to go leave her coat and hat and come back. I told her of my love. Her reply was "I had not thought of loving you." I let her know my main concern was, she engaged or loving another? Her reply "not definately. Then, I told her was going to try to win her love.

I was in my 30th year. I had prayed all my Christian life, 13 years, asking God to keep me clean and give me a good Companion. I had kept company with several young woman, but because of my schooling I knew I could not get seriously in love, but now, I felt my time had come?

I met her each day and usually walked with her each evening. I was very happy and confided in one of my boy friends and ask him to pray for us.

In a few days a call came from Mason City, Ill. asking for a student to sing for a Revival Meeting. I was told later, when the Committee met, Dr. Gray was concerned because, this was the first request from there in several years. Dr. Towner, told them "Reynolds was the only student capable of going and he has been out too much already". But, I was ask to go to Mason City. Really, I was glad to go in a way, I could not study. Ethel went with me to the train and she was very serious and promised to pray. We corresponded every day and she met me at the train on my return. We were both happy to see each other and I could see I was winning. That evening, Monday, we accepted an invitation of one of our friends to meet in her room out of the Institute to ourselves, and there she said, "yes". We were sure we would be happy living for the Lord and for each other. I was so happy to have her for my own.



Soon, many of our friends knew we were engaged. What could the future hold? My work would be finished that Spring, she had eight months to go or till the next Christmas. That seemed a long time. Then, our Nation was at War with Germany and I was facing Military Service. After some thought, I said may be, we better wait till I came back or the War was over when she unhesitatingly replied, "I rather be left your wife than your sweetheart". Ofcourse I loved her for that.

She had told me of her good Mother ask if I would like to write to her. I wrote the best letter I could, asking for her daughter's hand in Marriage. He reply was like this, "I have known for sometime of your proposal to my daughter, and she has told me that she loves you, and closed by saying that she gladly was giving her consent". It was Ethel's decision to continue in School. I had accepted work with an Evangelist for the Summer in Texas. After grauation the 1st of April that Spring, I had to leave my Sweetheart for awhile. She accompanied me to the train, and our good friend a student, George Inns, was there to escort her back to the Domitory at the Bible Institute, that night.

During my six terms, stretched out over four years, I had come a long way in my preparation. My voice was not a great as some but God was using it to carry His message. Many of the great Christians, students and teachers had a lasting influence on my life, and efforts to serve my Saviour.

Dr. D.B. Towner, who had directed the Music for many years, meant so much to us all. He took personal interest on all the students. He ask me to see him in his office before leaving. He was kind in his remarks about my work and ask me to save my voice, by holding back my volium while leading. That has kept the best of my singing through the years. He knew Ethel and complement her said I was fortunate to win her for my Companion.

I never met but few of all the students, since that time. Dr. Towner wrote me two letter while in France during the First War, and how we did feast on the lines he wrote by pen.

He passed away while singing in a Revival in the Autumn of 1919. He led the song service and sang a solo her wrote "Would You Believe?" He went to his room and when the Evangelist Wright, called he was unconcious and died before morning.

Ethel told me she was reared at Atlantic, Iowa. A County Seat, on the Rock Island Railroad between Des Moines and Omaha, Neb. Both of her parents were born in Denmark. Her Father Theodore Horn came to Atlantic as a young Journalist to edit a paper in Danish. He soon met her Mother Miss Mary Kringel and they married. Ethel was their only child and Mr. Horn was a victim of Appendicitis when their baby was four months old. Her Mother never remarried. She made her home with her aged parents supervised the home and Mother her three orphan nieces left in the death of an older brother and his wife. It was a wonderful Christian Home. Those cousins have been as sisters. They all grew up in a Baptist Church in Atlantic, known as the "Danish Baptist Church". They certainly were great Americans.

Ethel received Music early and was church organist at an early age. She taught school and with her Mother visited ~~HER~~ Father's people in Denmark a year or two prior to entering the Stitute. They had spent a year in the Old Country, some three years after Mr. horn Passed away. Her Ancestors, are great Christians as well as great Americans and we can well respect them in every way.

DANIEL AND KATIE UNITED
WITH THE CHURCH.

One of my first concerns after finishing my Course at Moody Bible Institute was to get Daniel to Unite with the Church. He was saved before we moved from Canoe Creek. Katie was a member of another church, but they were ready to join Hardy Chapel, pastored by Dr. J.A. Bryan. They lived within a block or so of the Chapel. This snapshot to the right Daniel and Katie with Edna and Robert in front of their Home with others of the Church. They have been faithful members since. Daniel was made a Deacon later.

It was during this time that Aunt Salley Sims died and we attended her burial at Mc Elwain.

Our Parents were living near Hardy Chapel. They were members of Hardy Chapel and Dr. Bryan preached her funeral in 1929. Dr. W.M. Crawford preached about ten days and I led the singing when Daniel and Katie came into Church, in May of 1917.



I was ask by Dr. L.R. Scarborough to sing for Meeting that Spring, at the Gaston Avenue Church in Dallas. Dr. Powhatan James, the Son-in-law of Dr. George W. Truitt, was the Pastor.

Dr. Lois Insmenger was directing the Soul-winning. It was during this time that the first Music students were graduated from the School of Sacred Music at the Fort Worth Baptist Seminary. We all attended, and I was ask to sing in a Male Quartett with B.B. McKenney, Lee Stulce and Lifice Lamb.

I believe all of the Seminary Faculty were members of the First Baptist Church of Fort Worth, Dr. J. Frank Norris the Pastor, before he lead his Church out of the Southern Baptist Convention and formed the Conservitive Baptist Convention. It was during the Commencement I first met Dr. Will T. Sherod the Seminary Evangelist I had signed to work with that Summer. He contacted me while in Moody Institute, for some meeting in Texas.

I did enjoy knowing the students and the teachers at the Seminary.

1918.

I can never forget the meeting with Brother Sherod. We first were at the Southside Baptist Church where Brother Hull was pastor. He and his wonderful Family was so good to us, the services were conducted under a tent. While there I met for the first time Dr. Jenkins of great First Church. He attended most of our Services, I remember yet his walking to the tent holding his black umbrella.

Our second Meeting was at Merkle, just west of Abilene and the terrible draught. I heard them, saying, the cattle are dying faster than they could skin them, I remember seeing cows standing in dried up ponds. I cannot recall the name of the Pastor there.

Our third meeting was at Clyde, Texas just East of Abilene, Dr. Parks was the pastor. When we were going to our fourth meeting at Taipa south east of Abilene, Dr. Parks told us not to be surprised if we took appendiciddis, as most of the citizens of Clyde had been operated.

Sure enough, I went down with the Clyde malady. Was operated at Ballerger, Texas. The Dr. Told me, my attack was over, but I was afraid to risk another attack and ask him to operate.

MY RECOVERY; AND MEETINGS 1919.THAT YEAR.

During my hospitalization, Ethel was in touch with me and offered to come to me, it was wonderful have a sweetheart like that, but knew and was confident of my recovery. Brother Isham and Lura were in meeting some where and they wired me to go to their apartment in the Domitory at the Seminary and rest. There I met Brother Conant King, who married that Summer and had come to be Secretary for the Seminary also Treasure. His aged Father Dr. King was retiring Pastor at Mc Kenney, Texas. I was invited to sing for a meeting at Mc Kenney a month after my operation, with Dr. F.F. Brown, pastor at Sherman, Texas. That Great preacher left his stamp on me, always. His ability and the power of Lord. I do not ever remember seeing him again.

That Fall, I went to Field Street Church Texarkana, one week, preceeding, Brother Isham, Lura and Dr. Scarbrough. I sang a duet with my Brother Sunday morning, and left on afternoon train for Afton, Oklahoma where I met that illustrious preacher, Dr. Elmer Ridgeway. He received the Call to the First Baptist Church Frederick. Our next Meeting was at Wewoka, Brother Brankly, Pastor. From there we attend the State Convention at McAlester, Oklahoma. One more meeting with W.L. Estes, in the Oklahoma Pandhandle.

I offered to enlist in the Army December the 15th 1917 at Shawnee, but I was just a day or two too late and they told me I would have to wait my call. As my call would come from Birmingham, Ala., I wrote Brother Daniel to see if he could learn when my call would come? He contacted the head of the Draft Board, who was a family acquaintance, and he as my brother to come back the next week and he be able to tell him, and on this contact he said my name was away down the list, he advised that I go on with any plan, that he doubted that I would be called as many believed the War would be over, by that time.

Ethel was Home resting after Christmas, and we were anxious to get married. She said if I was not able to make the trip to Atlantic, she and her Mother would meet me so place. The last part of January we were at Tonkawa, Oklahoma. Estes decided to close February the 6th, on Wednesday. Three days before the next day at Coalgate, Oklahoma.

So we planned to meet in Kansas City to be married., Friday the 8th. I arrived in Kansas City Friday night the 7th, my first time there. I was very fortunate to get all the information from the Taxi Cab stand for directions and suggested I go to his Pastor, Rev. Jourdan, Pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle Church. I met their train at 7:00 next morning.

Feb. 8, 1918.

Their train, from Atlantic by way of Omaha, arrived at 7:00 A.M., the first time we had seen each other since the passed April. My first time to see her Mother. It was a happy meeting for all of us, and Mrs. Horn was so sweet.

After a good breakfast, at the Hotel and in our room, we all went to the Court House, for our Marriage License, we bought flowers and found the Preacher. He and his family received us graciously at their home. He had known brother Isham. I do not remember much he said but I knew I was married to my sweetheart and so happy to be together. The Pastor and his wife as us to sing, before, going on and we sang duet and Ethel played.

We had lunch at the Hotel. Our train left for Oklahoma in mid-afternoon, Ethel's Mother could leave for Omaha and Atlantic till in the Evening. She seem so pleased, and told me she was so pleased to have a son, which made me happy.

We arrived at Coalgate Saturday night and entertained at the Pastor's home. Estes, stayed across town.

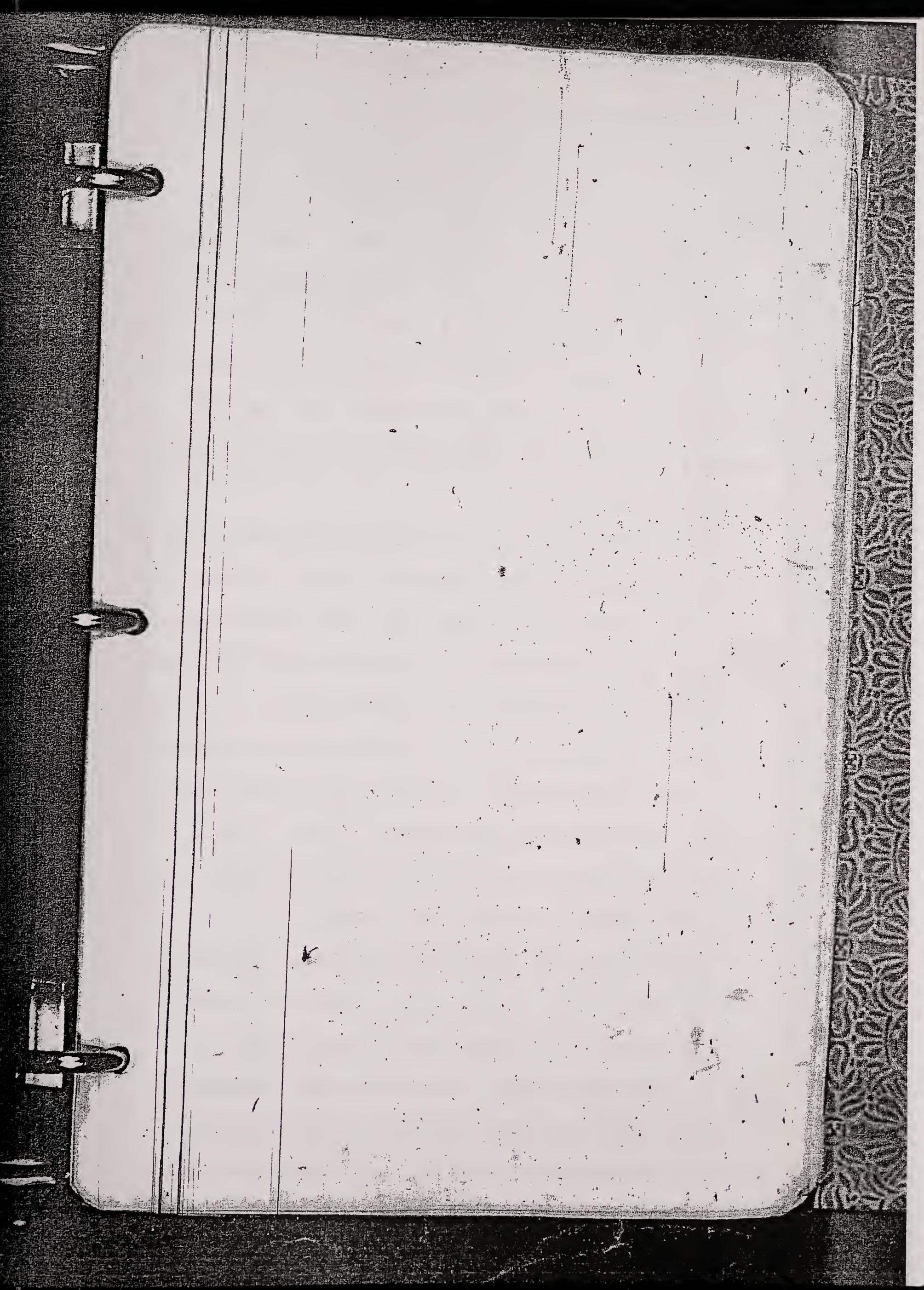
These pictures on the opposite page are the first ones we had made for each other, when I was leaving her for meetings some 4 months before.

OUR WEDDING PICTURES TALK FOR EACH OTHER
BY EACH OTHER.



OUR WEDDING PICTURES MADE FOR EACH OTHER
by EACH OTHER.





I had been with R.L. Estes, some three months. Before we were married, I ask him how long could he use us and I believe he said four meeting or two months. The first week we were together at Coagate, he told me he would have to let me go as the State Board thought he was paying us too much money.. And the second week he came to the Parsonage Wednesday morning to tell us the meeting would close that eveing.

After closing we decided to go to Shawnee, Okla. Dr. E.L. Compere, was the Pastor. I told him our plight. He was very sympathetic, and told us to just rest easy and there would be plenty of work for us.

We secured a room across the street for two weeks. We have thought of that as our Honeymoon. In the meantime we sang for a funeral almost every day and for the Weekly Services.

We had opportunity to know some good people we have loved worked with all the years.

We first sang at Pondcreek, Medford, Oklahoma. Then to Texas. First took my good wife to visit Isham and Lura at the Seminary in Fort Worth. Then to Hillsboro, Texas. Then, to Sand Springs Oklahoma, then to Tulsa. We were at the Nogales Avenue Baptist Church, when my call came for Army.

June 1918.

This was a dark time for us. We were so happy together and we felt we were God wanted us. Brother Isham, was concerned and wrote us at Tulsa that he was with us and in the event I could not return, he would see Ethel did not want for help.

When my Army Call came I ask to be transferred to Fort Worth. I interred Cambowie June the 11, 1918. Ofcourse my first 14 days was in the Detention Camp. While there, my entrence blanks. One question? have you ever played a band instiment? and how lon.? I told them I played bass two years in College. They were eager to fill the Band to Fifty Men to serve with Medics. At the end of the Detention, I went to the 144th Infantry band.

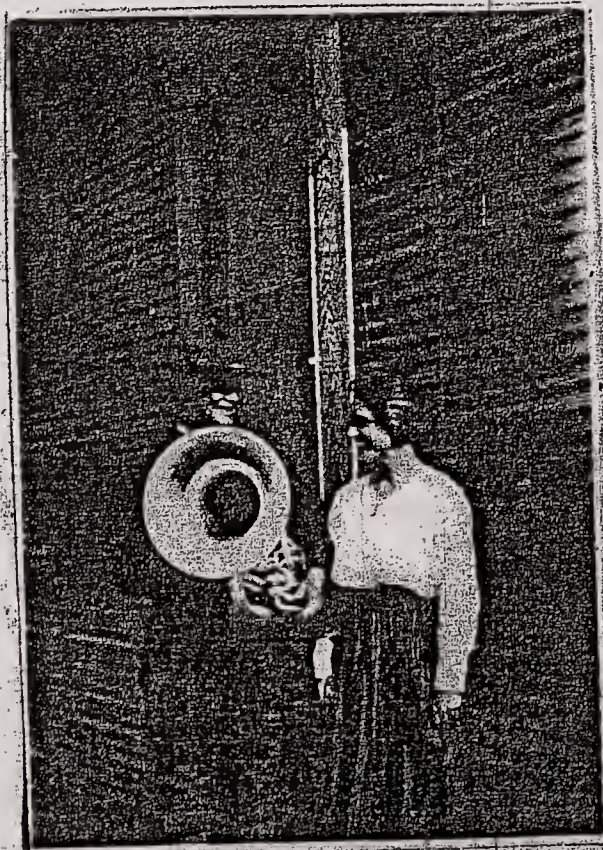
The Pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, gave Ethel a room and board to play for the Services and hand out supplies to the Soldiers. She came to see me about every day while in Detention and then we were together at nights till the Division left on the 9th of July.

The Camp Pastor was Brother Robinson, he was very kind to us and appreciated our help in the Services. I was issued a E Flat Bass Horn with Over Seas Uniform. I had to almost learn the scale all over but it came easy.

I enjoyed playing for the drills, Retreat, and some concerts, the band boys were very kind. Most of them had been together 18 Months on the Mexican Border. All the boys who lived in Fort Worth, some married, were allowed to be at their homes at nights and several married the last days.

We enjoyed our Seminary Friends and others those days. Dr. Banks R. Robinson and his good wife at the Tabernacle, Evangelists. She was not well and their physician told them she must be operated for a tumor, but, that was their first baby boy. ha.

These pictures were made while there. The first at the Seminary before going to Camp and the second at the Tabernacle. Ethel was so sweet to me.



Page 198. LOADING OUT FOR FRANCE, July 9, 1918.
FROM CAMP BOWIE FORT WORTH.

We were recobciled and had our goodby that last morning in our room, then Ethel came on the Field before we marched to the Train and kissed me good by, and went back waving to all of us with a smile. I can never forget that picture, as she walked away she was so beautiful and sweet.

Some of the boys' wives came to the train and made scenes, and then married again before these boys could return. I had learned how much a good woman could mean to a man. I felt her prayers all those months. It was her desire, that she might have a baby while I was gone, but it was not God's will. She could have stayed at the Seminary but her Mother ask her to come home and she worked the Bank in Atlantic and saved her salary and her cheks from the Government.

This is another picture with my horn in the Uniform.

The Rock Island Train was a mile long, mostly of Old Pullman Cars.

I enjoyed an upper birth all the way to Long Island.



July 18, 1918

I do not remember too much about the Island. Our Troop Train stopped in the Grand Central New York Station, then took us through the Tunnel Under the Hudson River. I made a short trip to New York City, did not have much time the high building is about all I can remember, definitively. The Island was so crowded and we were so busy the days went fast. We left Camp Bowie July 9th and went aboard Ship the 18th.

We were brought by train to Hoboken and went aboard in mid-morning. It was the "Great George Washington," one of few its size. I believe it was one of the German Vessels Interned In our ports. At the beginning of the war. These largest Ships were used to lead Convoys. *WE HAVE PICTURE IT,*

General Smith, of the 36th Division, was with us and he lead a Convoy of 11 transports. Our Division loaded out from many parts of our shores.

As we went on the ship a stream of slacked coal *FLUING* was into the boiler room. We were fed our noon meal and standing as close as possible on deck and not allowed to sit down. We heard the great Engines start throbbing. We expected a tug would be required pull us out of dock, but not so, The George Washington backed out on its own power.

HEADING OUT TO SEA.

July 18, 1918.

After the Engines started some time, we were busy and watching the crowd, infact the ship had moved back some distance before many of us were aware, ^{when} we on our way. As the ship turned in the Hudson River, not a word was said. There were tears and lumps in throats. As we passed the Statue of Liberty, we could salute her and say in our hearts say goodby U.S.A.

Most of us watched till dark, we saw the syline of the Statue and the building of the City fade with Day light. Our beds were beneath the deck of the ship made with cast iron pipe, some half dozen bunks just enough space to ease our bodies into the double bunks. I was soon asleep, thinking of Ethel. We were waken next morning by the bugler, we had to go on deck. The sea was so quiet, as some said it look like glass. I could not see we had hardly moved, except, one or two ships had joined us.

I did not know, till later, we traveled South till all our Convoy joined us and then we headed across. Our Band played concerts on the ship deck. We all enjoyed it. The air was tense, the enemy Subs were alerted. Our Guns were trained on every object to serface. On the 13th day, July 31st we sighted land, and anchored in the Harbor of Brest.

August 1, 1918.

We watched the vessels in the Great Harbor of Brest, France, till dark. All kind and sized of boats. Some reminded me of picture I had seen most of my life, european, dressed fisherman, catching fish. We slept another night on our ship bunks.

Next morning we were carried ashore on large barges. Worked several hours unloading our ships. In the afternoon, we were feed and started climbing a long steep hill, with our 90 pound packs, and later Louis Stanton, was yapping, as he usually did, and he said "This is the longest hill I ever did with crupper on." The boys laughed. This was the thing that help keep up our morale.

We pitched our Pup-tents in the rain. Can one, except a soldier sleeping while water runs under neath his blanket? I did sleep all night and I never heard a gripe from any one else because we all knew "we were in the Army now".

Late that afternoon we marched back down that hill to a one of our U.S.A. rail road trains. It was a long train made up of Day Passenger Coaches. We realized we were away from Pullman Cars. Everything was different in France. The wheat was being harvested by hand and mostly by women. We noticed, our Negros, were taken in, as Indians.

Page 202. ON TROOP TRAIN FROM BREST TO BAR-SUE-AUBE. 1918.

On the opposite page is a Map of France. I have put a red line as I think we traveled, however it has been Forty years ago, and I am not absolute sure. The distance must be over 400 miles. We were two or three days on the trip. We were served our meals, out of a box car in the front part of the train. We lost much time because of heavy traffic and slow switchman. They used a quait mouth whistle for signals. After seeing the French Freight Caps, we could understand why they were called 8 or 40.

The Morale of boys kept high. I don't remember one taken by death. They changed a lot. Being replacements.

It must have been about noon the third day we arrived at Bar-sue-Aube. I do not know the population. Our 36 Divisional Headquarters was there. All the Division trained in that Region. Our 144 Infantry Headquarters Company trained at Tonnerre some 50 miles South.

We had to hike that FIFTY miles after being on the road all that time. We were a dirty worn hungry bunch. Our packs were heavy. We had not changed cloths since goimh on ship we slept with our clothes on the last half way on Ship.

On the opposite page is a Map of France. I have put a red line as been Forty years The distance must two or three day our meals, out o of the train. We' traffic and slow mouth whistle fo Freight Caps, we called 8 or 40.

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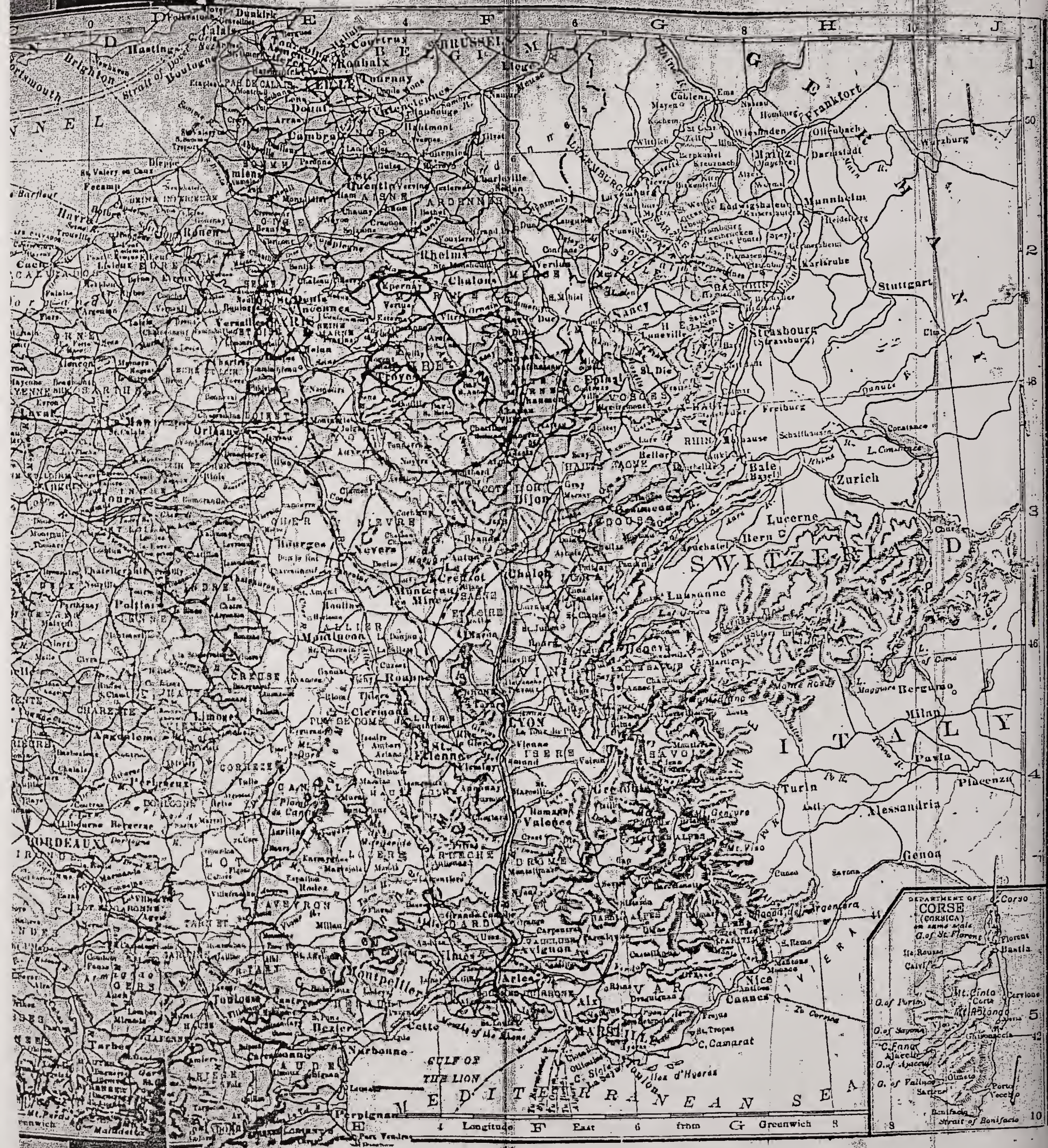
It must ha day we arrived a the population. was there. All th Our 144 Infantry Tonnerre some 50 We had to h on the road all hungry bunch. Our changed cloths si with our clothes



A MAP OF FRANCE. THE RED LINE SHOWS
OUR ROUTE FROM BREST TO BAR-SUE-AUBE 1918.



A MAP OF FRANCE. THE RED LINE SHOWS OUR ROUTE FROM BREST TO BAR-SUE-AUBE & 1918.



This top picture shows a view of the town and the terrain. The 2nd Picture the Catholic Church.

TONNERRE (Yonne). — Vue générale.

Cette partie de la ville est adossée à de très jolies collines qui l'encadrent agréablement. Ces collines prennent, suivant la saison, des tons variés, et passent, du vert le plus tendre, au rouge le plus vif, à la venue de l'automne. L'Eglise Notre-Dame, sur la gauche, haute de 40 mètres, date de 1610.

CLICHÉ ET EDITION GABARD, A TONNERRE.



SAINTE-GERMAINE. — La Chapelle.

CLICHÉ ET EDITION GABARD, A TONNERRE.

This is the town where the Headquarters Company of the 144th Infantry, of the 36 Division trained for the front during August and September of 1918. This top picture to the left shows the terrain of the country, and the second picture shows the Catholic Church building and the only one in town. Our band of 50 men were billeted on the 2nd floor of a boys dormitory just back of this Church building in the Church yard. In this Church yard yard was pool, no doubt the Baptistry, before Catholicism changed to sprinkling. It was walled with large flat brown stone. Wide steps lead down into the water. The top step had the word Baptistry in large plain letters. There were so large Apple trees. Next to Church yard was woodland of large tall trees and a very dense growth of vines and cotton wood brush.

We were up early each morning and walked in formation to our Mess some two or three blocks for our breakfast. Then we marched out to a farm field where we trained with the Medical Corps. Besides learning to give wounded men first aid and loading them on our backs and on stretchers for the Hospital we were given all kinds of exercises for strengthening our bodies. We march back for noon meal and out again till four P.M. We rehearsed one hour before supper, and about one hour before dark, of our own.

We had rotated with the other three regiment bands, playing for General Smith at his Headquarters and we had the last one. To the right are three pictures, the top the general view, the second the main street, and the last the Catholic Church built in the 13th Century and where the Gothic form of Architecture was discovered.

We were told, by grape vine, we were going to front lines the next week. Much stress was on for preparation. We did not know much, but learned later our Division was selected for may be the worse section in the lines. Where the Germans had lived in broad trenches with hardwood floors and rugs and pianos with french women. The other Divisions had not been able to move them and stood foremost with concrete blocks for their guns.

Our Division was very tense, fighting among ourselves. The day before we broke training, one of big Texas boys had a finger bit off by a cook in our Mess at Tonnerre.

This last Sunday, a Special Service was planned for Sunday morning, in this large Church where we had played for many Funerals, during eight weeks. I called on to sing and I selected "Thy Word Have I Hid In My Heart." May be, many were prepared, that Day.



1 BAR-SUR-AUBE. — Vue générale prise du Chemin de Saint-Germain. — LL



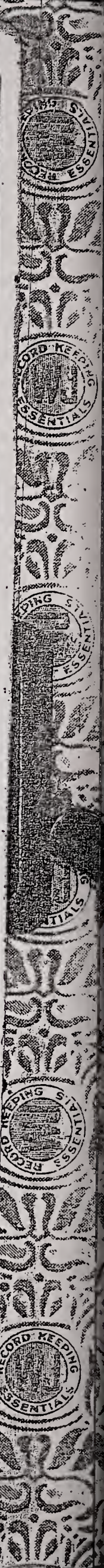
8 BAR-SUR-AUBE. — La Rue de la Gare. — LL.

Edition des Galeries Modernes



13 BAR-SUR-AUBE. — L'Église Saint-Pierre. — LL.

Edition des Galeries Modernes



208 OUR LAST DAY IN TONNERRE BEFORE
MOVING UP TO THE FRONT LINES,

1918.

One afternoon, I was reading my Scofield Bible, when Walker, one of the band boys, says "George I see you reading that Bible, can you tell me how to be a Christian?" "My Mother is praying for me and I want to be a Christian," I told him "I will try". We went to that woods. I told him it was necessary for us to want to be saved. We be willing to confess every sin to God, willing to quit our sins and willing to do what God wanted us do. When he yielded, he was gloriously saved.

The next day or so, after our noon meal, we took to the road, a northwest route one hundred miles or so. We camped that night in a field of wheat stubble. Walker and I bedded together in Paptent. We hiked part of the next day and loaded on a freight train and reached Epernay by midnight. That was a City of 200,000 once. Great shell holes could be seen. We hiked out of the City, when the Captian rode up on his horse. He ask if we rather fall out sleep or go on. We were soon asleep. I slept in a drain ditch. Louis Stanton, our pica-lo player slept sitting on his honched against a tree and he could not get up or speake till troted up and down the hill. We had many laughs in after years about him.

Page 813.

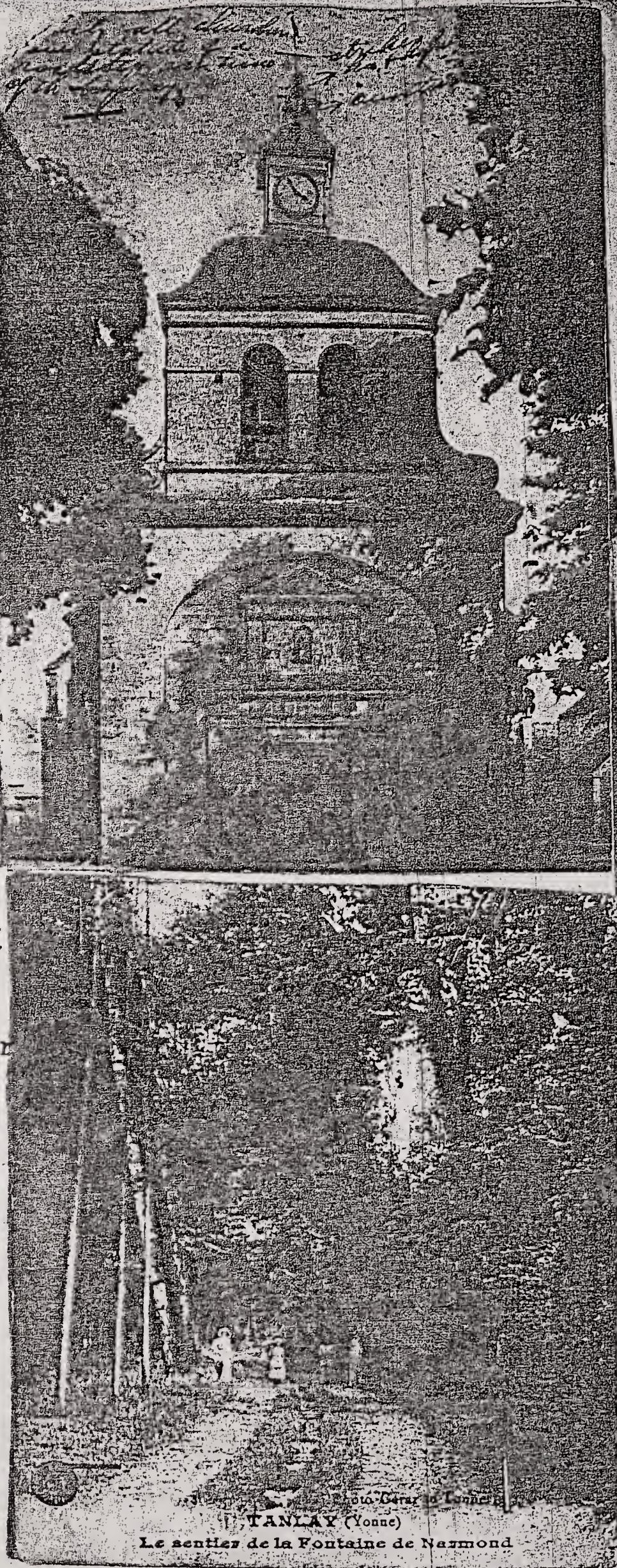
51 213.
CATHOLIC CHURCH
in Tanley.
Dr. George Truitt
saw there one
night but I mis-
sed it.
We played for
some funerals in
this building.

The second picture is one of the walks, by a small stream of water and beautiful.

This is a summer scene, we were there in Winter. I have lived over many experiences even in latter years. Our U.S. have humor others do not.

I walked at nights after a day of reading. I usually walk along a Cannel or out on a highway

Most of the French people were in their homes or at Cafes. There were no shows nor T.V. ha'



TANLAP (Yonne)

Le sentier de la Fontaine de Narmond

Each Army Division had a Football team. We were carried over many miles to play for games. Each Army Corps's teams contested for high score and the winner of the Army Corps contested for championship.

The 36 Division won the contest in our Army Corps. We made one trip to Paris to play for the Championship of all the Overseas Teams.

Then, later, we went to the Leave Regions twice to play for boys on leave in the Foot Hills of the Alps in the Grenoble Regions. Our Nation rented hotels and entertainment for our boys. It was necessary to keep U.S. Soldiers in high Spirits. We made two trips there during the Winter of ten day or two weeks each.

We were in Lyons both coming and going. It is an important City, may be, next to Paris in size. We climb so high Mountains to the Snow Line.

It was one time, of few we slept between sheets. Later I got a Pass to go to Paris four days, I enjoy it very. Rex Wingo and Clarence Klinehaber was with me. We spent all the four days sightseeing the Great City. Then we were there for the Champion Ship Football game. earlier. I will show some pictures of Paris on following sheets.

STARTING A LOG HIKE BACK
DOWN STATE.

1918.

The first day, we all felt so good and thinking may be would be going home soon? First talk of being home by Thanksgiving, then, by Christmas. We must have made 30 miles that day. I had held back a pair of hobnails just wearing them around the billett.

They felt good. But by noon the first day, I was reminded of my bad arches. By night, there were several large water blisters. I doctored them. After another day or so they heald, but a hurt in my feet to my knees I should have ask to get on a truck as many did but there were so many "Goldbrickers" I gritted my teeth

and kept going. One the worst times, was after our ten ten minutes fallout minute fall-out was starting again. One time I told the boys, if this hike dir not stop "Ethel was going to have an old man". They laughed and started "Old Folks" or "Old People" the rest of the time.

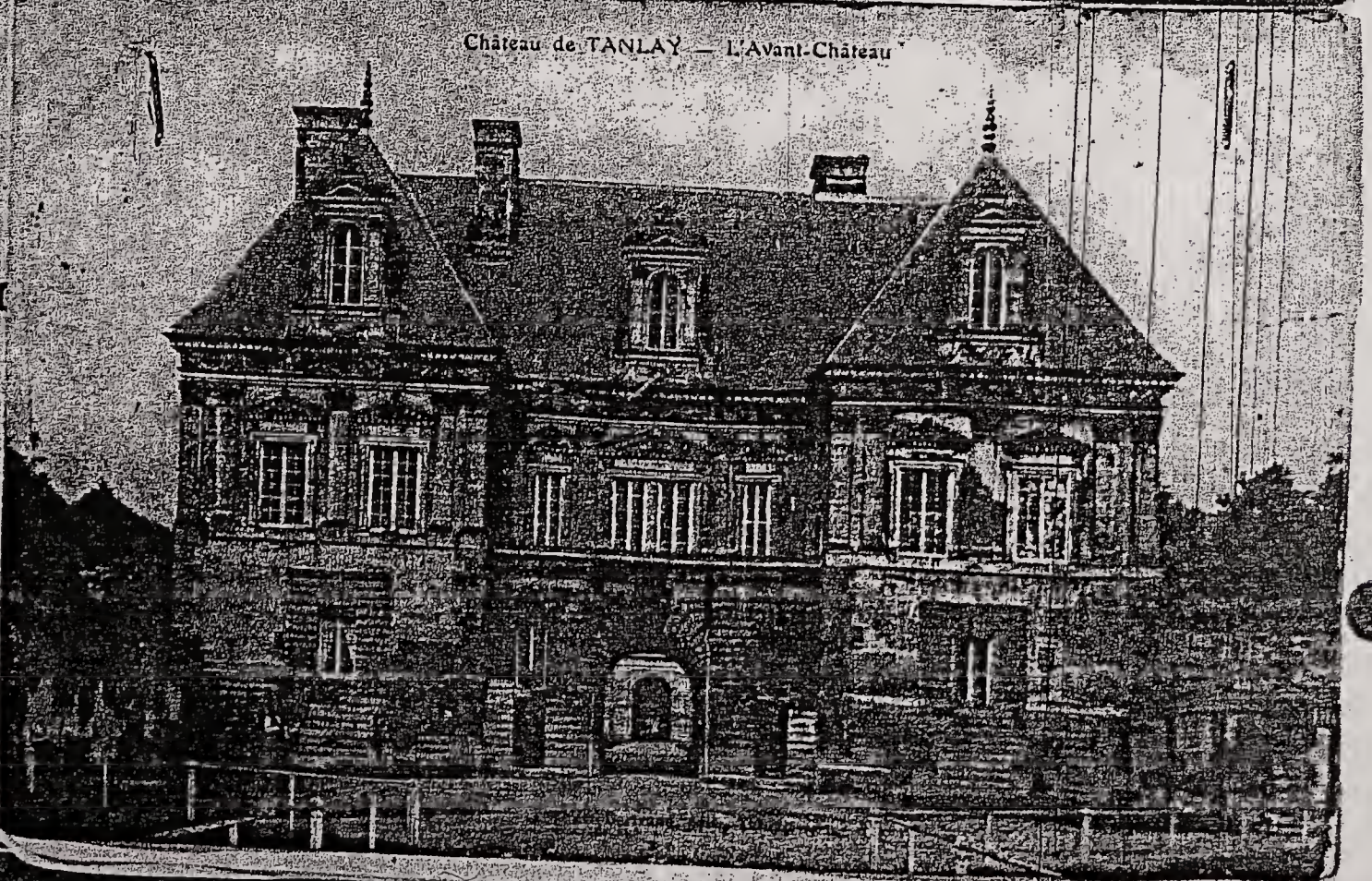
We found some special dried grapes of raisens. Several of the boys complained of being out of Franccs. O bought enough to pass around to all the boys and they surely did enjoy them.

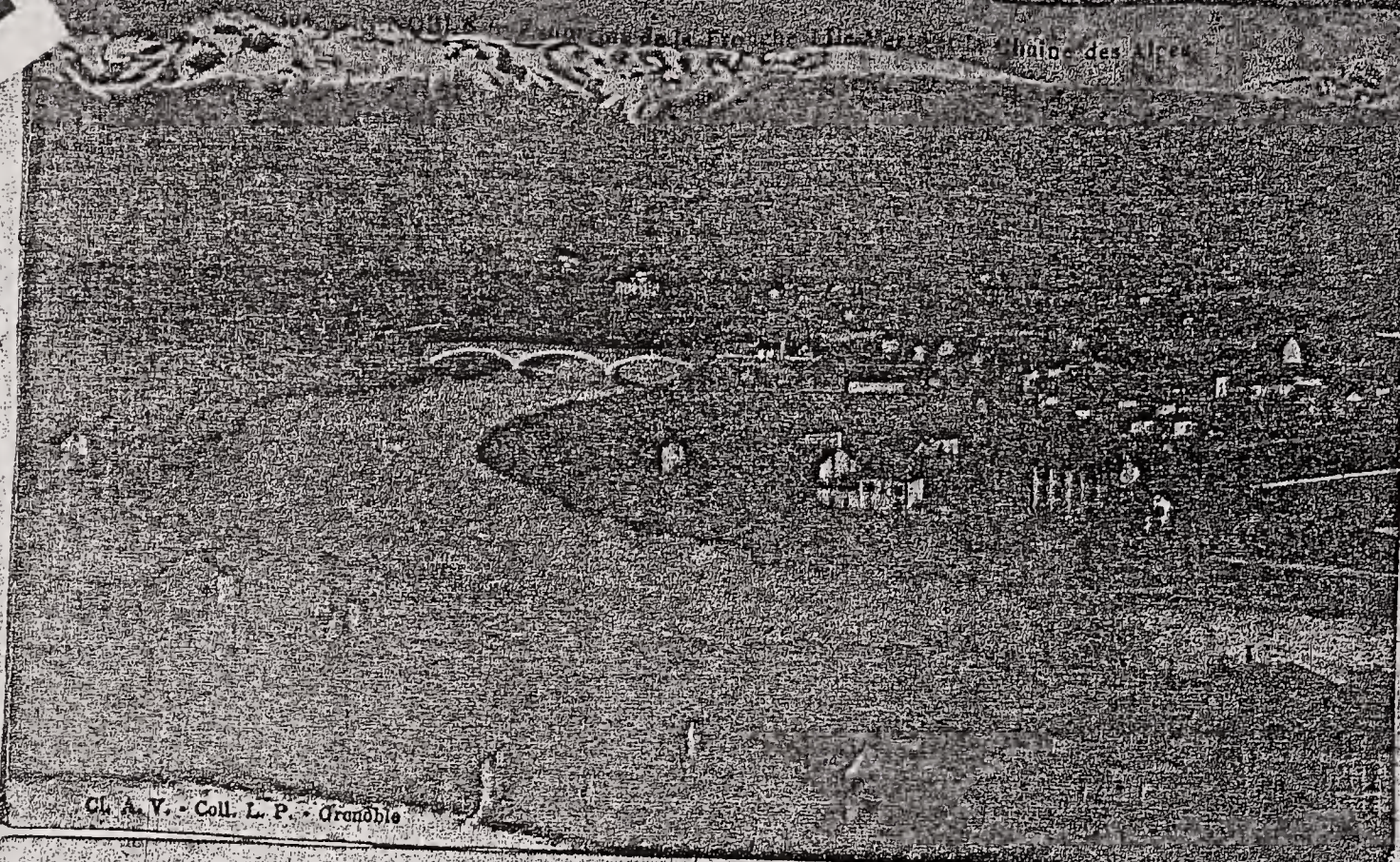
The 13th Day, I had decided to get on a truck. It was one of the days we walked into the evening to find a place to sleep, and that was the town we stayrd all Winter. The name Tanley. It was located on the main line between Paris and Lyons.

TANLAY, FRANCE OUR HOME FOR THE WINTER 1918
1919.

This first picture shows the Main Street.
We were allowed to rent sleeping rooms and I did a
part of the time with an old couple. Their beds
were made of Feathers, both mattress and cover ticks.
I used my own blankets.

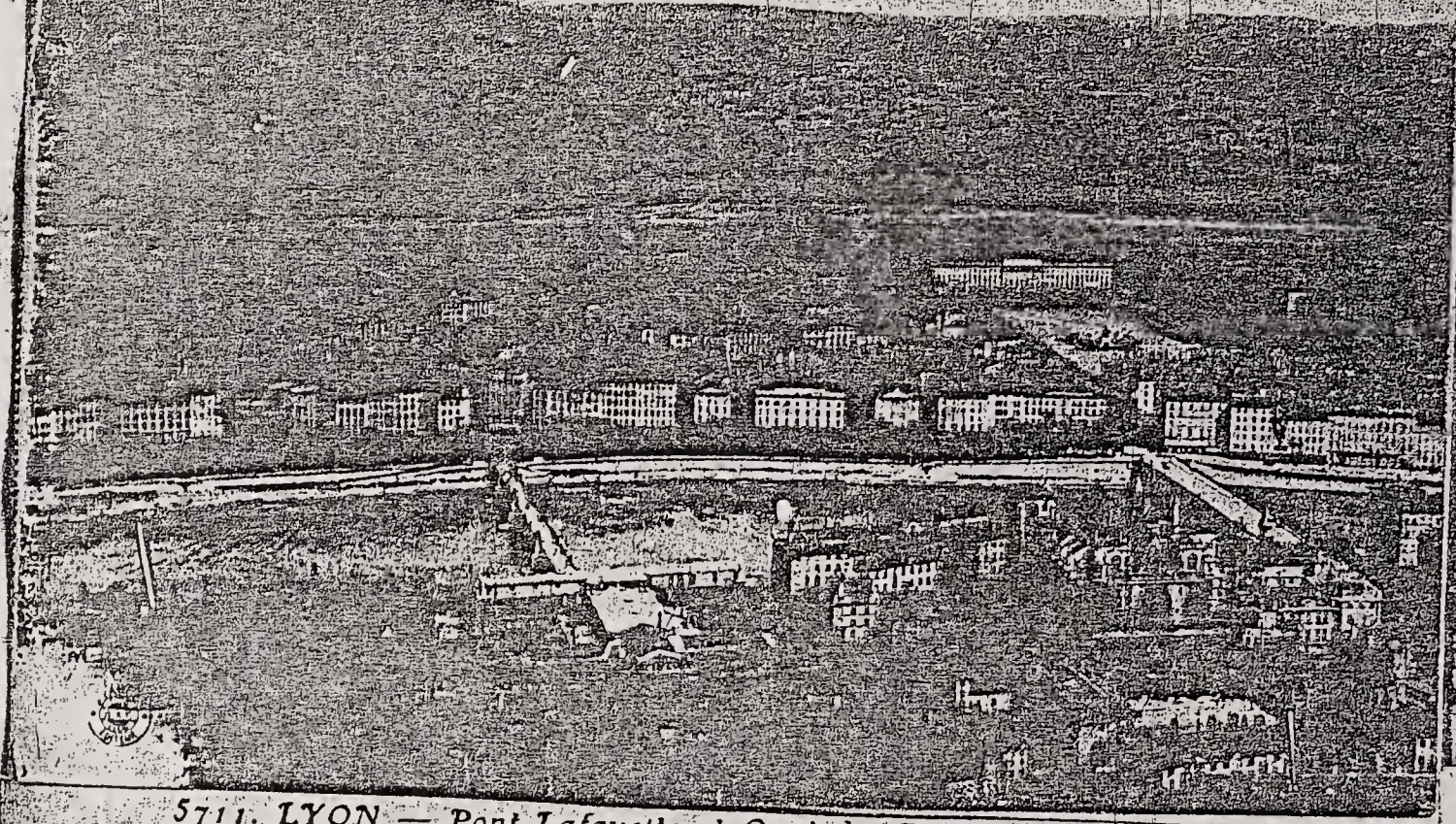
The second picture is the Town Chateau across
a moat of water. We were as happy as possible away
from home. And these people were peaceful and kind.





Ch. A. V. - Coll. L. P. - Grenoble

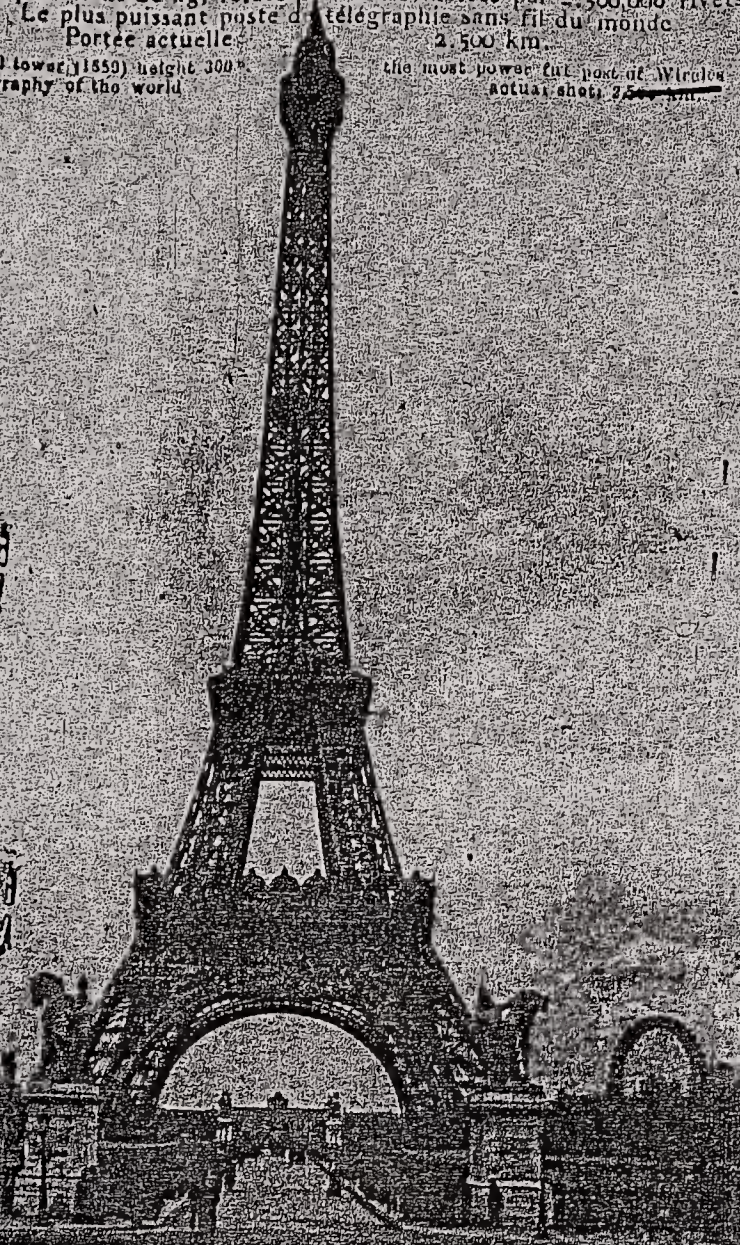
5872. LYON — Vue panoramique, prise de la Tour Métallique de Fourvière



5711. LYON — Pont Lafayette et Quai des Brotteaux



7. PARIS — La Tour Eiffel (1889), haut 300 m.
 Poids 7 millions de kg. 12,000 pièces assemblées par 2,500,000 rivets
 Le plus puissant poste de télégraphie sans fil du monde
 Portée actuelle 2,500 km.
 The Eiffel tower, 1889, height 300 m.
 the most powerful post of Wireless
 actual range 2,500 km.

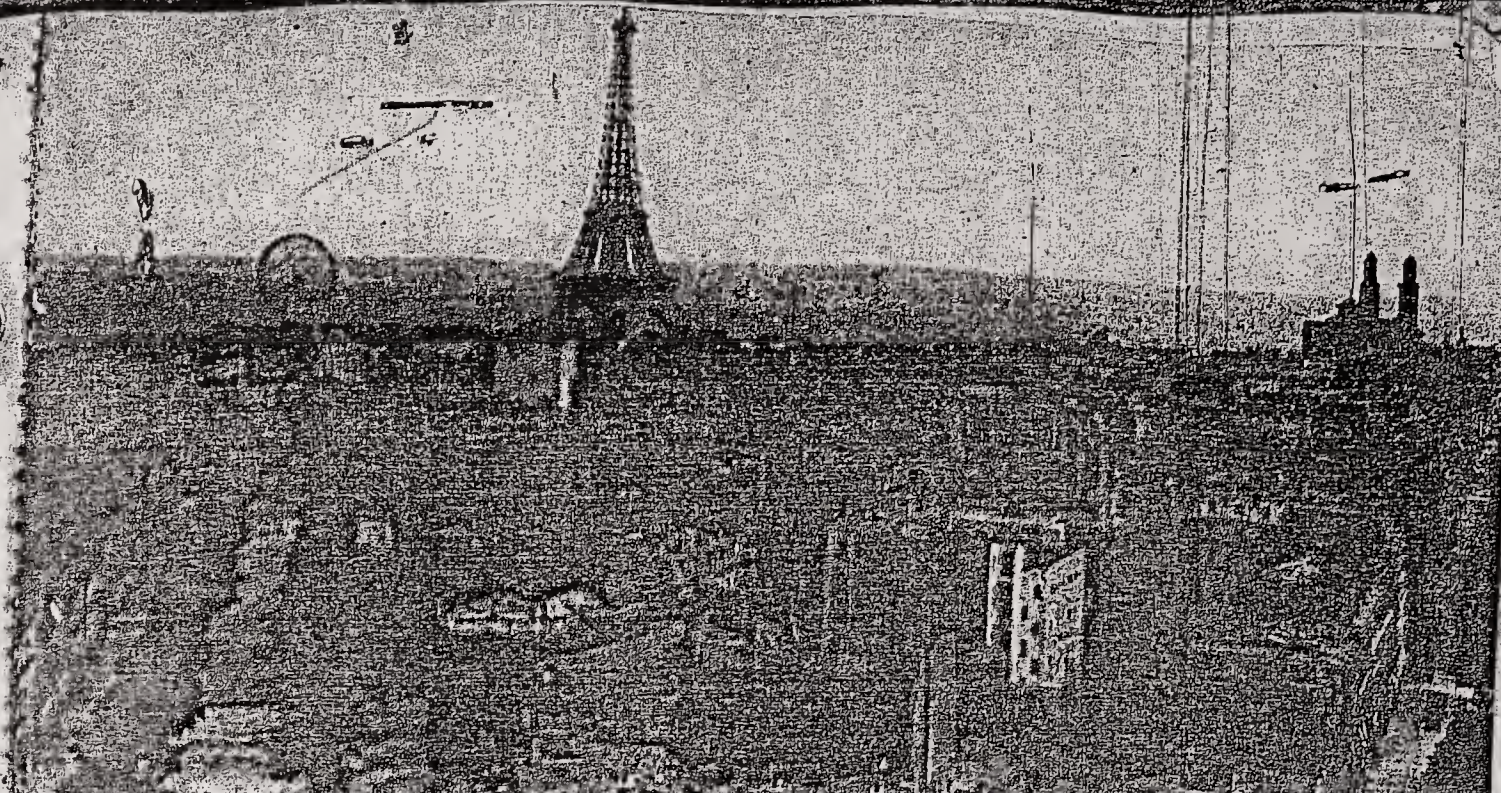


As we saw it.
 The loftiest
 structure in the
 whole world. Was
 erected 1889. 984
 feet high 429 feet
 higher than the
 Washington Monu-
 ment. There are
 three platforms
 at various heights,
 to which the ascent
 is made by elevators
 or staircases.
 1,927 steps in all.
 The total cost was
 over a \$1,000,000.

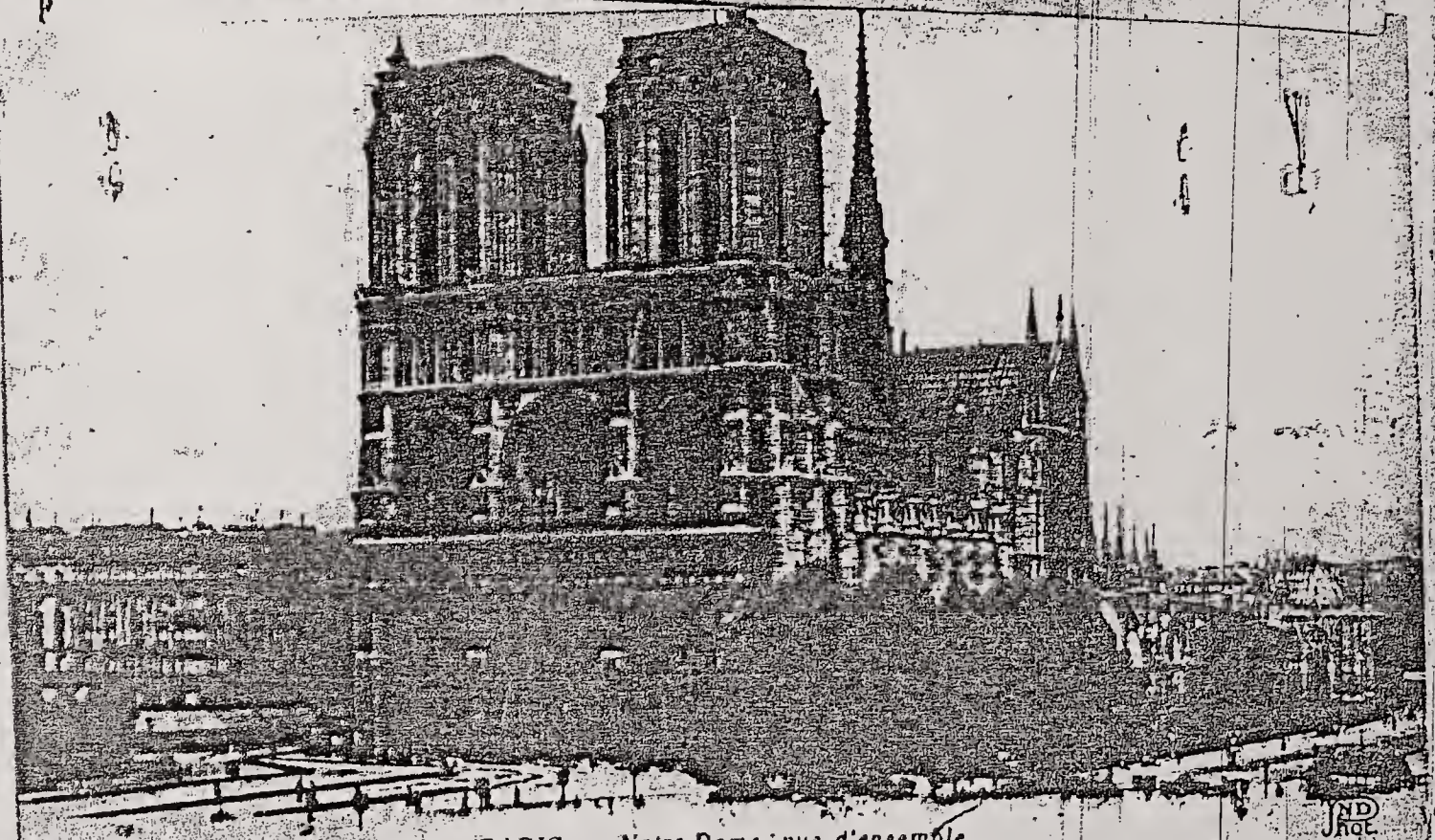
Paris is a large
 City. This river runs
 from east to west
 there numerous
 bridges across
 and all kinds.
 Some one has said
 you have not seen
 much, if you have
 not seen Paris, we
 cannot say that.



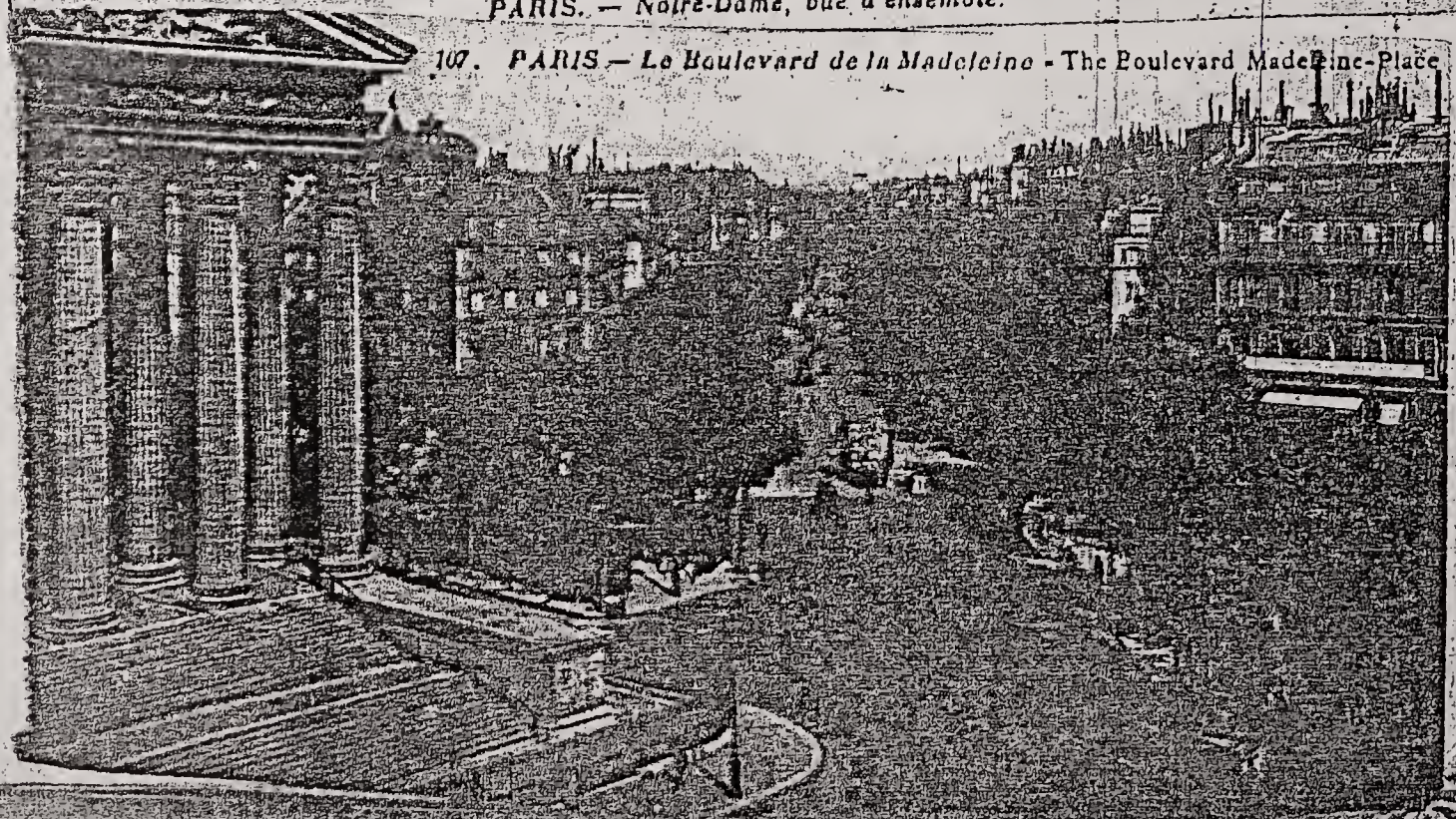
1200 PARIS. — Panorama sur la Seine. — Panoramic view on the Seine. — LL.



PARIS. — Panorama prise de l'Arc de Triomphe sur la Tour Eiffel.
Panoramic view towards the Eiffel tower taken from the Triumphal arch. — L.L.



PARIS. — Notre-Dame, vue d'ensemble.



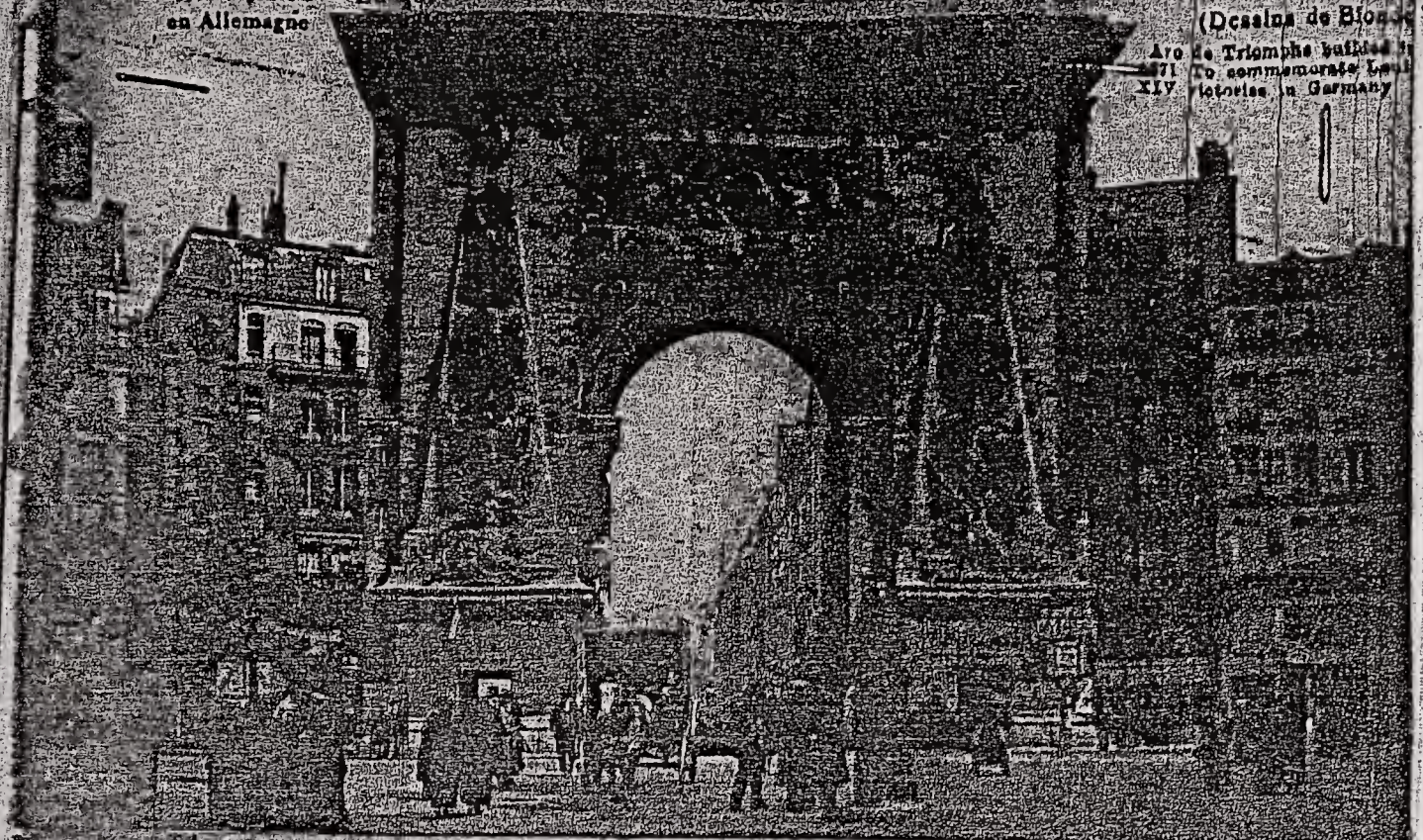
107. PARIS — Le Boulevard de la Madeleine - The Boulevard Madeleine-Place.



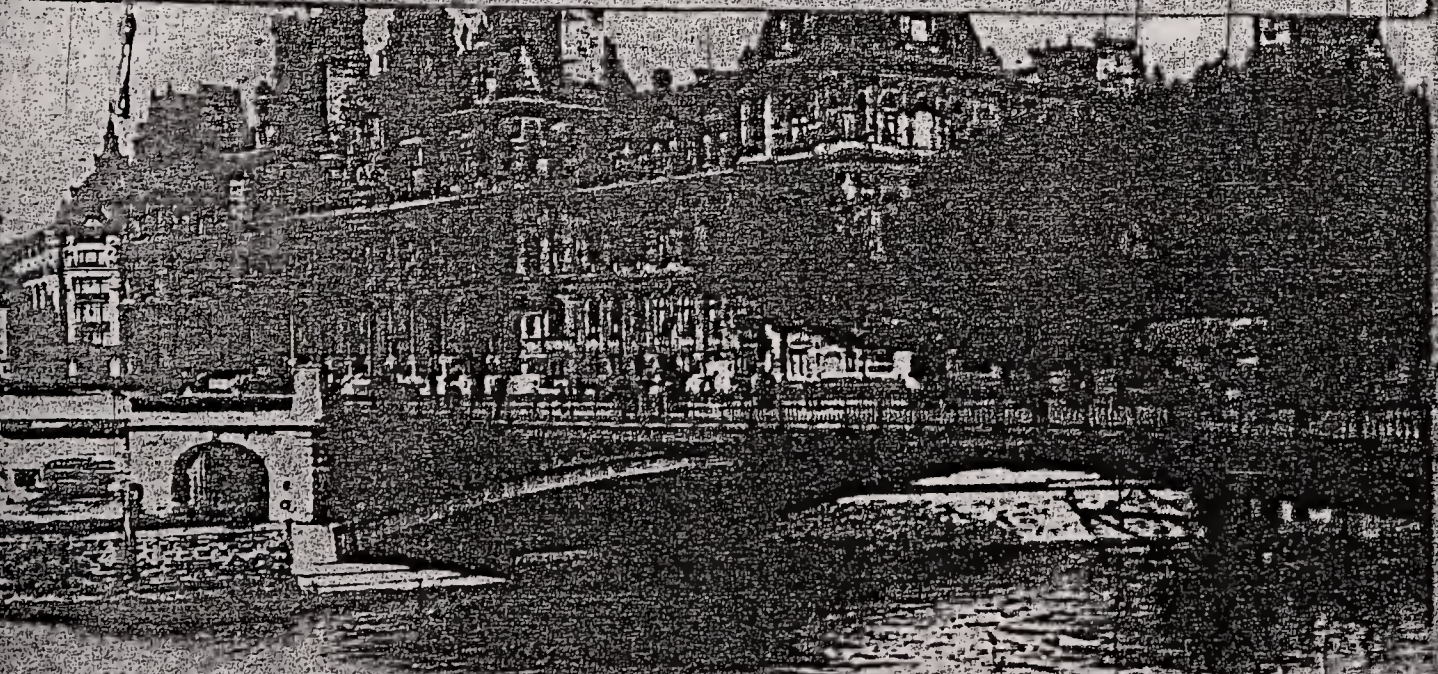
30. PARIS — L'Arc de Triomphe — The triumphal arch — Arc des Victoires de Louis XIV
en Allemagne (Desaix de Blonay)

220

Arc de Triomphe built in 1810 to commemorate Louis XIV's victories in Germany



470 PARIS — L'Avenue du Bois de Boulogne et l'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.
Bois de Boulogne avenue towards the triumphal arch — LL

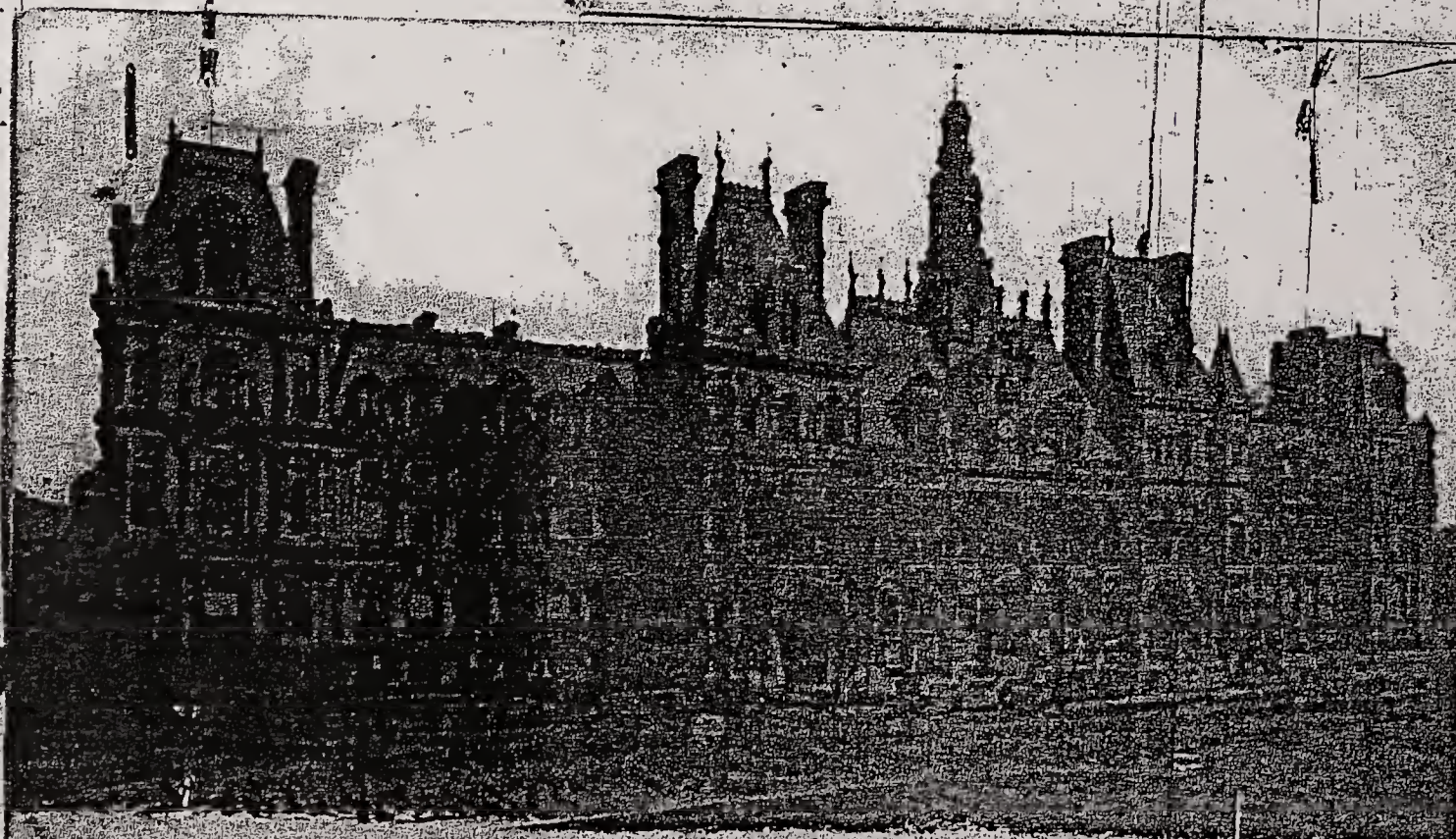


480 PARIS — L'Hôtel de Ville — The Town-Hall — LL

221 *Pay*

I am pleased
we are able to
get several of
these pictures
of Paris in this
book, they are were
build hundreds of
years ago, not decad-
es. The natives
say Par-ree for
Paris.

I am sure we saw all
of these pictures
and many more. They
are very interest-
ing.

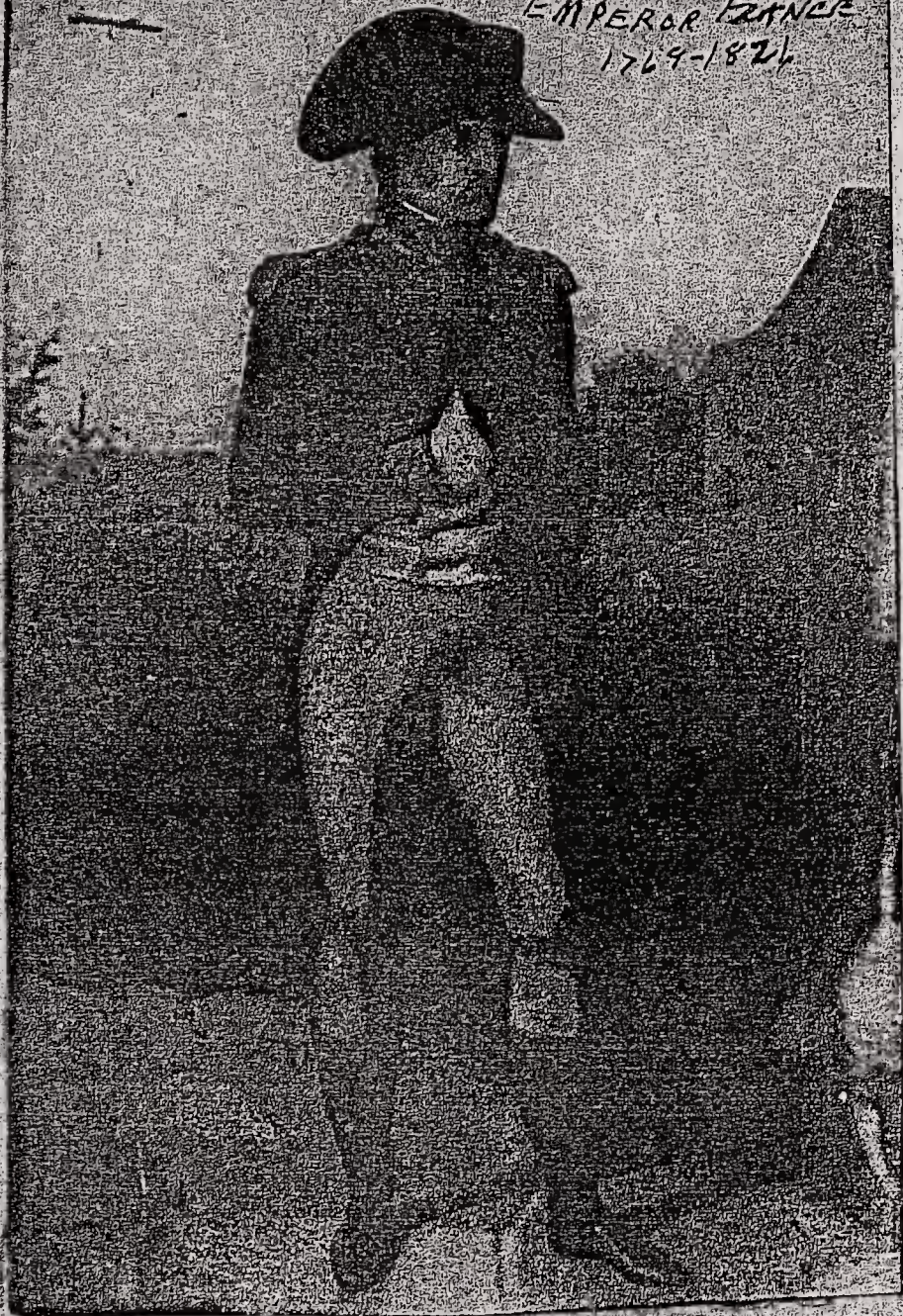


PARIS. — L'Hôtel de Ville

JND
HOF



Musee de Versailles - Napoleon I^{er} Consul, par Isabell
EMPEROR FRANCE
1769-1821

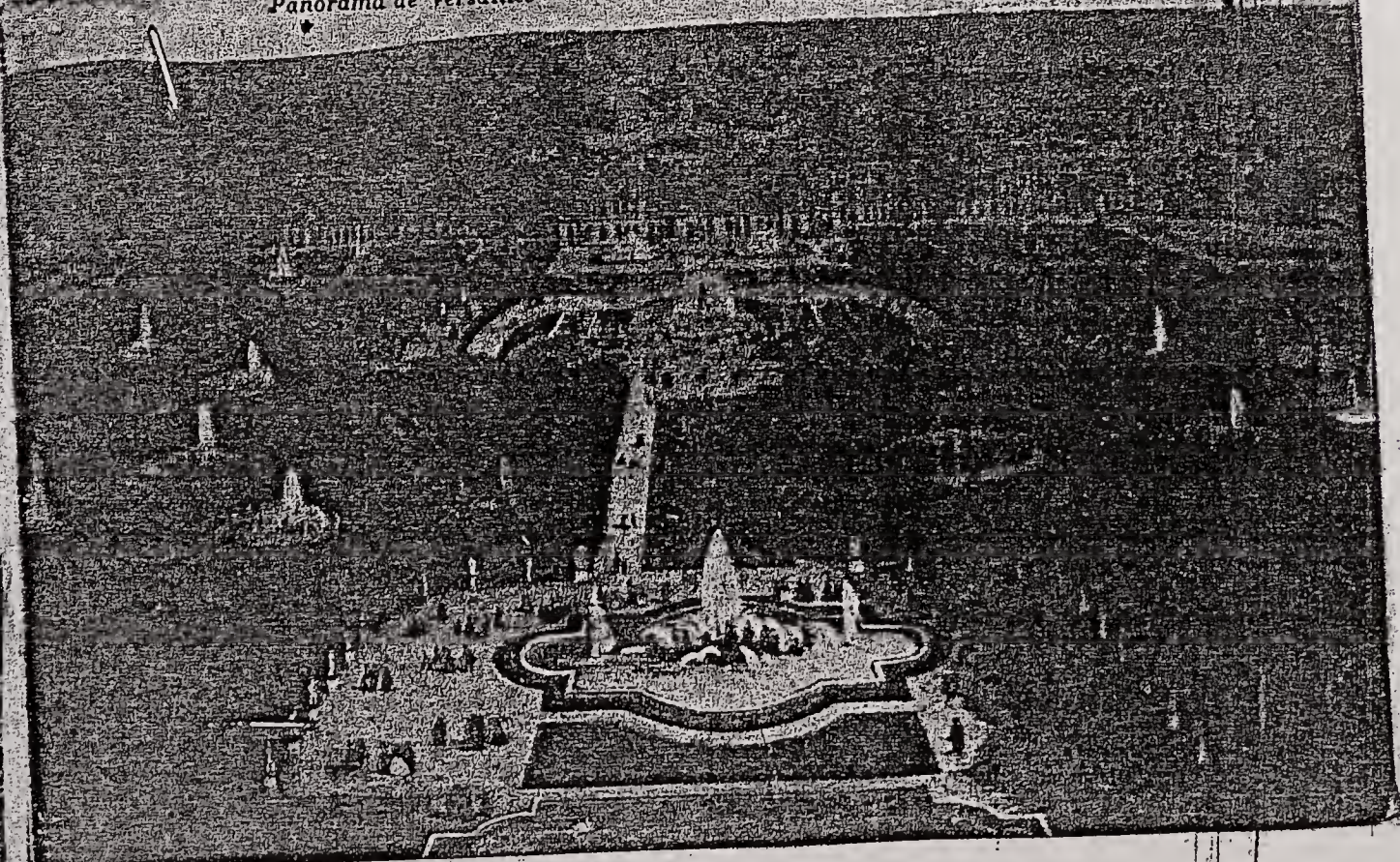


THIS IS A
GENERAL
EVERY ONE
HAS HEARD
of, SOME
TIME.

ALMOST A
WORLD FIGURE.

Panorama de Versailles

Panorama of the palace

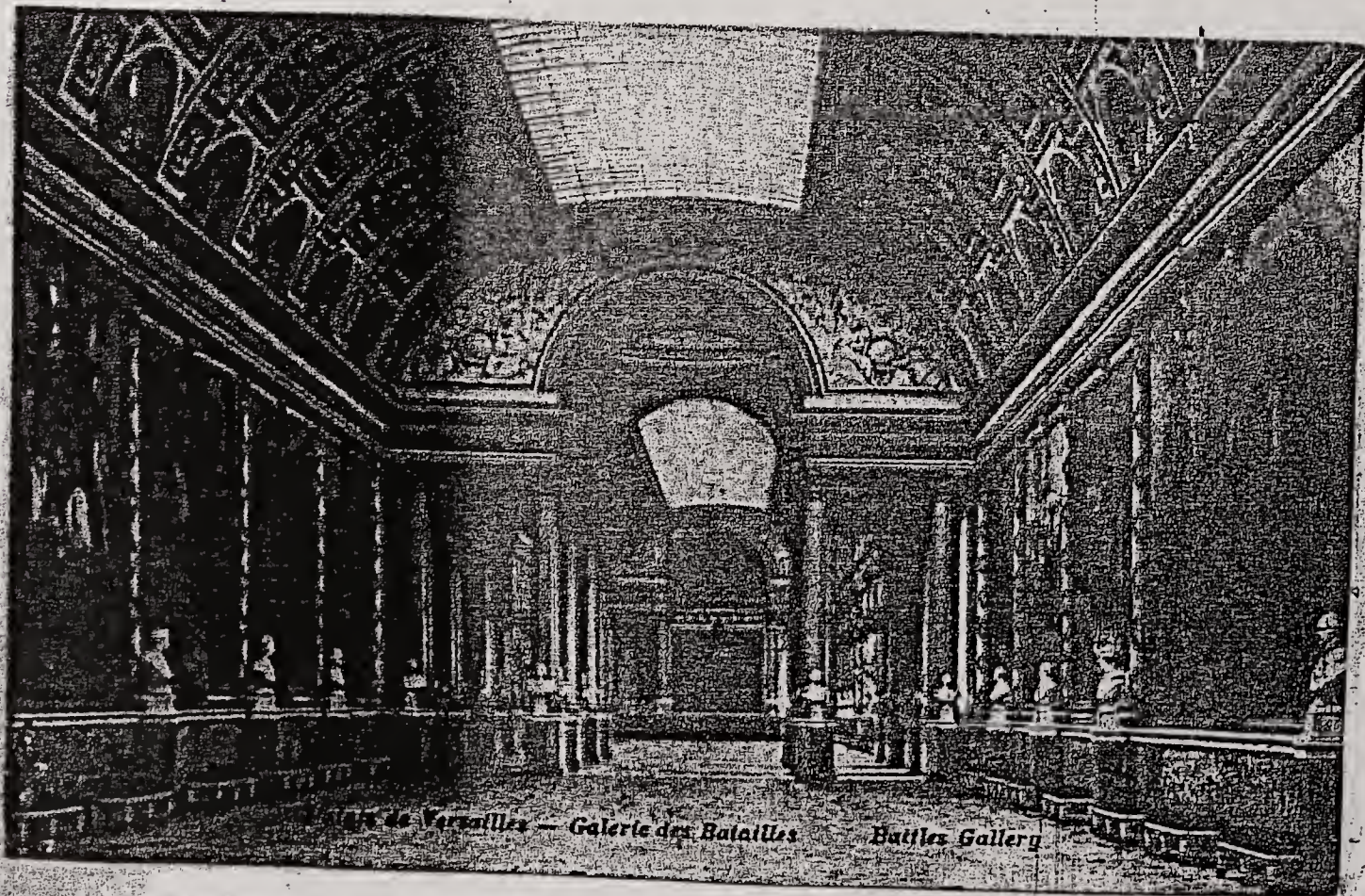


Page 223

THESE
TWO
BUILDING
CAN NEVER
BE
FORGOTTEN.



Galerie des Batailles
Les portraits de l'Empereur Napoléon
conquis par nos armées sont rangés sur la corniche de la nef



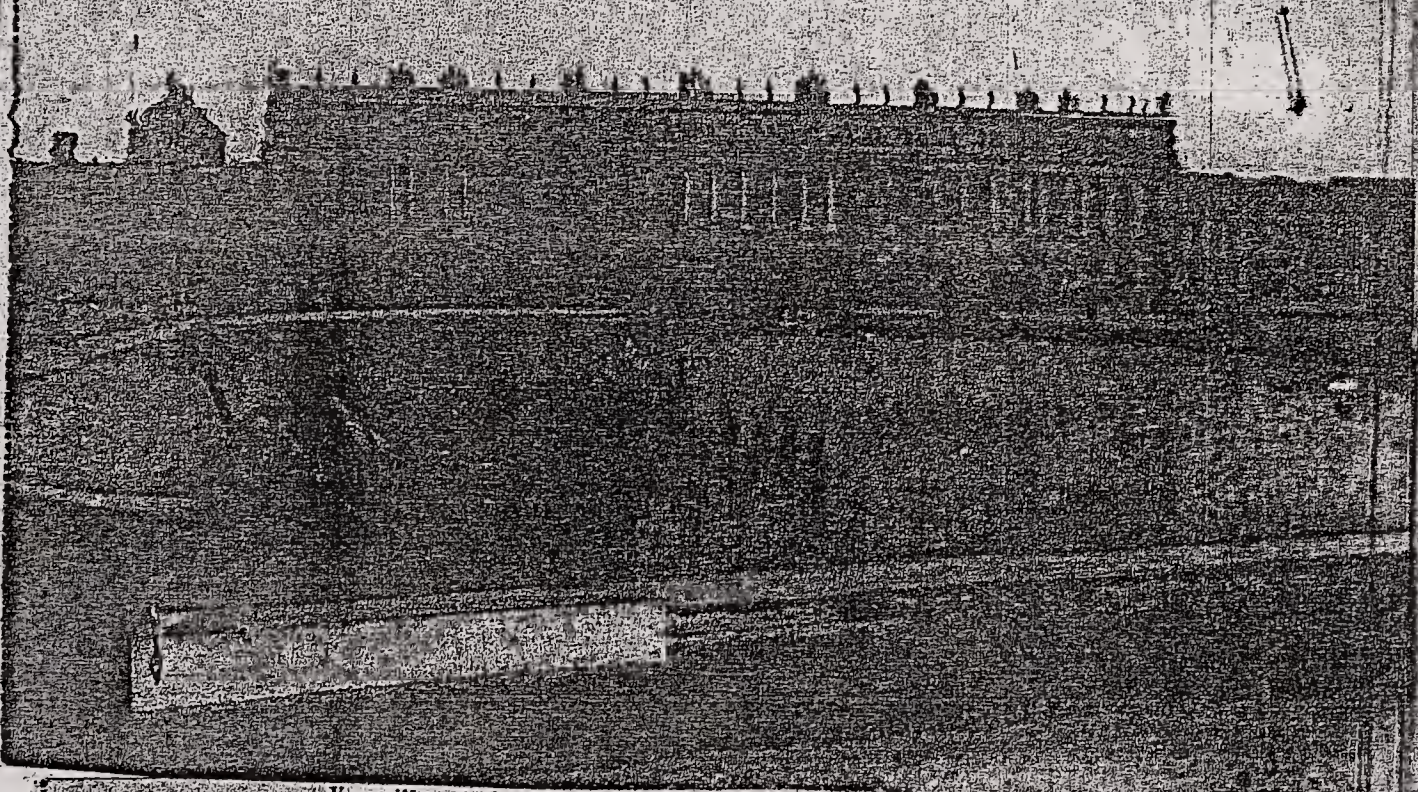
Palais de Versailles — Galerie des Batailles Battle Gallery



Palais de Versailles — Galerie des Glaces Mirror Gallery

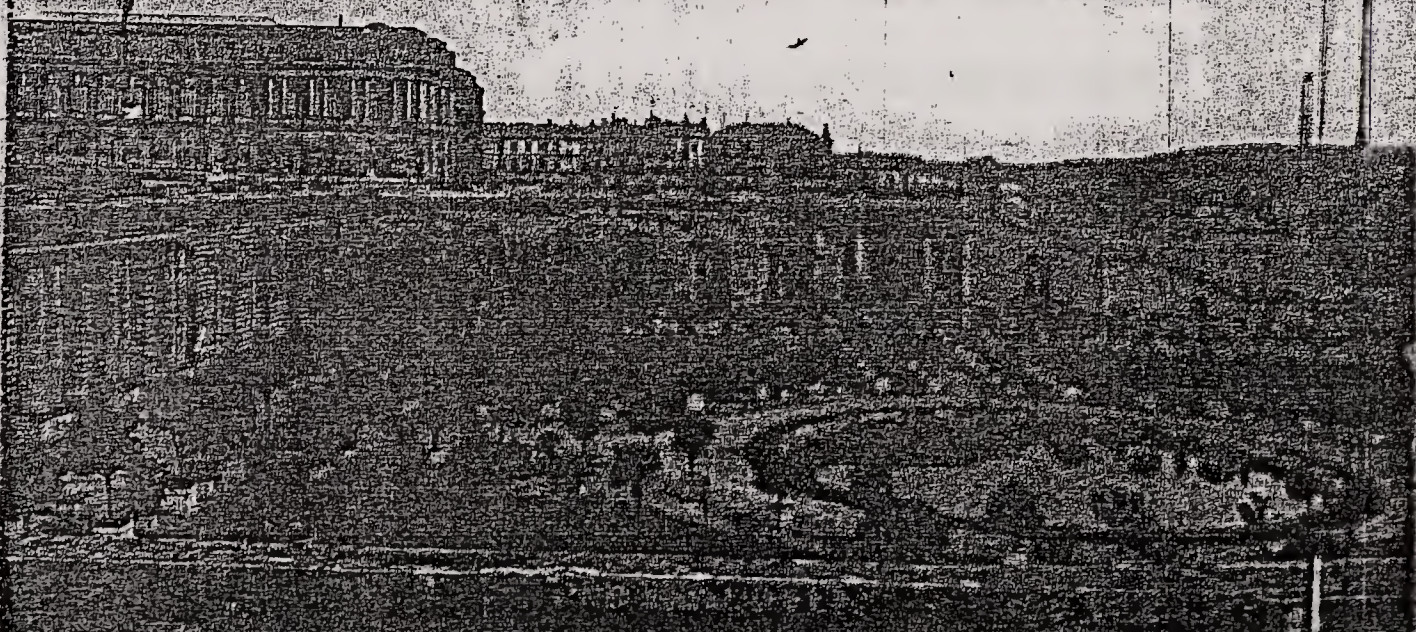
Versailles — Le Palais, façade sur le Parc

Palace, front on the park



Versailles — L'Orangerie et le Palais

Orangery and Palace



MY OBSERVATION OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.
20 YEARS AGO.

The Country People, were War Weary, had so little to live on. Very few young people. So many able body men were in the Army and many, many had died for France.

The only Churches are Catholic. The State had built the buildings and paid all expenses. We were allowed to worship, hold funerals in these Churches. The French people were either of the Catholic Faith or unchristians, unbelievers, infidels. Their freight was transported on barges on the canals and propel by teams horses, or donkeys. They were Farmer, sheep herders and wine manufaturers and and vihe dressers. They almost all lived in the towns or villeges, may be, for protection.

In the winter or coldest weather, they most clothed themselves to keep warm. About all the fires was for cooking and they used small sticks to burn under a small pan or bowl. Most of their food was soups, cooked with leaves.

Very few ever laughed or seemed happy. They would talk without end to themselves.

France in the home of the Perchion Horse.

Most of the male horses were stallions and they teamed, one or two horses in front of the other.

I saw the plow and log teams that way.

It was a long ways, over land and sea. We had had to take our turn for transportation. We were moved by train and changed camps, two, may be, three times. We occupied Camps that many outfits had used. We had trouble with vermin. My first and only body lise was in one of those Camps. I built a fire and boiled all my clothes, underwear, olivedrab shirts all together. I rid them of bugs, but they were all the same color. My under wear was rather conspicuous.

VERSAILLES FRANCE.

We saw the grounds, one day while in Paris, but I am not able to tell too much except we know it is one of the great show places of the world. So many Many of the World Treaties were signed there.

Versaille is located some 12 miles south west of Paris. Where \$200,000,000 is said to have cost. Had a population of 44,000 plus, at the beginning of this Century. Many of the Treatis were worked out there for this Country.

I have several post card pictures I brought home and plan to show, mabe a half dozen, on the next leaf. After all this year of physical teasts, I can thank God & first of all for my wonderful Salvation in Jesus the Son of God. For our Home land the United States of America. For my Christian Ancesters, who gave me a stong body, for my woulderful companion and Children.

On one of our last Camps, General Pershing spoke from a high platform, where we could all hear him. Our band was close and heard every word, and we all were anxious to hear him.

Among the things he said, was how the 36th was selected for the Section in the Front Lines. He told of General Fouche asking for a Division who could move the Germans, where they had been, maybe, from the beginning. They had built wide trenches, with hardwood floors with rugs and pianos and had kept French women. They had built concrete pill-boxes for their guns, under a forest of pine trees on that hill side. They had been able to turn back all efforts to move them back. He said, "He told General Fouche, the 36th has had all the training you could stand, and you were ready die or get it over!" He said lots of good things about the 36th.

Our last place to camp was near Brest, France. I do not remember too many details. I remember we were close and on the morning of May 24, 1919, we were put aboard a ship anchored in the Harbor, maybe, a mile from land. As we got on deck, it was ready to start. We were the last to climb a board.

It was a great day for us. No one knows what it meant, except they had the same experience of ours. It was a New World and a New Day, we were going Home.

Page 228 COSSING THE ATLANTIC HOME IN MAY 1919.

The Ship, not as large as "GEORGE WASHINGTON" but it was high and rode the waves like a duck. It was a German Vessel, that had been grounded, but dug up to bring us home. We had its name and a picture, but it must have been destroyed by a flash flood in our basement in Miami, Oklahoma.

That morning we passed in sight of the cliffs of Dover, and by that time many of the boys were feed- in the fish. It was amusing to us who did not get sick, to see some of the most husky fellows turn pale, standing by the ship's rail, may be some one, would ask if they were sick, and with a yes, they emptied their breakfast. I remember some of the boys were down below the deck most of the way across.

The Sea was rough from the start and after a day or so, we met a storm. It was so rough our first Sunday out, when we tried to have Divine Service, the boys could not all, hold to something on deck and it had be abanded. I stood on the bow and looking ahead the waved were very high, but that ship arose over. *REAL LOOKED A MOUNTAIN*

The Sailors informed us, we were held up four days without making any progress and for that storm we were about the same number of days coming as we were going. Our band played a Concert about each day. I can never forget the joy the boys seemed to get from the concerts.

June 6, 1919.

The day before we sighted the Statue Of Liberty and the tall building in the City. We did not know why? But we anchored off shore for the night. Next morning, may be, 9:00 o'clock, we were met by an excursion boat with flags and bands. We knew some of the musicians playing, *They had play with us.*

We were happy, wondering who we might see at dock. It all looked good to me. May be, some one said "Miss Liberty, if you ever see me again, you will have to turn, around." Lots of fun and joy that day. When the ship was docked, people were there to welcome. ^{TEXAS} The State Senators, and when one says, boys we want to go to Dallas ~~to~~ parade don't we? and they boys responded in unison, Hell no!! But we ^{had to} did, anyway. I ask for passage to Iowa to be ^{to get to my wife} discharged, but they said know we ^{must} ~~must~~ ^{parade} in Dallas, and must stay together.

Ofcourse we received Messages from our loved ones, and letters. Many of the boys' families were there.

We returned to Long Island a few days. I was ask to sing the first night in the Baptist Service. I did not expect it, but I had not sung in so long, I felt afraid, even of my voice.

We had 32 Boys, when we were discharged. I have not seen many of them since. It was the best band of the 36th Division. I did not add much but a strong all around Brass Band.

Enough seasoned musicians to make good band Music. Some had played several years in shows.

I am writing their names and addresses below.

- (1). Band Chief Francis E. Mockel, Ola, Arkansas.
- (2). Assistant Chief Floyd E. Martin, Mena, Okla.
- (3). Serj. Cloa, O. Mc Coy, Edmond, Okla.
- (4). Sgt. Rex T. Wingo, Wolf City, Texas.
- (5). Sgt. Ira Colvin, Dexter, Mo.
- (6). Sgt. Clarence Klinefelter, New Kirk, Okla.
- (7). Joseph F. Mikusek (Bohemian), Texas.
- (8). Richard C. Myrick, Tyler, Texas
- (9). William T. Meadows, Tyler, Texas.
- (10). James A. Ne Smith, Palmer, Texas.
- (11). George C. Orum, Fort Worth, Texas.
- (12). Carl M. Quinn (Big Bass) Tyler, Texas.
- (13). Phil A. Torti, Dallas (Italian)
- (14). Francis Waters
- (15). Howel Lee Walker, Alto, Texas
- (16). Leo Ballew, Poca City, Okla.
- (17). Winfred C. Commings, Fort Worth.
- (18). James E. Freshier, Wetumpka, Okla.
- (19). Robert C. Grundy, Esterline, Texas.
- (20). Wyatt C. Herd, Tyhoka, Texas.
- (21). Marcus E. Harvey, Grandview, Okla.
- (22). Phil L. Johns, Rancevert, W. VA.
- (23). Nicholas Jackson, Altus, Okla.
- (24). Charles L. Johns, Waxahochie, Texas.
- (25). Judson Landers, Bantonrouge, La.
- (27). Robert Lucas, Holdenville, Okla.
- (28). Harry Dearing, Holdenville, Okla.
- (29). George W. Reynolds, Fort Worth.
- (30). Glenn L. Harriman, New Richmand, Ind.
- (31). John R. McClarity, Henderson, Texas.
- (32). E. G. Arsenault, Lake Lindon, Mich.
- (33). Cecil P. Fowler, Loffayette, Ind.

Ethel was in Atlantic, Iowa and ofcourse I was expecting to get to her, first of all. Before leaving France, I ask to be discharged in Iowa. They told me to ask in New York, and when I did they told me we Parade in Dallas, and the Band would have to stay together.

It was a long ride for homesick boys, but we made good time and arrived one morning, just at day light. Brother Isham was one of the first I saw. He must have been up all night to meet me. Bless his memory, he always atayed by me, his baby brother.

Our stop in Dajlas was purely a political stunt, made by the politicians for their own publication. Great crowds met the train and we were fed sumptuously, all day. We only played one March.

During the early evening, we loaded on that Train again, for the last time and next morning we unloaded in Fort Worth, or at Camp Bowie, put in Tents till red tape could be for our didcharge. During the week of waiting, I was out at the Baptist Seminary severa₁ times. I was given some future dates for Meetings.

Ofcourse I was anxious to go to Birmingham to see my Father and Mother. They had been so precious, also Brother Daniel and his wife Katie and their Edna and Robert.

June 1919.

We were in line most of the day at Camp Bowie and received our discharge and some money to get home. I had to ride some 24 hours on the train from Fort Worth by way of Kansas City, Omaha, Nebraska, where Ethel met me. This little picture is the way she



was except she had on a sailor straw hat.

We were so happy to see each other, after that long year.

This picture to the

right is the way I was

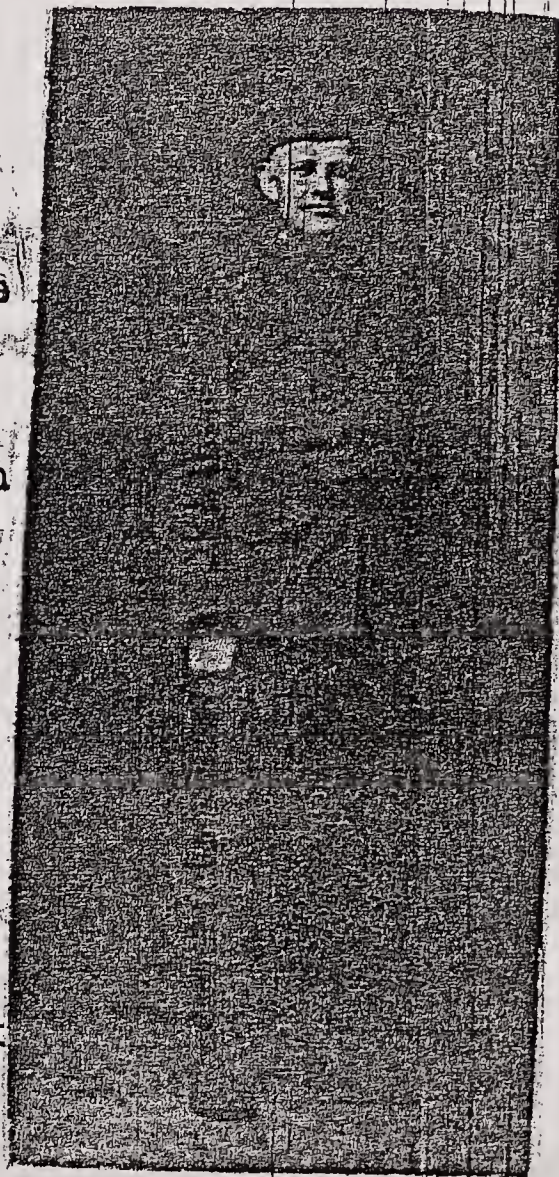
in my Army Uniform. It was made in France, during the Winter.

Ethel brought my nice suit with from Atlantic and how happy I was to shed that Uniform for last time. I can never forget wearing my nice suit to supper.

No one knows, except those who were in the Army, I often think of the lonely hours, as I see

Soldiers walking the streets. We all thought we ending all Wars, then. But it looks like it was the beginning. Sherman was correct "War is Hell."

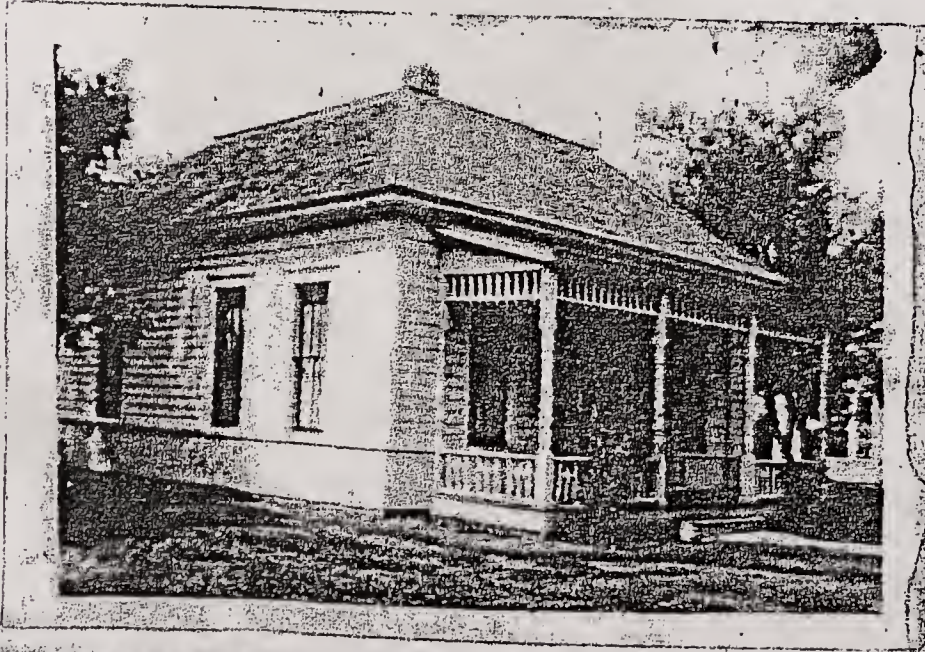
I love my Home Land and would glad go again to have it, our Home sweet Home.



Ofcourse, we anxious to visit our loved ones. We had not had opportunity to do that before I had to leave for France. I had known Ethel's Mother when we were married. From Omaha, where we first met after I was discharged from service, we went to Atlantic, just 60 miles east from Omaha, Neb. On page 188 I told of Ethel's home town.



It was a great home come-
for us. It was good to
see Ethel's mother again
and to know her Mother,
Grand Mother Kringel some
90 years old. This picture
to the right is a good-
likeness of Mother Horn.
We all love her and she
loved us.



This picture below

was their home
for many years.
On Olivw Street
The trees to
right are tall
cherry Trees
Ethel climbed
them

I was very happy to see and know many of Ethel's relatives and the many friends of her home Community. They demonstrated how they loved and honored her, as their very own. I felt very humble as they welcomed me from the deep south. I knew even more, how sweet and great my wife was, a daughter a choice spot of the great State of Iowa. Many of their Son had given their lives in same conflict I had returned from in Europe. We certainly respected them as the greatest of Americans.

After a few days, we left for a series of Revivals Meeting in Texas and Oklahoma. The weeks work forced me to ask my Parents to wait for our visit and to know Ethel. They were reluctant, but but said they understood.

We were with the Baptist Church at Kauffman, Purdon, Mc Caulley, Texas. Blair, Oklahoma, and then at Stamford, Texas. God was so good to honor our efforts and to lead us on. We met and learn to know many of God's great Servants and have loved them through the years.

From Stamford we traveled to our loved ones in the region of Birmingham, Alabama by the way of Fort Worth and Dallas, Little Rock and Memphis, Tenn.

TAKING MY GOOD WIFE TO SEE
MY PEOPLE AND HOME IN THE
DEEP SOUTHLAND.

1919.

It was a happy occasion for me. We had been married 18 months. The first five singing in Texas and Oklahoma, then I was in military service 13 months. Then, after a week's visit in Iowa, singing another 3 months, in Texas and Oklahoma.

On Monday morning after closing at Stamford we boarded a railroad train East. First at The Seminary to see Isham and Lura for one day. Then, continued to Birmingham through Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee. We enjoyed a Pullman Car in a good Train, two days and one night.

It was Ethel's first time to see cotton, and the sugarcane plantations with the mule teams and the Negroes living in their cabins out in the fields. There were many strams, with low lands, a mixed timber forests. We slept through Arkansas. Next morning we awoke nearing Memphis on the high bridges and could see "Old Man River" rolling along. We were moving slowly with many stops and deep whistles. We were up as our Pulman Car was transfered to the Frisco Lines, for the last 250 miles. Nearly every one travel by train and great crowd people from everywhere, with white and blacks seperated. Ethel was interested but not talking much.

ON FRISCO FROM MEMPHIS TO BIRMINGHAM.

Memphis is and was then, a great Southern City with a large section of Negroes. They were a happy lot. While we were waiting to start from Memphis, we could hear several negro porters outside with loud chatter. One ask another what he saw in Birmingham? His reply "Ain't you been to Bummimham negro?" the andwer "No I ain't" "Well you ain't been nowhere", and a great loud laughter.

We traveled almost dew south, a short distance in Tennessee and a few miles in Mississippi and then into Alabama. Some of the most desloate region, is along that Railroad. I had not mentioned it but watching my wife, as were eating breakfast in the dinning car. After a long silence, she ask how the people lived? I saw a small wagon with two cross ties, drawn by a small team of oxen and I told her they were going after coffee, bacaking soda and pepper, that they had plenty of food in their barns, sellers and smoke houses.

Soon we were among the Coal Fields with great minerrall with the great blast furnaces. I tried to show her Red Mountain and the different parts of great industrial City.

At the Terminal Station aming the surging crowd, there wad Brother Daniel with our pather.

Brother Daniel and Father were looking well and they said Mother and Katie with the children were well and at home waiting for us with Supper, the evening meal, as we knew it at home. We traveled the 5 miles in no time with Daniel's good car.

Words fail us, to describe the mixed emotions, of joy and tears. It had been a long 30 months, since I was home. After our marriage in February of 1918, we were engaged in Revival Meetings 5 months, then my call came for Army Service in France. 13 Months later I was discharged, then 3 months in Revivals in Texas and Oklahoma.

Mother told of the anxious concern for us both and their longing to see their new daughter-in-law. We cannot forget the good visit at that Supper Table. They mentioned boys of the Community, who did not return from the War. Then, we had to tell them we were due back in Oklahoma the next Sunday. So we planned to see all of our loved ones and friends possible. Edna and Robert were all eyes looking their Aunt Ethel over, desiring to hear her play the piano and hear us sing. Edna was 12 Robert 7 years. Next day we were in Daniel and Katie's new home. Also saw Uncle Isham Eastis at the Old Eastis Home.

This first picture
shows Father and Mother.

It is a good likeness
of them, in good health.

They were in their 60s.

Had lived happily over
40 years together. Now
they had labored.



This second picture

was made in the

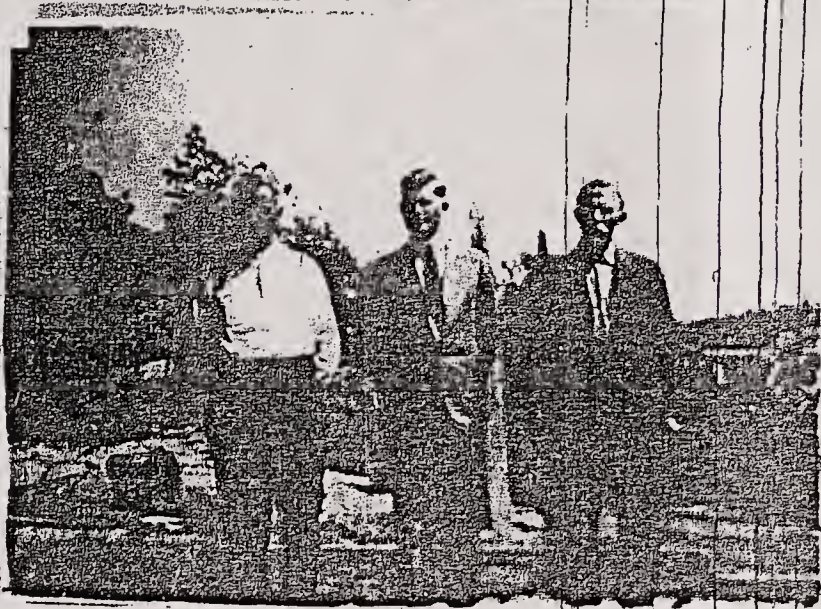
yard one morning.

One of the best

pictures of Uncle

Eastis. He seemed

in perfect health.



Only four of the Eastis Family were living then.

Aunt Salley Sims and Uncle Jim Eastis as well as
Grand Mother had passed on.

This Third picture

shows the west

side of the home

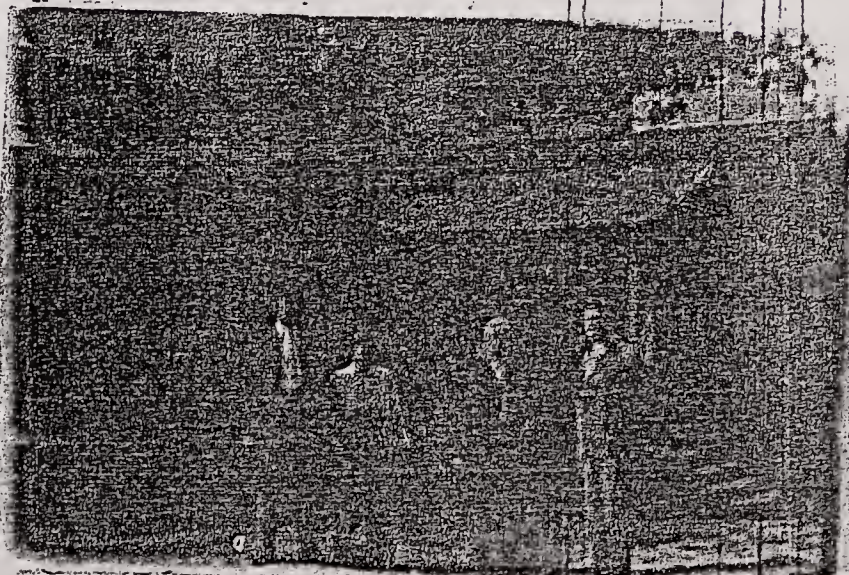
Daniel, Mother,

Father and Me. Our

Father was short

about 5ft. Both

Brothers Isham and Daniel near 6 feet.



Daniel and Katie had purchast our Uncle Tom and Aunt Salley Sims' home, where they lived and reared their Children, near the Eastis Home.

Ethel made this picture in the front yard. It is a good likeness of Katie by the tree and Daniel to her right. and next Uncle Tom Sims with whiskers, he was living close by and invited to party. We certainly had a good day there.]



We all sang as Ethel the piano. It was a day to hear her masterful touch and we sang some duets.

Ethel is not seen in these pictures but she will be seen later.

This Secomd picture was made at the Old Eastis Home. We have this same picture on previous pages. It was made 22 years after the large photograph, the trees are much larger.

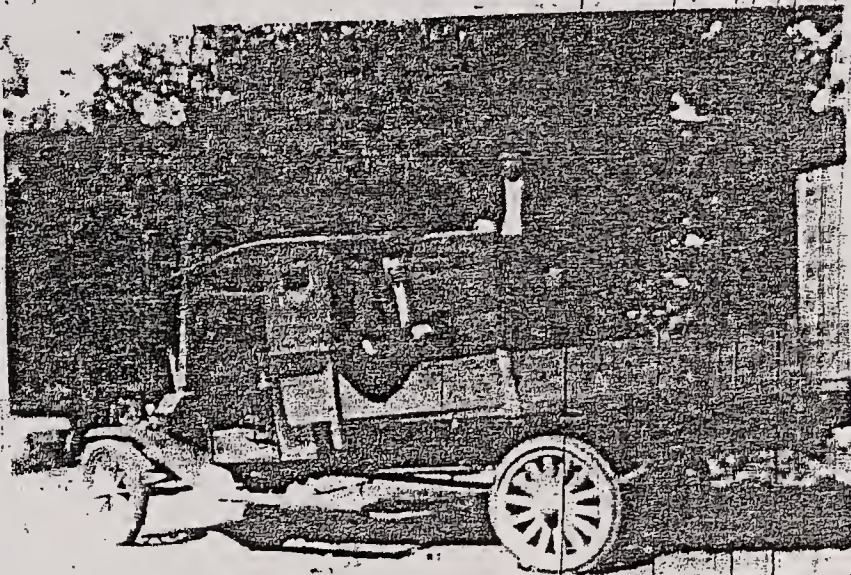


It is a good picture of Uncle Isham to the right he was living a lone here, till he passed on 7 years later.

Our last day, we spent home with my Parents. I made this one of my wife washing. Ethel enjoyed being there and no doubt Mother was near and they were visiting. All my people loved Ethel as as our family always love each other and are happy.



This second picture, she was on the Ford Truck with Father. It was no doubt his first Motor Vehicle. We had had a ride.



This last picture was made after wards. But it is good of Ethel and her suit we had purchased, the first for the Winter.



I plan to
stop this
History on
next page,
with a better
discription
of the Home
Place and the
last days of
my Parents.
We were there
May 1921. Then
each summer
1924 to 1929.
In 1930 Father
married Mrs.
Annie Antone
they moved
into her home
East of Iron-
dale. He
passed away
there Dec.
25, 1936.

Harriet
PHOTOGRAPHER
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
AND
WASHINGTON, D.C.





On page 178, I gave some history. These last pictures help show both sides and the yards. The front door was not used much. The "Montevallo Road" on the West and the Leeds Road to the East. These roads crossed 50 yards in front and in that space a grove of mixed Oaks. Just passed the intersection of the roads, to the right stood Hardy Chapel, the Presbyterian Mission where I was saved and my Parents were members. Brother Bryer was Pastor and conducted the last service for our Sweet Mother.

There are some picture of the Garden page 178-79. A barn for the cows and truck since the teams were gone.

Our Mother was very feeble the last three years. Our Father and a practical Nurse care for her every need with our Family Physician Dr. Howard of Irondale. She did not seem to suffer much. We were all there the last days, she was so sweet to us all. Our own children have known no grand Mother since, as Mother Horn, Ethel's Mother went away more than two years before.



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